

CLASH	THE Blue Bloods BOSTON PUNK ROCK	CHROMON GHOSTS	BLANKS 7
A GLOBAL THREAT	Suspect Devices		
S.W.A.T.	HERMIT'S FINGER	PHOTON TORPEDOES	THE PROFITS
THE VIRUS	MONSTER SQUAD	Satan's Teardrops V.I. Roc ability	F.N.S.
★ BLIND SOCIETY ★	The Cho-Experiment	THE ESCAPED	



So...here it is. It feels so good to finish this. For a number of reasons. The first is that I can do my little part for our national scene. That I can provide someone (hey...that's you!) with something interesting to read. And the second reason is that, after 8 months of work (this is not an exaggeration), I am able to finally cement what has been an almost year long project.

There is so much crap out there these days. Actually, there has always been crap out there, it just seems like it's much easier for crap to survive these days. Even "punk" zines are now more palatable and easily marketable. They are long on ads and short on content. They sell lots of ad space because they have huge distribution, full color covers and interviews with the newest "punk" bands and kiss ass reviews of releases by the same labels that advertise with them. I have none of that. This magazine has no color anything. We didn't hardly get any ads and our

distribution is nowhere near what others have. But what we lack in ads, distribution, and flashy covers...we make up for in substance. Lots of great tour diaries from really fuckin awesome bands! Huge page count, and a piece of our history cemented in print for people 50 years from now to read. I makes me proud of our scene. National and local Boston kids enjoy!

This started as an idea for our monthly punk zine No13. I had asked a now ex-friend's band to write us a tour diary to publish. At the same time I purchased an old copy of Forced Exposure #10 (a Boston area zine from the 80's) which contained a Meatmen tour diary. Then I had a great idea! What about a huge zine filled with JUST TOUR DIARIES? I actually have still not heard of/found such a thing ever in the history of punk rock. Now I'm not saying that I'm a genius, I'm sure that there must have been something like this before...but I've never seen one. So this is at least semi-unique. It turns out that this band, which actually gave me the idea for the tour diary zine, screwed me over and wrote the worst tour diary that anyone could ever have written. But many more bands followed. After many e-mails, phone calls and postage...I finally throw this all together. And of course I always want to give back, so we will be donating all of the proceeds to Sue and Ross from REGENERATION, to help finance some of their new endeavors. Good luck guys!

This is a labor of love. I didn't make money, I lost money. And I lost almost a year of my life to this godamn thing so you better enjoy it! We love to get E-mails and letters. Pat -The FNS Guy-

Huge thanks: Kim and the Small Publisher's CO-OP, Bill and Rodent Popsicle Records, Kevin and Curly's Coffee, Mike and Second Coming/Welfare Records, All the kids at Average Day Productions, Brian and Overnight Color and Graphics, Sean Huck and The Life We Lead, Andre and Tim and all the gang at Mars Records, Adam and Didi (for being the best bosses in the world) and all the guys and girls at Veggie Planet (except Jade)...and maybe if I thank Anna she'll make out with me, Dave Brockie for the killer cover art, TJ/Jym/Tim/Anthony/Greg i.e. the Blue Bloods, Tony the roadie, Ricky Magic and The Photon Torpedoes(RIP), The Virus, Erica/Adam/Rich/Brian i.e. The Profits, Mike/Brian/Pete/John and The Global Threat, Clit 45 and Rufio, Pete/Rose/Ed i.e. Kermit's Finger, Jason and Kristen of Suspect Device/Mad Cat, Justin and The Escaped, Monster Squad, John and SWAT (rockin face!), Matt and Crimson Ghosts, Andy and Satan's Teardrops, Sue for the Blanks 77 tour diary and the great deals on ink, my mum (she's really a great mother and I love her), Chuck, Pam and Kurt, Cooper THE COOLEST DOG IN THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD!, all the generations of punks and skins who made it so easy and hard for us, all the New Hampshire kids!, Steve for the spiritual guidance, Gabe and Kerri, Bill W., all of "the family" who helps me out when I'm going crazy or need some help, all of the Boston area kids that make this the best scene in the whole country! thanks for reading this and if I forgot you...sue me.

Huge NO thanks: George W. fuckin-suckin-asshole-piece-of-shit-knobjob-Bush, and all his little cronies, The Guts, punk band\$ that are in it to make the bling, all the local Boston press that ignores the great punk/hardcore scene that is right under their noses, the punk and hardcore separatists, meathead Mr. Hardcore dudes, anyone who criticizes someone for doing something...while they themselves do nothing, punk kids who think that they have to be assholes to be punk, herpes, shittalkers and those who don't back it up.

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HUGE CONTEST!!

We have 2 HUGE lots of goodies to give away! Just send us:

Your Name: _____ and Contact: (E-Mail, Phone Number, Mailing address) _____

That's it. We will enter your name into a hat (no really..) and pick 2 winners on March 1st who will win the following:

- (1) Phantom Creeps "s/t" CD (Feat. members of Chrimson Ghosts)
- (1) Large Blue Bloods T-Shirt
- (1) The Blue Bloods "s/t" CD
- (1) The Profits "Profits Over People" CD
- (1) Pack of No13 Punk Zines feat. bands included in "In The Van..." Like The Blue Bloods, SWAT, Photon Torpedoes, and many more.
- (1) File of posters, flyers, and stickers of bands included in "In The Van..."
- (1) Clit 45 "The Kids Arn't Alright" 7" 45
- (1) The Virus "Benifits OF War" 7"
- (1) Blanks 77 Live on VML 7" or Blanks 77 "s/t" 7"
- (1) A Global Threat "Earache/Pass The Time" EP
- (1) Large Suspect Device T-Shirt
- (1) Suspect Device "Boston Massacre" CD or the "Boston Scene Report" (Feat. SD) CD
- (1) The Virus "Still Fighting For a Future" CD or "The Rarities" CD
- (1) The Cho-Experiment "S/T" CD
- (1) Photon Torpedoes/Satan's Teardrops Split 7" EP
- (1) Large SWAT T-Shirt
- (1) Monster Squad/STFU Split CD
- (1) The Escaped "Escaped Generation" CD
- (1) The Profits "Propaganda Machine" 7"
- (1) Copy of a NEVER printed Blanks 77 Fanzine by Sue Blanks



THE PROFITS

U.S. Atrocity Tour 2003

- 5/29- Columbus, OH @ Bernie's w/ The Nurses, Jesse & The Rippers
- 5/30- Chicago, IL @ The Fireside Bowl w/ Amish Armada, Esoteric, and Plan 9
- 5/31- Minneapolis, MN @ Urban Wildlife w/ Scorned, Born Dead, Phalanx
- 6/3- Seattle, WA @ Hurricane Cafe w/ The Escaped and Skizits
- 6/4- Portland, OR @ The Paris Theatre w/ The Escaped, One Day War +2
- 6/5- Ashland, OR @ Evos Cafe w/ Barefoot Army, Gruk, Lady Liberty Legs Spread
- 6/6- Redding, CA @ Millville Grange Hall w/ Barefoot Army, No Goodnicks, American Standard
- 6/7- Berkley, CA @ Gilman St. w/ Deatbag, Facedown In Shit, Hellbillies
- 6/8- San Francisco, CA @ Mission Records w/ Abandoned, Death Bag, Systemic Brutala
- 6/11- San Diego, CA @ Skate Heaven w/ Shitgivitz, Career Soldiers +1
- 6/12- Phoenix, AZ @ Jugheads w/ Some Bands?
- 6/13- El Paso, TX @ The Peanut Gallery w/ Going Nowhere, Reesas Monkey, The Losers
- 6/14- San Antonio, TX @ Patsy's Ice House w/ The Perturbed, The Drones, Flatliners
- 6/16- New Orleans, LA @ Dixie Tavern w/ Antarctica VS The World, American Distress
- 6/18- Huntsville, AL w/ A Global Threat, Public Offender, Mini Skirt Rebels
- 6/19- St. Louis, MO @ Lemp Art Center w/ The Pubes, The Revenant +2 Crappy Christian Bands
- 6/20- Lexington, KY @ A House Party w/ 2 Bands (we never got their names..oops!)
- 6/21- Baltimore, MD @ The Slaughter House w/ 2 am Revolution

Erica Adam Brian Rich



5/29- This year, our first show on tour was at Bernie's in Columbus, OH. We figured that since we do plenty of trips throughout the year around the east coast, we would just get on the road----> Punk to the West! Since Bernie's/Columbus is a good 700+ miles from Boston we left the night before the show and headed out to our friend Hope & Martin's (sister and brother-in-law of Will from Toxic Narcotic) in good ol' NYC. We got a late start out of Beantown and ended up at their place by 2am. Just early enough for some Brooklyn Lager, fat J's and hanging out with good friends. The next day the drive to Ohio went smooth and we made it to Bernie's an hour before the show. Bernie's is great! We played there once 2 years ago and it was good to see that a bunch of our old friends had shown up to hang out. The club itself is a bar/bagel shop... yeah that's right. Bagel's and pastry's upfront, and bands and beer in the back. This show was a damn good time, only around 60-70 people, but every one of them was there to have a good ol' time. That goes for the all-ages scene that showed up and the drunken' punk hardcore crew that came out. The bands we played with were all good...no mis-



bookings here..Oh The Punk! There was The Nurses, Jeeie and The Rippers and FGD's (that stands for the Fucking Goddamn's). It turned out that we knew a couple of the Nurses from when they were in the Bedrockers who stayed at my house after playing a drunken' show at Charlie's Kitchen with us and The Spitzz when they came through Boston. Anyway, we all agreed that this show was a perfect beginning to the tour. Columbus was goodtimes all around. After the show we went back to drink and hangout with our buddy Joe (from The Creeps) at his place. A few people from the show came by also, including a couple of young punk girls that offered to take Brian home for the night...he declined. So, then we crashed, and in the morning it was off to Chicago (after some "Smothered and Covered" Waffle House home fries of course). For some reason, Joe felt the need to reveal the tattoo on his penis...if only I could remember what it said.

5/30- The Fireside Bowl is an old bowling alley that usually does 2 shows a day. Interesting start to the show with a GWAR-like band by the name of The Amish Armada. Eight dudes dressed like amish zombies ready to ream the english a new one. Well, there's not all that much to say about our Chicago show this year. Chi-town has always been touch n' go for us (pun intended?-Pat). The first time we played there 4 years ago was great! We played the Fireside Bowl with our friends band Mary Tyler Morphine, a super punk (mostly female) band from Chicago...what a great show! The year after that, again at the Fireside, was totally miss booked with a show with all indie rock bands, and while there was a small gaggle of punks there that enjoyed our set, most of the crowd just gave us the "fish eye". Last year we played at a 21+ bar with a great band called Gut Wrench (now Suicide Clutch). It was a good time with good bands. But, like many bar shows, it was more allot more about drinking than about the interest in music Drunken' fun! This year we were back at the



age by how many people have a beer in their hand).

Anyway, we got there pretty early, so we all went to the bar attached to the place and had some beers on the house and watched the punks show up. By mistake I smashed a beer glass all over the bar in the first 10



minutes we were there. I raised my hands over my head and yelled "Tastes like freedom!" after Stephanie (Gary's wife) gave me a "freedom mint" (breath freshener). Then the show started and every fuckin' band kicked ass! Scorned went first. They're a great Minneapolis punk band, straight up. Punk as fuck. Then Phalanx played kick ass crusty punk, then us (oh yeah!). Then Born Dead. They rule and were on tour from Oakland along with Phalanx. So these bands mixed with lots o' beer and tons of fun people made for a

Fireside. It's a fun place all in all. It's a bowling alley that has a stage and a lot more show nights than bowling nights. It's all-ages, which is great, and it's got a bar in the back for the drinkers...which is also great. We got there kind of late, after the 9-10 hour drive from Columbus and the first

band Amish Armada was going on. These guys are crazy fun. They have a GWAR kind of thing going on where they dress up like the amish from hell and promote the smashing of technology and vow death to the British oppressors. Then we played. Being the only punk band on the bill, we had some people really into it, but seeing as all of the other bands were all straight edge hardcore (as Chicago is well known for) it wasn't really our scene. But that's ok. Straight Edge or not, the other bands were really good. We drank some brews, played some pool, had some kick-ass mexican food after the show (at 2 Amigo's) and since my Chicago, we had some good sleep in actual

Minneapolis, what can we say except it's always a fuckin' blast! This was our 3rd year playing there and for the 3rd time our friend Gary (drummer for Misery the crustcore legends) hooked us up with a place to play and stay! Our last 2 years playing MN we played at a place called The Red Sea (great place, all ages with a bar). This year we had a change of venue and played at The Urban Wildlife. This place is 21+ but it really didn't seem to matter. This place was packed with da' punks (it's a small place..ha ha). In fact, looking back, it seems that most of the people at the shows in Minneapolis have been 21+ anyway (if you judge

With 3 regular bands in town, both Gary and a guy that lives a few hours away decided to be a have house parties. Streams of drunken' punks' coming in to houses in search of whatever. A damn fine time! The only thing to note that I have hangover that we left with on Monday as we drove west towards our next show in Seattle.

6/1- We played Minneapolis last night. Had an unbelievable time. Definitely one of the best cities for punk in America. Driving across North Dakota. Flat as a poll table, not much to look at but fields and some hills.

6/2- Driving through Minnesota between Billings and Boremen. The Rockies grow in front of us, white topped. Harum Scarum on the car stereo, we fly along 98 West, headed towards Seattle. We pass rolling green fields, rocky outcroppings and blue rivers. It's really mind blowing, beautiful and without people! Only the occasional ranch or farm.

6/3- As you can imagine, the drive from Minneapolis to Seattle is long and tedious... don't get me wrong, it's damn beautiful. We went from the rolling farmlands of Minneapolis into the deserts rocky plains of the midlands into the Rocky Mountains. It's wild scenery, but still it's long. So by the time we reached Seattle we were ready to get out of the car and see the city. I would mention that on this trip we had the time to stop a few times and be tourists. Including stopping at Painted Canyon (Tedd Roosevelt State Park) where in addition to insane vistas of red and yellow canyons, we had buffalo standing inches from the car. I've never seen a buffalo up close and man o' man they're big. Anyway, the show was at a place called The Hurricane Cafe. The bar band area is 21+, but next to it you can see and hear the show from the all-ages restaurant (weird). When we got there, The Escaped (who we met last year and set up the show) was already drinking beers and greeted us heartily. It was great to see these guys after a year. They're a great bunch and there singer Zak is a fellow new englander. He's from Connecticut and I remember playing with his old band The Afflicted when I was in the August Spies. That must have been 8 years ago. The show started off with The Skizids opening up. They were good, pretty street punk and for it being their first show they ruled! Then went the Redmond who put on an even better show than I remember. 2 vocals and the hardcore/punk band. One cool thing about them is the skinpunk unity thing they've got going. 2 skin heads and 3 punks rockin' out! And then Army thing was one of their friends kept whipping things to Zak during their set (an old punk record, a cigarette pack, plastic cups, balls of paper, ect.) until the guy got a pink milkshake in him (strawberry I think) and it was a damn good time. The next thing was a pink glow in the dark of Florida. I think the guy was a little over the line with that one, but it was kind of funny none the less.

After the show, since The Escaped were having van problems, they headed back to Portland where we would meet them for the show the next day. But we had to stay and hangout with our old friend Joe (x-Toxic Narcotic, x-Shitlist) who moved out to Seattle from Boston a few years ago. We grabbed way too much beer and headed out to his house to try and drink it all. We did a damn good job too! Sure it was daylight when we got to sleep but it was a damn good time. Plus it was nice to meet and hangout with some of the people from the show who came along.

6/4- The Paris Theatre is a great all ages place in downtown Portland. We played with The Escaped again (they rule!). Who at one point had at least 50 people on stage during a cover of a drinking song from 'Jaws'. One Day War was great too! Spent some time in between bands drinking and gabbing it up with the Portland punks and skins (Rose City Crew...gol). We crashed at The Escaped house. Had a blast on the porch till the wee hours of da' morning.

6/5- So yesterday in Portland, as the show was starting, I got a message that our show in Medford at Music Head was cancelled. They said they moved the show to a place called Evo's in Ashland, OR. We had no idea what this place was going to be like and didn't even know the exact address, just the street name. So today we drove into Ashland County. Allot of nothing except farms and hills. We were thinking "Oh

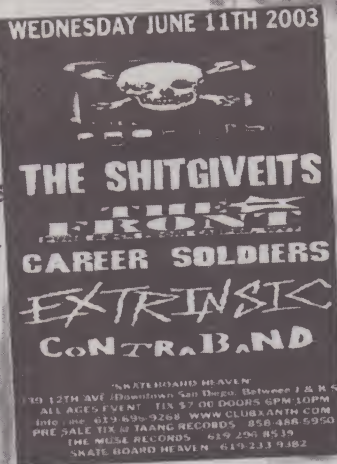
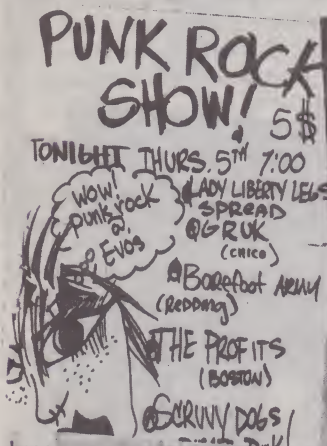
great, what did we get ourselves into?". Then we get on to "Main Street" and things start looking up as we saw a little kid (maybe 5 years old) riding down the street on his bike wearing a Neurosis shirt and WOW! We're thinking 'hey, what's all of this?' So we follow this kid and WHAM! We turn the corner and there is Evo's, a little coffee shop, packed to the brim with punks. The show turned out to be insane fun! We played with Barefoot Army, and Gruk. Great political punk bands from the Redding/Chico, California area. Then after the show (and free burrito's at the coffee shop) Kimbo, who booked the show threw a crazy party at her house that went till like 8am. Me and Erica fell asleep on the lawn, waking up to 100 degree sunshine and gawking neighbors. Then we went to the record store, ha ha...good times-yeah!

6/6- The drive to Redding may have been the hottest day on tour. It was so hot we had to turn on the heat a couple of times just to keep the engine from overheating. When we got into town we stopped a Buffy's house, she's the singer for Barefoot Army. She's super cool!!! We had a couple of brews, smoked a J and then headed to the show. I've got to hand it to the kids out there...it must have been 100 degrees in that place (Orangeville Hall) before anyone even showed up. By the time the show actually started the paint was ready to peel off of the walls and the floor was actually getting wet from everyone dripping sweat. None the less the kids danced for every band and as we played some kid was yelling "Play till we can't stand anymore!" We threw water on him..ha ha. That whole show was dedicated to all of the kids there that blew off the prom to go to the show (there were 3 proms in town that night). Then, continuing our drunken' bombast from the night before, we all had a collective "hair of the dog" and Buffy threw a party that went all night! Surprise, surprise! I can't believe some of the punks actually had the energy, the next day (which was equally hot) to go on a Bikes Not Bombs ride at 10am. Up the Redding/Chico punks!!! They rule!

6/7- Last year we played Gilman St. for the first time. This place is run so well. It's a true punk collective and makes the Berkley scene one of the best around. They even let kids with no money in if they'll help work the show...pretty cool. The last time we were there was one of the largest shows we've ever played. No wonder, we played with Toxic Narcotic (they're huge in California) and Kill Your Idols (on their last west coast tour ever, so they say). So needless to say we had no expectations of anything that grand this time though...but no one was disappointed. A whole lot of people came out and it seemed that each band had a different sound which added variety (the spice of life). While all of the bands were good, I'd say that the hairdo on the singer for the Hellbillies (a local punk psychobilly band) stole the show. It was an enormous Black and White pompadour mowhawk style thing. Anyway, it was good times all around and we were syked to see that a bunch of punks remembered us from last year and actually came out to see us. Thanks Berkley!

6/8- On Saturday night at Gilman Street, Mike Thorn from Maximum Rock N' Roll had a distro table at the show and asked us if we wanted to have brunch with him and some of the MRR crew. Of course we did! So our Sunday morning was spent driving through the city (just past Height and Ashbury) and going to hang out at the MRR headquarters! Oh, yeah! Sweet place. Super well organized, and oh man that 7" collection...it's the largest punk and DIY record collection in America! Super cool! So anyway, Jake from Filth was suppose to cook us all food but after we got the tour of the house/offices and after gabbing it up a bit Jake still had not showed up. Mike decided to take matters into his own hands, and he cooked us a hell of a brunch! Coffee, tofu scramblers and homefries for all! Oh, and lets not forget the biscuits. Around the end of the meal, Jake finally showed up. He said he was sorry he was late and claimed that someone had put a hex on him, fucking up his whole day (it could happen). It turned out we were playing with his new band that night. They're called "Abandoned" and this was one of their first shows, and what a show it was. Mission Records rules! It's a very small record store that is solely dedicated to all things punk! And in the back is a super punk venue. Spraypaint everywhere (including on the couches), decorations of all sorts, flyers from past shows an inch thick on the walls and truly all of the ingredients for a kick ass punk show: A small room

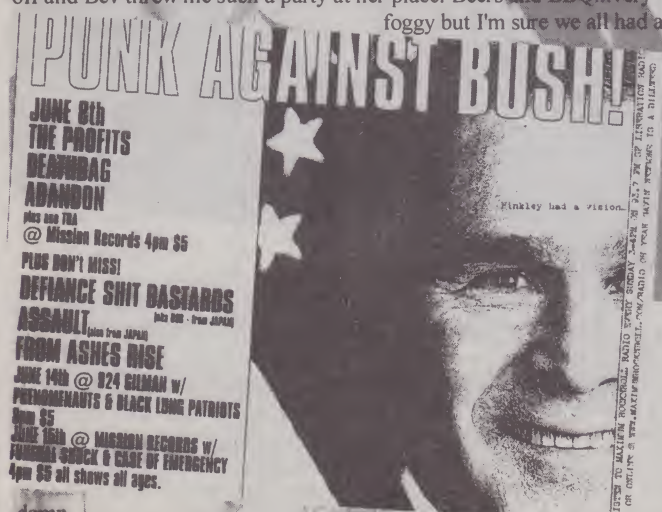
packed beyond capacity with punks, no stage, a crowd that is political and thoughtful (but doesn't take themselves so seriously) and is ready to have a damn good time. No fuckin rules! And just hot and sweaty enough for everyone to be one step from passing out...oh, and a bit of both legal and derange drinking doesn't hurt either. I must say, while it wasn't the biggest, this was one of the best shows on tour, maybe even ever! After leaving the show I couldn't wait to play there again, until someone told me that Mission Records was closing at the end of July...how sad! That place is a gem, a mecca of punk, a gambit of fun! To top off such a great day, we went to one fo the best bars I've ever



been

to(I thought so when we were there last year, and nothing changed). The place is called Zeitgeist and they have a kick ass jukebox, great food, a gigantic bar and video games. And you can smoke as much weed as you want on their back porch! I even saw a guy with a bong! Plus about 30 people came came back to the bar with us after the show. Including a bunch of the MRR crew, Jake Filth and Abandon, a bunch of our Boston friends who had relocated to SF (Bev, Gabe, Dave, Erik, Liz, ect.), some other punk kids from the show and even some kid from Baltimore that remembered us from The Side Bar (go figure). "Oh what a time to be a punk!"

6/9- ADAM'S BIRTHDAY IN SAN FRANCISCO!!!! Too much to say! Sight Seeing-Alcatraz-Bars-Height Street-Beach. It was a great Monday off and Bev threw me such a party at her place. Beers and BBQ...very foggy but I'm sure we all had a



damn

good time! Someone broke the toilet with puke and shit. When I woke up I had to pee so bad. I walked into the bathroom and came close to puking myself from the smell and sight of it...I peed outside. Ha Ha!

6/10- We got on the road from SE to head toward LA/ San Diego and we thought it would be fun to stop in Santa Cruz. You know rides, games and the beach and, not to mention, where the vampires from The Lost Boys hang out. So we drive into the parking area outside the gates

and we walk in. What do we see? Absolutely nothing! No people, no open games or stores, all of the rides were shut down and all there was, was a barren mile of boardwalk. Same thing on the beach, except for some beach dwelling lady who asked us for change. Oh so weird.....It turns out, it closed an hour before we got there. Truth is, I think it was cooler that way we found it.

6/11- San Diego was farther than we thought and we got to the show a bit late, just as the band before us, The Shitgivitz (they rule!) was going on. Skate Heaven is a great place! It's like something out of a good/bad punk rock 80's movie. we played our set standing in between 2 large skate ramps. Plus, behind the pit area was another full ramp/skate area and yes, in addition to a really crazy pit, people were skating on all of the ramps the whole time. It was fucking great, even a little distracting when part of you wants to check out the ill shit that some of the skaters were doing. Great fucking show! Viva San Diego punks! Then after the show we partied over at Shongotsids place, yeah. The only fucked up thing was what was going on in the neighborhood Skate Heaven was in. There is a shelter less than a block away, that was apparently full because there were people camping out for at least a 2 block radius around the place (with no tents, if you catch my drift). Anyway, we saw a bunch of different cops picking people up and dropping them off. Weird!

6/12- (Unexpected Development at Jughead's) What I forgot to say earlier was that when we were leaving California, I talked to the guys in Violent Reaction, who were suppose to be hooking us up with a show in



Phoenix. They said that the place closed down and wasn't having a show. Well that sucked! Especially because we had to drive right through Phoenix for our Friday show. So in San Francisco I used Bev's computer and wrote down the numbers of any club I could find in the Phoenix area that looked like they would have punk shows. Since the show was just 2 days away, I didn't expect to find a show to sneak onto (especially since we've never played there before) but on the third call the conversation went like this: Me- What's going on on Thursday? Them- It's punk night. Me- Cool! How many bands? Them- There were five but one cancelled. Me- Well I'm in a band and I'll take their place..and BOOM! We had a show at Jughead's. The only thing was that when we got to "punk night", there were no punk bands at all. Sure there were people there, but it was all jock rock alterno-crap. The only punk in the place was the door guy. Ha Ha. But we got free pizza and free beer! We also met some interesting people. But next time we play with the punk rock door guys band.

6/13- Viva El Paso! Me Gusta Mucho! El Paso is more like a little sliver of Mexico than a part of Texas. In fact, Juarez is just a few hundred yards across the bridge. It was really cool! We got to the show really early (as we found out). The place looked like it had been closed for a month. It had a great sign that said the name of the place "The Peanut Gallery" and even had a marquee that said The Profits", except the o was a O and the I was a I...fucking awesome! We parked in the vacant lot out back. I called the club and got a "phone out of service". Then I called the "promoter" (who never showed up), and got another "out of

service"! Pretty soon though we watched the parking lot fill up with haggles of punks. It was great hanging out and they, like us, wondered if the club was ever going to open. One super cool lady we met was a punk from El Paso, and she even thought some of the kids at the show (9th and 10th grade). She was over 40, grew up in the Lower East side of NYC during the punk boom and still rocks out! Yeah! The local bands we played with were great. Going No Where, Black Monkey and The Lovers. Everyone there was great, including Roberto (the old couple that ran the place). Oh, and we had a great response during our set as the only non-local band. Except there was a few Juarez skinheads who showed up and didn't quite dig our politics. We were informed that Fort Bliss (where most of the American POW's from our last stint in Iraq ended up) is right down the road, so wannabe pro-Bush skins are always hanging out. They heckled us a couple of times "USA...USA..", that was super funny. They gave us hard looks after the show...OHH WE WERE SCARED. But nothing came of it, and the night was a great olde time. Viva El Paso!

6/14- Pattie's Ice House was interesting



for us since it was a free show. How fucking cool of them...they rule! 6/15- Hey everyone. KENNY, from the band Arm and Arm SUCKS! We talked to him a week before this show and he said how syked he was to play it and that "It'll be great". So we showed up for the show and nobody's at the house (a warehouse collective and art space) and the gates were locked. That kid is lucky we're so nice. He gave us his home address and we went there! A real rich neighborhood right off of NASA Rd. near the space center...definitely his parents house. No one was home and we talked about doing all kinds of fun stuff. But in the end we just made a few "We killed Kenny", "you bastards!" jokes. (South Park reference) and left a freaky note for him and his parents to find. Anyway that was that for Houston. It's a beautiful city, and it would have been cool to have a reason or a place to stay. None the less, it was still a fun adventure. But still...Kenny sucks! Even worse, we still haven't gotten so

from the minute we got there. It turns out the place was having its 5th anniversary party and before our show (which we were there early and there was a show that went all day. We walked in while some band was playing that old 70's hit 867-3309! What a trip! We decided to take advantage of our early arrival and ask a guy in charge for directions to the record store. He pauses, looks around, and says "It'll be easier if you just follow me in my car! Just let me grab a beer for the drive." hahahahahhence. Needless to say, The Ice House was all about getting fucked up on their anniversary party. The record store "Spiders" rules! A DIY hole in the wall in a abandoned set of concrete warehouse/store fronts. We ended up back there after the show for some late night beers. Oh yeah, the show! I almost forgot. Good times playing with the Drones, The Perturbed and The Clammers. Free beer all night! A couple of locals even passed the hat

much as a call or e-mail from the kid, now that's just plain rude! Is that enough bitching about Kenny? No. But for only show that really fell through, it could have been worse, eh? P.S. Kenny sucks!

6/16- New Orleans is a hell of a town! Erica's cousin lives there so our first stop was her place. It was a nice house in a residential area on the south side. When we got out of the car the first thing we noticed is that every yard was over run with tropical plants, flowers of all different types and ferns as tall as your waist. It's no wonder because New Orleans was one of the most hot and humid places I've ever been. It was like a jungle out there, literally. To the point where ferns were actually growing off of the trees with no dirt...just the moisture and humidity to feed them. Amazing. We played at the Dixie Tavern and that was a damn good time. It turned out, the first band was from NYC, American Distress, and their drummer was this guy named Squirt, who I knew like 10 years ago when he lived in Boston. So that was a funny surprise. Plus I found out he had been playing with the band Choking Victim for the

last few years. Who knew? This was only their 10th or 11th show. I thought it was damn cool that after so little time as a band they just decided to just go on tour..that takes balls! Very cool! They were good too! The other band that played were called Antarctica VS The World. They had kind of a goth thing going on (not uncommon in New Orleans) including blood capsules, black clothes and face paint, devil horns and songs about monster movies. Ha Ha. All in all the show was a good one. Being Monday I wouldn't have expected more. Plus the bands get free beers all night and that ever hurts the situation eh?

We had the next day, Tuesday, off and I couldn't think of a much better place to have it than New Orleans. Obviously, we took the French Quarter/Bourbon St tour, drank frozen Hurricanes (a local tourist favorite), beers and shots in the street! Yes, you can drink anywhere there. They even have drive through Daiquiri stands. We had fun and made some nice hangovers for our drive the next day. Good times!

6/18- I never expected to be playing a kick ass show in Alabama of all places. In fact, this show wasn't even on our tour schedule until a week before the show. It turned out that our Nashville show fell through due to some miscommunication. After talking to some friends of friends (including a guy we met in Columbus, OH at our first show who knew the kid that was suppose to be hooking us up with the show in Nashville) we found this show at the Hot Spot in Huntsville, AL. It was with The Mini-skirt Rebels, Public Offense and as a pleasant surprise, with our friends A Global Threat from Boston..yeah. The show was great! It was outside on the back deck of the bar. The 'bout 100 kids that danced for every band made the show a blast! We were super thankful for them letting us jump on the bill on such short notice. After the show the Public Offense crew had a party at their apartment, Natural Light for all! We couldn't stay long though, we had a long drive to the next show in MO. So we got on the road. Thanks for the fun Huntsville.....

6/19- Our St Louis show was set up by our friend Brandon who use to sing for a great band called Very Metal, now defunct, which is too bad cause we were hoping to play with them again. The Lemp Art Center is a small studio, or should I say, empty room....I didn't see much art there and unfortunately the crowd was pretty scarce. But the people who did show up were cool, and the bands were good..well, at least the local bands were good (The Pubes and The Reverends). The other 2 outta town bands were, get this....Christian hardcore! That's right! Christian Hardcore. How lame...not just because of their faith (though that's bad enough) but the music sucked and the bands were annoying hahaha. They even had a little prayer circle before their set. And during their set during their set they encouraged people to go to their table and talk to them about their beliefs (gimme a break) and anyway, it gave us something to laugh about. We crashed at Brandon's place that night. Pretty mellow. We drank some beers and whiskey, thanks Brandon!

6/20- Our Lexington show was another show that was booked while on the road, about a week before the show date. It turned out it was going to be a house party! Yeah! We love house parties. The show was fun with a nice group of local punks that showed up. But it wasn't quite what we expected when we think "house party". As we followed the directions to the place the route seemed normal enough until we turned off the main drag onto the residential area. The houses just got bigger and bigger and the yards grew into small fields. Left on Wealthy St., right on Rich ave., left on Gluttony Blvd., right on Over The Top Elite Lane. Then we got onto our last street and at the end of the huge cul-de-sac was the house our show was in. A towering white monstrosity with a driveway as long as the street I live on in Allston. It turned out that the parents were there too, and with a basement full go underage kids, that meant the beer had to stay in the van, ha ha. The show was allot of fun though. 2 local punk bands played before us and they were pretty good. The basement was super nice. It was about as big as my apartment, ha! And Radi, the girl who booked the show, made us the best veggie sloppy joe's I've ever had...YUMMY! Our next show (and last show) was the next day in Baltimore, MD. That's about 13 hours from Lexington. So we left town that night and treated ourselves to a Motel 6 in the super foggy Appalachian Mountains of West Virginia.

6/21- I can't think of a better way that we could have finished up or tour than with the show we played at the Slaughter house in Baltimore, MD. Everytime we've played this town it's been a great show. But this show was even better than any of them, and definitely it was even better than any of them, and definitely it was up on the top of of the list of most fun shows on tour. It was set up by our friend Lexa and she did a hell of a job! When we pulled up at about 5 pm, it was clear the party had already started. There was a gaggle of punk drinking on the stoop out front. We knew a few of these guys and they let us know that there was plenty of beer and BBQ out back.....oh yeah! It was already a good time. So we went out to the back through the punk infested house and drank brew, ate veggie dogs and blabbed it up with our old and new friends for a while before the first band started. Eventually we heard the feedback from an amp and we all started to filter downstairs for the show. It was good timing too, because it started to rain. The first band was called Crab Mallots and they rocked! Plus, from the moment we walked into the basement we knew it was going to be a kick ass show! It was one of those cramped, overpacked with punks, sweaty, drunken atmosphere's we love so well.....with just enough room for a circle pit, oh yeah! The second band was 2am Revolution. We were suppose to play with them like 6 months ago at the Bloodshot (a defunct squat/collective in Baltimore) but for some reason they couldn't make it. I had head they were great and we were psyched to be playing with them finally. They were even better than I expected. Kick ass aggressive female lead vocals, very crusty fast and loud. Good shit! We played 3rd and I'm happy to say the place went ape shit when we started to play. With all the kids singing into our mic's, we barely had to song any back up's at all. In fact, with all of the people up front, we barely had room to even play! It was fuckin' great! After our 2nd to last song, the cops pulled up out front. Everybody could see 'em through the little basement window above the drum set. At that point everybody sort of paused and me and Erica asked "Should we play another song or what?". It was a unanimous YES! So we did...Violent Fringe (I think) and during the tune that little pops open and hits Rich right in the back of the head. The music stops, we turn around and there is the pigs head sticking right through the little window. I realize that he's looking right at me and he says "Young man, if you play one more note you're coming with me...shows over." Then he shut the window and turn around. Now I had a nice buzz going on and was standing on stage in front of a party full of punks. So I did the only thing I could do...I hit one mean power chord! Then the window pops open and the guy says "We're calling the paddy wagon" His ruse seemed to work. No paddy wagon ever came, but a handful of punks did leave. To bad for them because after the cops left, the party started right back up again. There were no more bands to play but, there was plenty of beer, plenty of weed, and plenty of cool people to hang out with. We set up our merch. on the kitchen table. It being our last show on tour, we had a "Profits Blowout Sale!" and sold most of our shit for next to nothing and more often than not we just gave stuff away. We were having a blast. Thanks Lexa! Thanks Baltimore!

So after a while we decided we were going to take tour full circle and head back to New York that night and stay at Hope and Martin's where we spent our first night on tour. Right back where we started! So we left Baltimore at like 11pm and got to Brooklyn, NY at about 3am where we ended the night with some Brooklyn Lager and good times with Hope and Martian. A fitting end to a great day. Making 4 more hangovers for our drive back to Boston and the end of The Profits US Atrocity Tour '03! What a trip!

Check Out The Profits at
www.TheProfits.org

THE CHRIMSON GHOSTS

8/8- ALLSTON, MA @O'BRIENS W/DRUG WAR
8/10- NEW YORK CITY @DESMONDS
8/11- AKRON, OH @QUON HUT RECORDS CANCELLED
8/11- LIVE ON MONDO BIZZARO RADIO
8/12- BALTIMORE, MD @THE TATTOO/MOJO W/GO FOR BROKE
8/13- PITTSBURGH, PA @THE REX THEATRE W/ZOMIE
8/14- YPSILANTI, MI @THE ELBOW ROOM
8/15- CHICAGO, IL @PHYLLIS' MUSICAL INN W/DEATH VALLEY AND
PLAN 9 FROM OUTERSPACE
8/16- YOUNGSTOWN, OH @CEDAR'S LOUNGE W/SMIT HAUS
8/17- ALBANY, NY @VALENTINES



MATT

JOHN

DAVE

JBL

TAMA



8/8- YOU COULD TECHNICALLY CALL THIS SHOW THE START OF OUR TOUR, EVEN THOUGH WE WONT PLAY UNTIL SUNDAY NIGHT IN NYC. WE PLAYED FIRST AND THINGS SOUNDED PRETTY GOOD. THE SOUND GUY WAS PUSHING US TO START PLAYING AND WE WERE FORCED TO CUT OUR SET BY ABOUT 10 MINUTES. NOW, I'M NO ROCK STAR AND I DON'T HAVE A ROCK STAR EGO, BUT IT'S SO ANNOYING TO HAVE SOMEONE SAY "TAKE YOUR TIME" ONE MINUTE, THEN 5 MINUTES LATER THEY ARE WONDERING WHY WE DIDN'T START HALF AN HOUR BEFORE. WHATEVER. THE HEADLINING BAND WAS DRUG WAR, WHO FEATURES DAVE TREE ON VOCALS AND ZEPHAN COURTNEY OF STOMPBOX FAME. DAVE, WHO I'VE MET A NUMBER OF TIMES OVER THE LAST 9 YEARS, IS SUCH A GENUINE NICE GUY. HE'S ALSO BEEN A HUGE SUPPORTER OF LOCAL BANDS AND MADE BIG EFFORTS TO INCLUDE LOCAL PUNK AND ROCK BANDS IN THE BRIEF SUCCESS THEY HAD. ZEPHAN AND I TALKED ABOUT HOW STOMPBOX WAS ABOUT 5 YEARS AHEAD OF THEIR TIME. I FOUND IT STRANGE THAT HERE WAS A GUY WHO WAS PLAYING A SMALL LOCAL SHOW, BUT HAD STOMPBOX PUT OUT "STRESS" (FIRST FULL-LENGTH ON SONY) IN 2000 OR 2001, YOU WOULD PROBABLY SEE THEM IN ROLLING STONE OR MTV. NOT THAT THOSE ARE THINGS I WOULD WANT, IT JUST SEEMS IRONIC TO ME. TOMORROW IS MY BIRTHDAY AND I'M NOT TOO PSYCHED ABOUT IT.

8/9- LEAVING HOME TODAY WAS PRETTY TOUGH. I'M ONLY LEAVING FOR 10 DAYS BUT I KNOW I'M GOING TO MISS MY KIDS AND MY WIFE ALLOT. 12:00PM-WE HAD LOTS OF PROBLEMS WITH OUR RENTAL THIS MORNING WHICH LED TO US LEAVING MUCH LATER THAN WE WANTED TO. WE'RE STOPPING OFF IN DANBURY, CT AT DAVE'S (OUR DRUMMER) IN-LAWS PLACE, THEN WE'RE HEADING TO NYC TO START FLYERING AND TRYING TO SELL SOME RECORDS TO LOCAL SHOPS. 5:30PM- WHERE ARE ALL THE FUCKING RECORD STORES?!? I LOVE THIS CITY, BUT I LOOK AT IT THE WAY I LOOK AT THE INTERNET: TONS OF COOL SHIT EVERYWHERE, BUT ONCE YOU GET THERE YOU HAVE NO CLUE WHERE TO GO. 8:00PM- AFTER WALKING AROUND FOR 3 HOURS WE DECIDE TO CALL IT A DAY. I DECIDED TO MEET UP WITH MY FRIENDS LUKE, AND THE GUYS HEADED BACK TO CONN. LUKE AND I SPENT THE NEXT 4 HOURS TALKING ABOUT MUSIC, RELATIONSHIPS AND THE TRANSVESTITE BAR ON ST. MARKS PLACE I SHOULD CHECK OUT. BIRTHDAYS ARE OVER RATED.

8/10- 1:00PM- AFTER SPENDING THE NIGHT IN BAY RIDGE BROOKLYN, I DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO MANHATTAN TO WONDER AIMLESSLY FOR HOURS UNTIL OUR SHOW AT DESMONDS. 5:00PM- I HAVE WALKED FOR HOURS AND I COULDN'T DISTINGUISH ONE STREET FROM ANOTHER. I WAS ABLE TO FIND THE TRANSVESTITE BAR THAT LUKE TOLD ME ABOUT BUT I THINK TRANSVESTITES HAVE SUNDAY OFF BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WORKING AT THIS PLACE WERE DEFINITELY FEMALE. WHAT DOES A GUY HAVE TO DO TO FIND A GOOD TRANSEXUAL BAR IN THIS CITY?? 6:30PM- I ARRIVE VERY EARLY AT DESMONDS FOR FEAR OF GETTING COMPLETELY LOST. OUR BARTENDER, BRIAN, LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE AUSTIN POWERS, I LAUGHED OUT LOUD THINKING IT WAS A LIKE. NO JOKING AROUND HERE. BRIAN IS A DUBLIN TRANSPLANT WHO HAS AN AFFINITY FOR CALLING PEOPLE WANKERS, AND WE SPEND THE NEXT HOUR AND A HALF MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE IN THE BAR. OH YEAH, THE CLUB DOESN'T HAVE ANY OF THE POSTERS WE SENT THEM. SO WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MY FRIEND LUKE AND HIS ROOMMATE, I EXPECT NO ONE TO SHOW UP TONIGHT. 8:30PM- JOHN AND DAVE ARRIVED ABOUT 20 MINUTES AGO AND NOW I AM TAKING A COPY OF THE POSTERS TO A KINKO'S SO I CAN RUN AROUND ST. MARKS FOR THE NEXT HOUR TRYING TO FLYER THE FUCK OUT OF THE SHOW. BEST CASE SCENARIO WE WILL HAVE 10 PEOPLE AT THE SHOW. 10:00PM- THERE'S 10 MILLION PEOPLE IN THIS CITY AND I MANAGE TO FIND AN EX-GIRLFRIEND WHILE I AM FLYERING. SHE TELLS ME SHE'S GOING TO COME TO THE SHOW BUT I DON'T REALLY BELIEVE HER. 10:30PM- 5 PEOPLE HAVE COME OUT TO SEE US AND ONE OF THEM IS MY EX. KNOCK ME OVER WITH A FEATHER. 12:00AM- SHOW WENT WELL PLAYING WISE, BUT ODIOUSLY IT WOULD BE BETTER TO PLAY TO MORE THAN 5 PEOPLE. BRIAN TOLD US WE ARE INVITED BACK ANYTIME AND CONSIDERING THEY GAVE US FREE BEER AND ALL THE DOOR MONEY (\$25), WE WILL DEFINITELY TAKE THEM UP ON THE OFFER.

8/11- WE WERE SUPPOSE TO PLAY AN IN-STORE AT Q-HUT IN AKRON BUT THEY PUSSED OUT SO NOW WE ARE PLAYING THE MONDO BIZARRO RADIO SHOW HOSTED BY OUR GOOD FRIEND DOUG WOFCY. FOR A TOUR THAT'S ONLY 10 DAYS LONG, WE HAVE DEALT WITH SO MANY FLAKES AND ASSHOLES WE COULD'VE WRITTEN ANOTHER

DIARY ABOUT HOW MUCH OF A NIGHTMARE BOOKING IT WAS. VIRTUALLY EVERY SHOW WE ARE PLAYING ON TOUR WE GOT AFTER THE FIRST, SECOND OR THIRD SHOW WE HAD PLANNED, FELL THROUGH. THE RADIO SHOW WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH. DOUG IS ONE OF THE COOLEST GUYS EVER. YOU CAN TALK ABOUT ANY TYPE OF MUSIC AND HE KNOWS ABOUT THE MOST OBSCURE BAND FROM WHATEVER GENRE. WE WENT OUT FOR PIZZA AND TALKED ABOUT THE REAL KIDS, DINOSAUR JR., AND DEEP WOUND. DOUG ALSO HELPED US OUT BY BEING THE GO-BETWEEN FOR 5 LOCAL RECORD SHOPS AND TOOK A WHOLE BUNCH OF 7" AND CD'S OFF OF OUR HANDS. ALL HAIL THE ROCKIN'EST GRANDPA EVER!!!! DOUGS HOUSE IS BEING RE-MODELED SO WE HAVE NO PLACE TO CRASH. WE DECIDE TO START DRIVING TOWARDS BALTIMORE (OUR NEXT SHOW) AND FIND A HOTEL. BEING PENNYWISE AND POUND FOOLISH, WE SETTLE FOR A HOTEL THAT WAS...LET'S JUST SAY, LESS THAN DESIRABLE. YOU KNOW, THE HOURLY HOTELS. WE DECIDE TO SLEEP WITH THE LIGHTS ON TO AVOID BEING ROBBED.

8/12- AFTER SPENDING AN EVENING IN "HOTEL SEEDY", WE FOREGO SHOWERS FOR FEAR OF POTENTIAL STAFF INFECTION. LOVELY BALTIMORE. IT REMINDS ME OF CHELSEA. AFTER DRIVING AROUND FOR A WHILE WE COME UPON REPTILIAN RECORDS. VERY COOL STORE, WITH A VERY COOL OWNER WHO APPARENTLY NOT ONLY KNEW OF US, BUT ALSO OWNED A RARE COPY OF THE FIRST LP. ACES. 9:30PM- THE ALPHABET BOMBERS, WHO WERE BOOKED TO OPEN FOR US, HAD TO BAIL ON THE SHOW WHICH SUCKS BECAUSE THEY WERE THE ONLY BAND ON THE BILL THAT WAS LOCAL. GO FOR BROKE, A BOSTON BASED SKA-PUNK BAND, WERE ADDED TO THE BILL LAST MINUTE. I'M REALLY NOT A SKA FAN BUT I WILL BE THE FIRST TO TELL YOU THAT THESE GUYS WERE REALLY GOOD. THEY HAD A GREAT ATTITUDE TOWARDS PLAYING TO THE 4 PEOPLE IN ATTENDANCE (WHICH WE ACCOUNTED FOR 3 OF THE 4). ALL FANS OF LESS THAN JAKE AND AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY TAKE NOTE, EVEN THOUGH GO FOR BROKE HAD AN 11 HOUR DRIVE TO ATLANTA THAT NIGHT, THEY STILL MADE SURE TO STICK AROUND FOR OUR ENTIRE SET, WHICH WE GREATLY APPRECIATED. UNFORTUNATELY, ONE OF THE GUYS WHO I ASKED TO TAKE SOME PICTURES WITH THE DISPOSABLE CAMERA LEFT WITH IT. FUCKER. WE PLAYED OUR ASSES OFF AND TRIED TO MAKE IT AS FUN AS POSSIBLE FOR US AND THE FEW PEOPLE THERE. WE MADE \$20 AND SPENT THE NIGHT AT HOLLYWOOD'S (ALPHABET BOMBERS) APARTMENT.

8/12- 10:45AM- WE MADE A FAILED ATTEMPT AT FINDING THE DISCHORD HOUSE, BUT NOT HAVING A





MAP OF DC MADE IT CLOSE TO IMPOSSIBLE. WE DID HOWEVER MANAGE TO FIND A LARGE PART OF HORROR MOVIE HISTORY WHEN WE STOPPED RANDOMLY AT A GAS STATION THAT JUST HAPPENED TO BE RIGHT NEXT TO THE SET OF STAIRS MADE FAMOUS BY THE MOVIE "THE EXORCIST". WE HAD OUR PICTURES TAKEN THERE AND THEN HEADED TO SMASH RECORDS TO TRY AND UNLOAD SOME RECORDS. NO LUCK AT SMASH SO WE DECIDED TO HIT THE ROAD AND START TOWARDS PITTSBURGH. 1:00PM- WE STOP AT BOB EVANS FOR LUNCH AND OUR WAITRESS MADE FUN OF ME FOR ORDERING A FRUIT CUP AND WATER. 8:30PM- HOLY SHIT. PEOPLE ARE PILING INTO THE REX THEATRE WHERE WE'RE PLAYING. EVEN BETTER THAN THAT IS THERE ARE THESE PUNKS WE MET WHEN WE PLAYED THIS HORROR CONVENTION IN CLEVELAND WHO ARE ALL COMING OUT TO THE SHOW. 12:30AM- PITTSBURGH IS OUR NEW FAVORITE PLACE TO PLAY. WE ALL AGREED TONIGHT WAS THE MOST FUN SHOW WE'VE EVER HAD IN THIS BAND. OUR FRIENDS FROM OUR CLEVELAND SHOW CAME OUT AND MADE IT 3 TIMES MORE FUN. THANKS TO TJ, REGAN, JEFF AND CREW FOR LETTING US CRASH AT THEIR PLACE AND GIVING US PASTA AND BEER. CHEERS TO THE PITTSBURGH PUNK CHOIR.

8/13- 1:00PM- NURSING A MILD HANGOVER. WE HEAD TO BRAVE NEW WORLD RECORDS W/TJ. IT'S AN AWESOME RECORD STORE AND AN ABSOLUTE MUST FOR ALL PUNK/HARDCORE/METAL ENTHUSIASTS COMING THROUGH PITTSBURGH. THEY BOUGHT SOME RECORDS AND CD'S FROM US AND I BOUGHT A TAPE RE-ISSUE OF THE HALF-LIFE DEMO. SCHWEET. CHECK OUT THEIR WEBSITE@ ABRAVENEWORLD.NET. ONTO YPSILANTI, MI.

5:00PM- I THINK EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS NOW. POWER IS OUT

EVERYWHERE SO OUR SHOW AND POSSIBLY THE REST OF THE TOUR IS CANCELED. LIFE CAN BE SUCH A STEAMING PIECE OF DOG SHIT SOMETIMES. Y'KNOW? 7:00PM- THE KID WHO SET UP THE SHOW FOR US LIVES ABOUT A HOUR AWAY IN LANSING AND FOR US WE FOUND A FUNCTIONING GAS STATION BEFORE WE RAN OUT OF GAS. THE PLACE WE ARE STAYING AT IS A FRAT HOUSE, WHICH I AM A LITTLE LESS THAN ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT. BUT IT IS A PLACE TO CRASH AND THE GUY SEEMS PRETTY COOL. THE POWER IS OUT IN LANSING SO WE ALL DECIDE TO GO TO THE NEAREST PACKAGE STORE TO GET SOME BEER AND HANG OUT FOR THE NIGHT. AT ABOUT 2AM THE POWER COMES ON AND THE GUY WHO SET UP THE SHOW ASKS ME IF WE'RE WILLING TO PLAY. I'M DRUNK AND I TELL HIM IF HE GETS 15 PEOPLE TO SHOW UP, WE'LL PLAY. JOHN AND DAVE HAD GONE TO SLEEP AND I'M THINKING 'IT'S ABOUT 2:30AM. THERE IS NO WAY THIS KID IS GOING TO GET ANYONE TO COME OUT HERE'. WELL, THIS DUDE STARTS RUNNING AROUND TO EVERY STREET BANGING ON PEOPLE'S DOORS TELLING THEM THAT A SURF BAND FROM BOSTON IS PLAYING AND TO GET OVER THERE ASAP. SOON THERE ARE ABOUT 20 PEOPLE AT THE HOUSE. I NOW HAVE THE UNPLEASANT TASK OF WAKING UP THE GUYS TO TELL THEM THAT WE HAVE A SHOW ...RIGHT NOW! JOHN IS SO PISSED OFF AND STARTS SCREAMING AT ME TELLING ME THAT HE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR MY VOICE BECAUSE IT'S ONLY MAKING HIM MORE PISSED. DAVE IS A WHOLE LOT MORE EASY GOING ABOUT IT. I'M STILL PRETTY NERVOUS THAT IF THINGS DON'T GO OVER WELL, THAT THEY'RE GOING TO BE PISSED AT ME FOR THE REST OF THE TOUR. WE LOAD IN AT 3:30AM AND START THE SHOW. LATER.....THE SHOW ACTUALLY WENT UNBELIEVABLY WELL. ONE OF THE FRAT RESIDENTS COLLECTED MONEY AT THE DOOR AND ALTHOUGH SOME REALLY CHEAP FUCKS DECIDED \$3 WAS "TOO MUCH" AND SPLIT, ABOUT 15 PEOPLE STAYED AND WE ROCKED THEIR ASSES. AFTER WE BROKE EVERYTHING DOWN, A BUNCH OF US DECIDED TO JUMP THE FENCE AT A LOCAL APARTMENT COMPLEX FOR A LITTLE LATE NIGHT (MORNING) SWIM. ALL IN ALL, EVERYTHING WORKED OUT AWESOME. OH, AND THE SECOND DISPOSABLE CAMERA WE HAD GOTTEN GOT LOST LAST NIGHT.

8/14- 9:00AM- I HAVEN'T SLEPT AT ALL AND I'M FEELING DELIRIOUS. WE LOAD OUT AND JOHN TELLS ME THAT HE'S SORRY FOR ACTING THE WAY HE DID. I THINK HE UNDERSTOOD THAT I ONLY DID IT BECAUSE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PITTSBURGH, TOUR HAS BEEN BORDERLINE DISASTROUS FINANCIALLY SO TO PLAY A SHOW FOR SOME COLLEGE KIDS AT 4AM IS BETTER THAN NO SHOW AT ALL. WE SAY GOODBYE AND START OUT TOWARDS CHICAGO. WITHIN 10 MINUTES AFTER LEAVING I FALL INTO A COMA LIKE SLEEP. 2:00PM- WE HAVE ARRIVED IN CHICAGO AND ARE WANDERING AROUND LOOKING FOR RECORD STORES. THIS IS MY FIRST TIME IN CHICAGO AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS SHOW THE MOST. WE'RE



PLAYING WITH A DEADBLOT COVER BAND AND A PSYHOBILLY BAND CALLED PLAN 9 FROM OUTERSPACE. WITH THE MISH MASH OF BANDS WE'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH, THIS SHOW SEEMS TO BE THE BEST FIT FOR US. 9:30PM- APPARENTLY THERE ARE SOME PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE OFFICERS TELLING THE BAR OWNER THAT ALTHOUGH HIS LICENSE ALLOWS HIM TO HAVE LIVE MUSIC, IT DOESN'T ALLOW HIM TO CHARGE A COVER. WHICH BESIDES BEING A TOTALLY FUCKING STUPID LAW, IT MEANS WE'RE GOING TO RELY VERY HEAVILY ON PEOPLE BUYING MERCH FROM US. COLLECTIVELY WE DECIDE TO BEG FOR MONEY FROM THE CROWD AND PASS AROUND A HAT. 11:00PM- THIS SHOW WENT AWESOME. THE DEADBLOT COVER BAND WAS DEAD ON. JOHN WENT UP AND SANG "BILLY'S DEAD". HE FORGOT THE LYRICS AT ONE POINT BUT NO ONE KNEW IT BECAUSE WHO EVEN KNOWS WHO DEADBOLT IS? WE GOT UP AND PLAYED A SOLID STAND A LOT OF PEOPLE CAME UP TO US AND SAID THAT THEY HAD SO MUCH FUN. BEST COMPLIMENT OF THE NIGHT: "I COULDN'T STOP SMILING, NOW MY FACE HURTS." OUR NEW FRIENDS PLAN 9 [FROM OUTERSPACE] CAME ON AFTER US AND RIPPED IT UP. HIGH OCTANE PSYHOBILLY WITH SOME COOL COVERS OF "138" AND "BLITZKRIEG BOP". JUST TO BE A WISEASS I YELLED OUT "FREEBIRD" AND I SHIT YOU NOT, THEY WENT RIGHT INTO A WAY PUNKED OUT VERSION OF IT THAT BLEW THE DOORS OFF OF THE PLACE. THESE GUYS RULE AND I HOPE THEY COME TO BOSTON SOON. OVER ALL IT WAS A VERY SUCCESSFUL NIGHT. WE HAD A GREAT SHOW, MADE SOME AWESOME NEW FRIENDS AND MADE SOME DECENT MONEY TO BOOT. FUCK CLEVELAND, CHICAGO ROCKS!

8/15- WE DROVE ALL NIGHT TO GET OUT TO CANTON, OHIO SO WE COULD GET SOME FREE TATTOOS DONE COURTESY OF KIRK KITZMAN@ PROFESSIONAL TATTOO. DAVE WAS FEELING A LITTLE SICK AND DECIDED TO PASS ON GETTING INKED SO JOHN AND I LEFT DAVE AT THE HOTEL AND WENT OURSELVES. KIRK IS A SUPER NICE GUY AND DI A GREAT JOB TATTOOING A BAND OF KFC COLONEL HEADS AROUND JOHN'S ANKLE. HE FINISHED UP A TATTOO I HAVE ON MY CHEST AND I WAS STOKED.



10:30PM- OUR SHOW TONIGHT IS IN YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO WHICH COULD QUITE POSSIBLY BE THE CREEPIEST PLACE I'VE EVER BEEN. DRIVING INTO TOWN IT SEEMS TO BE FAIRLY INDUSTRY BASED BUT THE STREETS ARE EERILY EMPTY. WE DROVE AROUND FOR ABOUT 20 MINUTES LOOKING FOR A CONVINCE STORE AND WE SAY A TOTAL OF 10 PEOPLE. WHEN WE'D DRIVE BY THEM THEY WOULD STARE AT US AS THOUGH WE WERE ZOMBIES. WHAT A GREAT PLACE FOR PUNK ROCK! WE ARE APPARENTLY GOING ON AROUND MIDNIGHT SO AS TO PLAY TO THEIR PEAK CROWD. BY PEAK I MEAN THAT THE NUMBER OF BAR PATRONS WILL BALLOON UP TO AROUND 10-15 PEOPLE. NONE OF WHICH ARE RESIDENTS OF YOUNGSTOWN. 1:30AM- WOW, THAT SUCKED. THANKFULLY OUR GOOD FRIENDS TOBY AND VAL CAME OUT AND MADE THINGS FUN FOR US. NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN THE BAR BEFORE WE START:8. NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHEN WE START:13. NUMBER OF PEOPLE AFTER 3 SONGS:7. NUMBER OF TIMES MY AMP ACTED LIKE A DOUCHEBAG:37. WE COLLECTIVELY AGREED TO LEAVE YOUNGSTOWN IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE LOCAL ZOMBIES DECIDED TO FEST ON OUR BRAINS. SIDE NOTE: IF YOU ARE IN A PUNK OR SURF BAND THAT PLAYS IN BARS, MAKE SURE TO TELL THE PROMOTER NOT TO HIRE A SOUND GUY. THEY ARE ONLY TAKING YOUR MONEY, AND UNLESS YOU PLAY IN DREAM THEATRE, YOU DON'T NEED ONE. OUR SOUND GUY MADE \$50 AND WE MADE \$10...AND WE DIDN'T SOUND LIKE DREAM THEATRE.

8/16- THIS IS THE LAST DAY OF TOUR. I'M BUMMED AND EXCITED AT THE SAME TIME. BESIDES MY OCCASIONAL NEGATIVE OUTLOOK ON THINGS, I'VE HAD A BLAST EVERYDAY. THE TOUGHEST PART HAS BEEN NOT SEEING MY KIDS, I KNEW THAT I WOULD MISS THEM A LITTLE BIT, BUT AT THIS POINT I'M MISSING THEM LIKE CRAZY. TONIGHT WE PLAY IN ALBANY, NY WITH A BAND CALLED UMMMM... I GUESS THEY'RE A GARAGE ROCK BAND AND THAT'S A TERM THAT HAS TROUBLED ME THE PAST YEAR OR SO. IT APPEARS THAT GARAGE IS THE NEW "GRUNGE" AND REALLY WHAT DEFINITELY MAKES IT "GARAGE ROCK?" I WOULD THINK THAT A LO FIDELITY RECORDING AND CRAPPY INSTRUMENTS MAKE IT "GARAGE ROCK". BANDS LIKE THE HIVES OR THE WHITE STRIPES HAVE NEITHER. SO I'M SKEPTICAL OF WHAT THESE GUYS WILL SOUND LIKE. LATER..... THE UMMMMM... KICKED ASS! LO IF SOUND AND ALLOT OF OBSCURE COVERS OF 60'S GARAGE BANDS INCLUDING A COVER OF THE REMAINS! WE PLAYED OUR SET TO ABOUT 20 OR 30 PEOPLE. THE CROWD ISN'T TOO LIVELY BUT IT FELT GREAT ANYWAY. I THINK I JUST WANTED TO END ON A HIGH NOTE BY PLAYING MY ASS OFF. WE WERE ABLE TO SELL A FEW RECORDS BUT WE NEED TO SELL A FEW MORE IN ORDER TO BREAK EVEN FOR TOUR. HOW MANY YOU ASK? WELL, TAKING INTO ACCOUNT THE MONEY WE DROPPED DOWN TO PUT OUT OUR 7". THE MONEY WE PUT DOWN FOR T-SHIRTS AND THE MONEY FOR THE VAN RENTAL WE ONLY NEED TO SELL 497 MORE 7". MISSED IT BY (USE YOUR FINGERS TO MAKE THE UNIVERSAL SYMBOL FOR SMALL) THAT MUCH.

THE VIRUS

with ★ **BLIND SOCIETY** ★
NEW JERSEY HARDCORE PUNK

The Virus (aka Team V, the V)

Vocals- JASPER (AKA CAPTAIN MAKE-UP, SPER, J.VIGIL, J-VIG, VIG)

Drums- JARROD (AKA BIG J, OLD MAN WINTER, J-ROD)

Guitar- MIKE (AKA AUTHORITY, BIG MIKE)

Guitar- JOSH (AKA LITTLE B., #7)

Bass- DREW (AKA SLEAZESTACKS, STACKS, STICK STICKY, FIST MAGNET)

Roadie/Tour Manager- RUFIO (AKA ROOFTOPS)

Blind Society (aka B.S.)

Vocals- BLAISE (AKA GOLDEN EAGLE)

Vocals- CHRIS (AKA BLACK FALCON)

Guitar- DAN (AKA STAR OF DAVID, S.O.D., THE STAR)

Bass- MATT (AKA HEECH)

Drums- JON (AKA ANGRY BLACK JON, A.B.J., ANGRY BLACK)

Roadie- BRENDAN (AKA B-DOG, LORD B-DOG, LORD LAMAR)



7/1- Day 1 Skate Park Western Mass

The show was pretty decent. Small turnout but that's what we assumed. It was a good way to try Jasper out and to warm up. First show...in 5 months! So aside from the CT traffic and the dumb sun burn Mike got (only on his left arm) it was a good day!-Mike

7/5- Day 5 El N'Gee New London, CT "Rufio The Stowaway"

I went to this show to play for State Control. Upon arrival I find out that the Virus' roadie #1 Christian has quit. Some weaseling commences. There is a pretty small turnout and the touring bands are finding out...more and more each day, that promoters don't believe in flyers. State Control plays pretty well despite the obvious handicap of being fronted by famed internerds Steve Quix and Raging Rick. Blind Society goes on and steals some souls as usual, then the Virus, who are still tightening up and learning lyrics. Some beers are drank, some merch is sold. At the end of the show yours truly, Rooftop, hops into the spacious but cozy Virus van with nothing but the clothes on my back. I gave Steve Quix Mike Authority's address to ship my stuff to. My life is in the hands of a 24 year old alcoholic.-Rufio

7/6- Day 6 Valentines Albany, NY "Things are Looking Up"

We get to the club a bit early and kill some time with a bit of Tape Ball Home Run Derby and ice cold lemonade. Blaze (Blind Society) takes the win with 3 powerful dingers. Doors open and Ted, the best promoter ever, hooks it up with pizza and beer. The S.D.S's start to line up and pile in. Some opening bands play. One doing a rousing rendition of the Unseen's "So This is Freedom". As we were heading to the border that night, it really made me think about how free I am living here in America. Blind Society tore it apart adding to their steadily growing bag of souls. Angry Black John wows the crowd with an impressive feat of drumming intensity. The Virus go on and own this upstate crowd. Mike Authority lives up to his name by taking charge and stopping a fight in the crowd. Then the night's headliners, The River City Rebels, play. Featuring all the usual instruments plus a keyboard, a sax, and a rusty trombone. Outside Mike and Jasper both indulge in sweet make-out sessions with a couple of the local grade schoolers. As we pull away, Jasper's girl shows us her giant boob.-Rufio

7/7- Day 7 "Border Patrol"

The long drive from Albany brings us up to Niagara Falls around 6am. Blind Society rings us up on the walkie-talkie to let us know that they successfully cheated Canada. They made it across the border without paying the \$450 working fee. We get the bright idea to do the same. A van searched and 6 cavity searches later, we are across scott free. We take in the scenic falls for a bit and check into a hotel.-Rufio

7/7- Off Duty Barrie Ontario, Canada "Go-Go Dancers Have Feelings Too"

Today I finally get to hit a Wal-Mart. Socks, Underwear and toiletries. Thanks to some hand-me-downs (pants from Jarrod, and t-shirts from Drew and Jasper). My suitcase (a stolen hotel pillowcase) is filling out. The show starts and it's another piss-poor turn out. The other bands give us the scoop on the dodgy promoter. For his protection we'll call him Weezer. Weezer says we can trade in our hand meals for extra beer. We go for it. 4 beer tickets apiece....thanks Gandhi. We meet a girl who looks even more like a muppet than Jasper. She talked shit on J. Vig and gets denied her free t-shirt. But I gave her a free mis-print patch after she buys me a beer. During Blind Society's Black Flag cover, Weezer gets up on the speakers and dances like a serious 'Mo. Blaise tells him he's got on balls. After the bands play, they chat it up with the club owner and the beautiful older woman behind the bar. Meanwhile outside, Weezer gets beat-up by the opening bands and then the club staff yell at him about all of the equipment we broke. As we drive off, Jarrod catches a glimpse of the promoter crying in a corner.-Rufio

7/8- Day 8 Call The Office London Ontario Canada "A Little Bit of Everything."

We start the day at a buffet...delicious. Your humble narrator makes his usual buffet over eating lapse in judgement which resulted in my first tour "first". In the parking lot, ice cream and chunks of salad hit the pavement and I claim the first tour puke! Around the corner from the club, Mike claims the first tour tattoo. I call home to find out that Steve has not picked up my stuff to be mailed and my unemployment check has not arrived. Life's no fun on the dole. The show draws yet another small turnout, but the 2 girls from Battlefield Earth whom Jasper had met earlier, do show up. Guest lists are a powerful device. Both bands, despite extreme inebriation, play pretty well. Chris delivers with the usual high energy stage show and Blaise requests a record number, 8 circle pits, only up here we call them Canadian circle pits and they go clockwise, in honor of Mike's 23rd. The Virus and crowd perform Happy Birthday at midnight. Later in the set tensions erupt as Jarrod stabs Drew with a previously sharpened drumstick. After the show we hit the first strip club. These Canadian chicks are not very top heavy. Mike gets a B-day lap dance but finds out the "hard" way that there is no sex, in the champagne room. A bunch of people go to the park and smoke the sweet sweet cheeba with the Battlefield Earth girls. Black John tries to fight Canada, then we all sleep in the vans.-Rufio

7/9- Day 9 Club Zen Toronto Ontario Canada

"If This Van's a Rocking..."

At 7am we're awoken by Drew and Mike as they frantically tear apart the van looking for our money. As panic sets in, Jarrod opens his eyes and explains the lesson we've just learned: If we're drunk and leave an envelope full of money on the dashboard, he will hide it from us. Time for breakfast. We hit the same buffet from yesterday where Rufio's vomit still stains the pavement. Alas though, no one pukes. We destroy the bathroom with days



of stored up beer and pizza. Upon reaching Toronto, we all cheer up as we see a real city and thousands of really attractive Canadian girls. Who have no interest in looking, let alone talking to us. With hours to kill we explore Toronto (which looks like a European Seattle). We find a bar and start the morning off right with delicious Canadian beer. As load-in begins, we're happy to see there's already a good 40 kids lined up. We're unhappy to see we have to carry all the equipment up 2 flights of stairs. The kids who booked the show "Ace" and "Running Man Jlt Jog", though only 16, do a fucking amazing job. Lots of beer, water and even a bottle of wine for me and Jarrod. So we hit the stage and kick into "Still Fighting". All is going well except for 2 bi-hawked kids yelling "Fuck you" at us. Let me say first...I hate fighting. I'm not good at it. But, I think Blind Society is rubbing off on me. So I slap one kid across the face. Not too hard, just a warning shot. He shuts up and moves back into the crowd. His stupid friend on the other hand, keeps it up. I try the same trick, but he doesn't budge. I start to toss him into the crowd, pushing him over every time he stands up. Finally, I get him really falling in. So naturally Chris and Blaise of BS jump off of the stage, boots into his head. Chris throws in a couple elbows for good measure. Now at this point we've been tossing this kid around for 5 FUCKING SONGS. So Mike Tours into the Hulk and drags him on stage (throwing me in the process) and tosses the kid to security guards, who drag him out. The rest of the show goes great. Now we're free to hit the town. We see a flyer reading "80's and New Wave" dance night. We're drunk and ready to dance. Too bad the club sucks and nobody's dancing. It's just a dive bar with a spray painted banner reading "Dance Party".....lame. Rufio



disappears with a girl from the show. Dan and Blaise go off to find another club. I start talking to the pretty DJ girl who says to meet her at 2:00am when the bar closes. At the second bar we find more excitement. There's a back room filled with girls playing XXX bingo. I don't get the rules but clothes are being tossed off like prom dresses. Unfortunately the person with the least clothes on is a transvestite. Everyone but me, Josh and Jarrod heads back to the van, where they find the curtains drawn and the van bouncing like a lowrider with hydraulics. Scores= Rufio! Everyone Else=0. So the one guy NOT in to hand christens our van. That's what I get for running my mouth. What a night. Oh yeah...the pretty DJ girl? She went home without me of course.-Jasper

7/10- Day 10 L-X Montreal "Can I Wash Your Windshield?"

We pull up to the club and there's tons of punks everywhere, S.D.S. central. The club was awesome. It was as if we drove 6 hours and ended up in Europe. The club was in a basement and there was a raised bar area with a railing that was about 10 feet up and surrounding the stage and pit. It was set up like a cool music video. The show was intense. If someone wanted to put a punk show in some kind of cheesy eighties Robocop type movie, this would be the show. To be serious for a second, this was everything I think a punk show should be. Being from Boston, it reminded me of a good RAT show, only better. It was a dark, dirty, scary club, there was every type of person there (skinheads, punks, squatters, bikers) people were fucked up and passed out. Real danger. None of this pussy LA, poor man's arena rock bullshit. Real street level, ya know? This is the shit that separates the real shit from the Good Charlotte fans. There were also tons of cute girls. I would love to give them all



baths and marry them. Doing merch was a little frustrating with the language barrier, but it was alright. I hung out with some friends I knew from Ineey. Then I gave this guy a free poster cause it was his birthday. He came back with a big pile of PCP and the rest of the night is a blur. My skeleton trying to escape my body the whole time. I'll let someone else take it from here.-Rufio
 Oh...yeah. After the show we went to a diner...a gay diner? Where we were quite popular. A canadian muscleman rubbed my back and whispered french sweet nothings into my ear, then J-Vig scarfed down a 12 inch weiner. Drew went down to the bathroom. Still hopped up on goofballs, I was unable to moderate the volume of my voice and I said "Watch out for the glory-hole!" I guess the bartender overheard me...well everyone heard me, he said "Honey, if there was a glory-hole, I'd be in the bathroom all night." Holy! See ya.-Rufio
 7/11- Day 11 Knights of Columbus Hall Sudbury

We came we played ...whatever. Action played. These guys are really

good. Real tight. Good songwriting and good presence. Keep an ear out. Oh! -Rufio

7/12- Day 12 Lakwana, NY "Holy Shit!"

Time to play with the Havoc, great. For those who don't know, The Havoc are Punkcore's latest and greatest. Christian street punk?! I'm not going to sit by and let any band re-enforce the notion that punk is nothing more than a studded jacket and a stupid haircut. Religion and unoriginality aside, when I started my first band (and I think I speak for most punks), I couldn't even afford an amp and we didn't have a drum kit, and no place to practice. These fucking kids have been together a year and are already headlining their own full US tour on the strength of an 7 in they somehow put out themselves and a CD. Q) Well who paid for full guitar rigs, drums, and RV (with a trailer), two recordings and a record pressing. A) Mom, dad and the Church. Well, I say Striper and the rest of the Flanders can shove it up their ass. We got together in the van and loaded up a condom (don't ask how) and took a pair of panties I procured in Toronto and Jasper put them on a bunk through an open window on the Havoc's RV. Then Mike took a huge steaming shit in a bag and Black Jon threw it all over their windshield. Mike owned up to it and they didn't even get upset. I guess we'll have to take it up a notch in Pomona. Then The Havoc invited us to dinner and we ditched them. We went to another restaurant where Jarrod almost rolled 2 jocks. He threatened to beat them with a wad of cash. They sped away in their pick-up truck tentatively raising a middle finger. On a down note we discovered Josh's back-up guitar was missing. Must've been stolen in Montreal. Us! God!-Rufio

Josh's guitar reappeared. We win! Fuck you god! California Raisins Rule!

7/13- Day 13 New Cumberland, PA

This was Josh's hometown hero show. Everyone came to the merch table and asked for free stuff. This one older couple came up and said they were Josh's parents, but I suspected they were just punks sitting on each others shoulders and wearing adult clothes like in cartoons. So I told them to fuck off. "The Boils" and "Anger and Addiction" played. The promoter ripped off The Boils. We stayed at Dan's that night and we bought fat sandwiches. They had crap like french fries and mozzarella sticks in the sandwich...yen, that would have been awesome...if I was six.-Rufio

7/15- Day 15 Fastlane Asbury, NJ "Don't Go There Jasper"

This club was pretty cool. It was right near The Stone Pony (the home of H.L.T.S 2002) and the bands played great. Blind

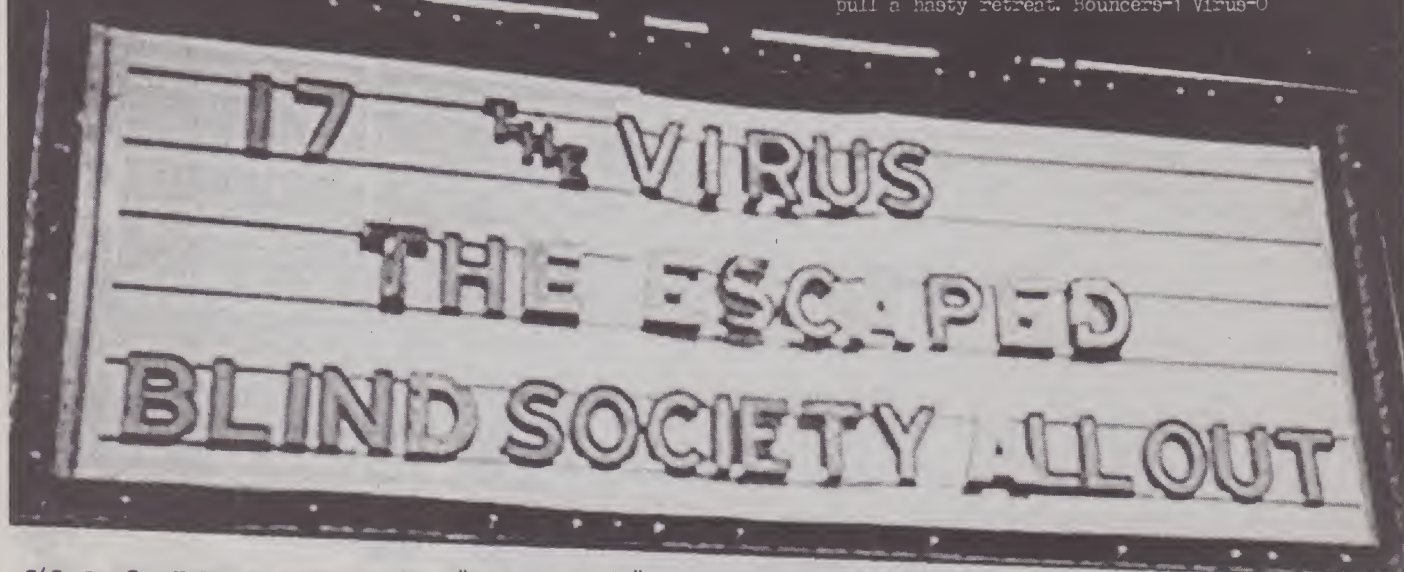


Society owned the crowd. I just kept on drinking beer and shots. I went up front for the headliners: KILL YOUR IDOLS!!! They were fucking awesome! After load out J-Vig tried to go home with a unattractive girl and her two unattractive friends. We didn't let him and he called me a traitorous bastard. Black John hooked it up on the beach. We went out to eat and I puked up all my food outside.-Rufio

7/16- Day 16 Basement Show Philadelphia, PA "Oh Great The Lieutenant's Here"

This morning leaving Drew's house in Leonardo we got to stop at Quickstep and RST Video as seen in Clerks. We got to the house. It was very cramped. "Anger and Addiction" came with a keg in their van. These guys are the beer experts. We drank during the show. Outside a big group of kids beat up a couple of Nazi kids. I don't feel bad for them but, they weren't really doing anything so the fight may have been unnecessary. But then the Nazi kids made my shortlist. All they had to do was leave, like they should have done in the first place, but instead they called the cops who shut down the show and the venue. The It. was a fucking prick. I swear cops are specifically trained to yell rhetorical questions. Then we left for the 80's club.-Rufio

"The Flight Of Jasper McGandy" The club is called Shampoo. It's got 2 floors. 1 Goth with a bar and an 80's room upstairs that's 18+. Mike ran in ahead of us. When we found him he was dancing by himself in the middle of the club. He tried some tricks...like dancing with all of our money in his mouth and hands. When that failed he began throwing girls over his shoulder like a caveman...it didn't work. After dancing for a while with a married girl (thanks for telling me!) I saw some of B.S. in a corner. I went over to say hello, and got thrown out of the club. I guess they were smoking up. Here's where I think I'm tough and threaten the bouncers repeatedly. Drew pulls me aside to calm me down. Out of nowhere some other guys start yelling at Mike. One of them is SC fat. Like 300 pounds or more. So I call him tubby. He picks me up with one hand on my throat, and he throws me clear over a car. We pull a hasty retreat. Bouncers-1 Virus-0



7/17- Day17 U-Turn Washington, DC "We Never Fit In"

We played this bar that had a capacity of 80. Me and Lord B-Dog's merch had to fit behind two bar tables. It sucked. The show was pretty cool though, if I wasn't on the job I would have had a pretty good time. My cousin Jeff came and bought me beers and shots. And he bought The Virus a round. Jasper went home with his first friendster. He got two hickies. The rest of us stayed with my cousin and little Maggie dog. The next day Mike got the second tour tattoo. -Rufio

7/18- Railroad Museum Fairfax, VA "Riding The T3 Local"

We played the Railroad Museum. No really. The show stunk and I sold merch in the rain. Fat nerds tried to get free stuff from me. The show was awful but, it ended at 8pm so I finally had the chance to fulfill my year long, life long dream...seeing Terminator 3! Oh yeah I forgot, at the show, Angry Black John got angry and tied me to the railroad tracks like in an old Mighty Mouse cartoon. I would like to see T3 again so that I could absorb it a little more. I am also ripe with anticipation for T4. The rest of The Virus and Blind Society did not enjoy the movie. In the parking lot they all tried to Terminate me.-Rufio

7/19- Day 19 Factory Roanoke, VA "The Big Tease"

Cool club, good show. Tons of hot "of age" girls and tons of close boyfriends. Good show though.-Rufio

7/20- Day 20 Wizard Saloon Hickory, NC "Hickory is Right"

We got to town early so we hit the sites...Dairy Queen. The show was alright. We got hot veggies for dinner and lots of beer.-Rufio

7/21- Day 21 Uncle Doctors Columbia, SC "Girls Gone Wild"

Uncle Doctors is a pretty cool club. I scaled the wall and got on the roof with my ninja skills. I like to climb things. We got off to a good start. Brandy the bar tender made screaming nazi shooters for me, Mike and Drew. Big ones. Then I ate three slices of pizza. Jarrod came and said he was going to buy me a shot so I went outside and puked up my pizza. (side bar: I never normally puke as much as I have been on this tour. The Virus eat too much...I can't keep up.) I went back in a took the shot which the Sper had invented. It was discussing. This Japanese band Peelander-2 played, they were awesome. They all wore costumes. It was the most Japanese thing I had ever seen in my life. "We are not human, we are not Japanese, we are Peeranda-Z!" Then The Risk played. They are the big local hardcore band. They opted to play on the floor and not the stage. Now, I can understand hardcore and everything, and in a church or a hall, sure, play on the floor. But if you're in an actual cool club with a good sound system, what's the fucking point? Why go out of your way to sound like shit? Because of this I

couldn't really get into their set. Blind Society took souls and created circle pits. Blaise still hasn't taken up my suggestion to request a triangle pit. The Virus played too...obviously. I passed out behind the merch during their set. So we go party at a trailer park. Brandy, in exchange for some kids Motley Crue t-shirt, goes topless for the duration of the party. At one point there were three topless girls...do the math, that's six boobs. Don't worry I got pictures. Oh yeah and the kid who had the Motley Crue t-shirt looks exactly like the punk form Crocodile Dundee 2. Meanwhile a concussion suffering Drew gets "taken care of" by a young lady in the van. Jarrod leads the sneak attack to get photos. Later we went back to Brandy's house and slept. I tried on her bikini and went kitty fishing with a deluxe pleasure device. We're driving to Atlanta



right now and a fifteen year old girl in the back of her mom's pick up truck, just flashed us. -Rufio

7/22- Day 22 Neutron Bomb Atlanta, GA "Take a U-Ball at the Overpass"

We pull into the parking lot and there's a crazy guy wearing a kamikaze headband. He looks like a guy who sits on his dilapidated porch next to a pick up on four cinder blocks and drinks cans of Budweiser in a cozy. I found out later that he was the fire marshall. He had changed the clubs capacity to 50. Oh and our good friends The Havoc showed up. Apparently on their tour, a tree got struck by lightning and fell on their trailer. Where's your god now? Me and Josh questioned them about their CD and why every song is a blatant rip off. They explained the minor discrepancies. It remained me of the Vanilla Ice/Queen fiasco. Their merch guy gave me one of their 7 inches and I broke it in half. -Rufio

7/23- Day 23 Teasers Cafe Savannah, GA "Spending Loud Night"

We pull into Savannah around 5pm. Blind Society had been there for a couple of hours. Blaise calls us and they're all at a bar...wasted. We find the bar. The bartender is a plain girl. Skinny, short brown hair...I am in love with with her. Blind Society bought a round of Jim Beam double shots..."take it deep." Blaire's shot comes up as fast and it went down. Chris wimps out and I have to pick up the slack. By the time we all get to the show, everyone is fucked up. B-dog passes out in the B.S. van and takes the night off. Being totally faced makes a weak show a little better. Again, Mike and Jasper each hook it up in the van with some rebellious young teens. Jasper looks like a younger Avril Lavigne. Tonight J-Vig was the skeeter boy. I hung out with angry girl. This "wise beyond her years" 15 year old was even angrier than me, I told her I was gonna take her under my wing and teach her how to channel her anger. To be outwardly destructive instead of self destructive. After the show we hit the Karaoke Bar. Jarrod fell asleep inside. Avril and the rest of the mousekettters tagged along. Angry girl took me outside but Tops did the right thing. I told her I wasn't an old creepy dirtbag but that in four or five years I would come back and marry her and we could have angry babies. She understood, but said I was too restricted by law. I went back inside and sang Frank Sinatra's "My Way". Drew and Jasper did a duet of "I got You Babe" Just did "Welcome To The Jungle" and "Broke All The Rules" Matt and Mike did a duet of "Vacation" Then we rapped it all up with a sloppy rendition of YMCA, followed by another phenomenal night's sleep in the van. Jack hammer alarm clock at 8am.- Rufio

7/24- Day 24 Gainesville, FL

We played a little club/bar in Gainesville. Jasper's friend Erin came. Yea whatever.-Rufio

7/25- Day 25 DAY OFF! "Fun In The Sun"

We drove all night and got to the beach at 9am just in time for the Days Inn amazing hot breakfast. We did lots of swimming in the ocean and in the pool. It was good. Me and Josh peered out of our window at all of the g-stringed poolside bikini babes. Then everyone got drunk and we hit the Miami night life. We went to an 80's club...very uneventful. Some girls touched my hair so turned around and touched theirs. Losers.- Rufio

7/26- Day 26 Pomona, FL "Making Up For a Lost Day"

Yesterday Jasper made a phone call and accidentally got both bands added to the "Vans" Warped Tour. After drinking 'til 5am, we had to get up a 7am to check in at the show. Ugh, everyone, excluding Jarrod and I, were very excited. Now let me tell you a little something about myself and The Warped Tour. I hate the sun, I hate music, I hate teenagers and I hate adults who are down with teenagers. The Warped Tour has excessive amount of all of these things. The crowd at this event went above and beyond the call of uselessness. From the morons swimming in sewage, to the meatheads cat calling at 14 year-old girls. I had a very angry day. Plus no matter how many beers I drank, I couldn't get drunk because I would sweat it all out. The only band I was interested in seeing, AFL, totally sucked. I also caught a bit of Rancid, who had the singer from The Transplants do a rap. Not only was this a terrible as a punk song, it was atrocious as a rap...tools. I did get to see a few friends. James, Bobby, Steph, and Erin. That was nice. After the day of Misery in the sun, we headed over to our 2nd show. It was at the skate park. The turnout was similar to each bands draw at the Warped Tour, not great. I injured my wrist dropping on one of the ramps. We tried to hook Jarrod up with a crazy lady who followed us to the show. He wasn't having it.-Rufio

7/27- Day 27 Venom St. Petersburg, FL "I'd Suck Your Clones Dick"

We pulled up to the show to a pretty good turnout. Immediately a crazy girl ran up and started offering us help with everything. The club was pretty cool, really dark with black lights. The merch setup was just how I like it, secluded from the stage. The crazy girl started to get really sexual with everyone. But I know girls like that are all talk. And she was. My friend Kevin from "Another Round" showed up and we chatted. The show went really well all around. -Rufio
7/28- Day 28 Beta Bar Tallahassee, FL "Where Y'all From?"

We got a room before the show. A bunch of us jumped in the pool. This bikini babe started talking to us. After the pool I went to her room and had some beers. I talked to her for a while. She was a real living southern fried walking talking episode of Jerry Springer. The show was small, but that's Tallahassee. The barmaid was the same one I had met last summer on the Clit 45 tour. After the show we went to a book store. I found a nudie magazine that wasn't bagged, so I put it inside a Harry Potter magazine and read the whole thing twice. Then me and Mike bought a Garfield book. Oh yeah I think I'll read it. "Garfield Eats Crow" His 39th book was mediocre at best. I must say I was taken in by the full color pages. However, bright colors do not compensate for dull jokes. I was excited to see the re-appearance of Irma the waitress, though her character seemed to be written differentially. I would like to see some new stripes with Liz The Vet, but I don't miss Nermal or Arlene. In conclusion, I do not recommend this book. -Rufio

7/29- Day 29 Scottish Rites Temple Mobile, AL

This is a huge hall. A fast never ending sea of tile. It's too bad because the shows have decent turnouts that would fill a small club, but make the place look empty. The promoter Harold, who is doing a great job putting Mobile on the map, explained that this was the only place that would do punk shows. But he's working on opening his own club. I hope he does. The bands played alright, but didn't sound great in the big room. The Virus had a bit of a dispute but pulled it together and finished the set. Last time I was in Mobile I met a really sweet girl who I talked to on and off. A friend of hers overheard my name and relayed a message to me. The girl had gotten married to a guy in the Navy and moved to Washington. Her friend called her for me and let mine talk to her. She seemed nervous. Turns out she got in trouble with her hubby, for talking to me. You know...it makes me sad when a sweet girl marries some possessive jailhead. They should all save themselves for me. -Rufio

7/30- Day 30 Mama Rosa's New Orleans "The Big Easy VS. Big J"

After sucking it up and regrouping from the Mobile mishap, we loaded in and headed to the Big Easy. We got there about 2:30am. Then the Golden Eagle, SOD, Stacks, Tops, Lil B, Cap'n Make-up and yours truly hit the town. After getting our 1st round we rolled up and down Bourbon St. We decided the best thing to do was to get bombed and head to a titty bar. As we were about to enter the bar, just like in a movie, a hot punk girl appeared out of nowhere telling us to follow her. Like chumps we did. She leads us to a dive bar, with dive people. After being there 10 minutes Tops was mad and said "Let's hit somewhere else!" We followed the lead of local idiot Kyle Krapos. He took us to what was to be a "80's bar" on the way to the "80's club." We traveled through many strange worlds, slaying evil beer cans and running the "hobo gauntlet." Josh almost fell victim to the "gauntlet" but made it out alive. Upon entering the "80's club" we realized we'd been had. It, in fact, was another dive bar. So we drank a pitcher and left. However, Cap'n Make-up was convinced that it was better for him to go home with the cum guzzling leatherface. We gave him shit and will forever. There was something about N.O. that made me mad. Because the story I got was that I tried to beat up the city. Then we got a hotel, and of course it was time for Z's!!! We woke up late and right away hit the town. Only today the town hit back. The Big-V, minus Make-Up ate like kings at a southern style bar and what better to wash that down with the southern style booze and southern style women. Tops was enchanted with one of the southern bells, and told her to come to the show. By the time we got there Team V was drunk. The turnout was good, but the evil darklord wouldn't let the underage kids in, so the bands stood up for the youths and cancelled the show. Luckily there



was another show that we all jumped on.....off to the show! We had six bands until we went on, so we decided to have a few drinks. Hand grenades, this drink comes with a disclaimer "Not to Have More Than 3." We all thought we could take it. After many scumbaga, drinks, and other devious behavior. We found that Big J didn't heed the drinks warning. We found him immobile and laying in his own vomit. We had to send road manager Tops to the hotel to put Big J to bed. Here's the rub, we still had to play so I quickly asked Rookie of The Year to fill in. You may ask "Why Is Angry Black rookie of the year?" Because the girl he banged in Gia's boyfriend showed up at the show and asked A.B if he met his girlfriend. A.B responded "Yeah..I HAD SEX WITH HER!" Amazing, truly amazing! So, as BS and Team V set. At last the show was over. I tried to kill Drew because I didn't like the cut of his jib, but it's cool now. Side Note- Tops' southern bell showed up but Tops was nursing Big J back to health. Sorry Tops.-Mike

7/31- Day 31 Fitzgeralds Huston, TX

Finally we unite with Don't Mess With Texas, Strap Onz, Krum Bums and The Flatliners. The show was awesome. Fitzgeralds is a cool club. I've played here a couple of times. It's too hot, the show was packed and crazy. The Cronies seemed to like being up on stage. After the show we all went to this burner's house. He loves "the doob." We drank allot, watched TV and passed out around 5am. I caught a bunch of little toads. We all got woken up by a screaming property manager. She said she would have us all arrested. She didn't, we left.- Rufio

8/1- Day 32 Dallas, TX

Yeah whatever...I'm wasted...someone else do this.

8/2- Day 33 Flamingo Cantina Austin, TX

All tha bands played. The crowd was alright but I expected more out of Austin. Before the show we had a BBQ at the Krum Bum house. We went there after the show to, and there was a huge party that went until 5am. -Tops

8/3- Day 34 Sin 13 San Antonio, TX "Help Mojo"

This was a really good show. Mojo hooked up the food and drinks. It was a sad day because we parted with the Krum Bums and Strap-Onz...who were awesome.-Rufio

8/4- Day 35 Sounds Corpus Christie, TX "Off The Job Market"

Big Arnofo took me , Blaise, Mike, and Jasper to get tattooed. I got my fingers done. The show was at this space/record store that Big A just started up. It was pretty cool. After the show a bunch of the group went to a karaoke bar. -Rufio

8/6- Day 37 Mason Jar Phoenix, AZ "Puttin The X in Phoenix Punx"

Tyler King put on the show as usual. I made sure we got their early 'coe Tyler doesn't tolerant tardiness. He got there late. But we had a delicious spaghetti dinner. he first band was good. Once they play some more shows and develop some style on stage they could get really good. The girl singer had a cool voice. I hung out with Tyler and Big Al and Me and Jasper's friend from Boston...Chris. The show was good. Drew met a nice girl.-Rufio

8/7- Day 38 Soma San Diego, CA "I Hate Southern California"

The show was really big. There was a "rockstar" room and some how this crapple crony snuck in and hung around asking for beers. We told him he could have one but Black Jon would get to beat him up. He declined. Oh, and Mike Virus came...he'll be with us for the next couple of days. Chris and Blaise had to beat up some kid during their set. The thump of Chris' mike connecting with skull echoed threw the club. The Virus went over huge. I was in my usual spot behind the merch. This was the first of my three shows of hell. Wading in an endless sea of idiots who would rather buy every t-shirt and patch available, than watch or listen to the bands they paid to see. Thank god for Mike Virus and his enthusiastic assistance.-Rufio

8/8- Day 39 Day Off San Diego, CA "Drunk Before Sundown"

Both bands, and San Diego associates Jesse and Brie went down to the beach. We all met up with Mike V at a bar with a cool jukebox. Happy Hour! Lots of Whiskey Sours. Later me and S.O.D. (Dan) went to go swimming. We brought some wine coolers and took 'em into the ocean with us. We went back to the bar and everyone was even more drunk. It was dark so we mobilized and moved the party back to Jesse's house where we were staying for swimming and a BBQ. Me and Matt walked and got beers. Then, Bud in hand, I went and joined S.O.D in the hot tub. There were a few girls in there already. We talked to this one crazy girl and her cousin. The crazy girl had this Marine guy coming over but, she invited me up to her apartment. We went up and made her give us crazy pills and rum and Pepsi's. Sorry Jarhead. Meanwhile back at Jesse's the BBQ was ragin'. I went swimming again in my skins. These other two drug girls were poolside. When I got out, crazy girl was talking to me from her porch...then Black Jon pantsed me. I put down my drink , pulled up my underwear and picked up my drink. Then B. Jon pantsed me again. Then I went to Jesse's room. It was just me and Jasper, so I did some snooping. I got into a pair of her underwear and put on a t-shirt and some belts. Jasper kept laughing , so I kept performing. By the time Jesse and Co. came back to the room I was in girls underwear talking on the phone and humping a stuffed animal... "That's My Bear!" A group of us stayed up and hung out with the drug girls. Geez, I wonder what gave everyone the energy to stay up so long?-Rufio

8/9- Day 40 Glass House Pomona, CA "It's Not Really Made of Glass"

This was a very typical Glass House show. I've spent way too much time here. Channel 3 played, Ronflict's band "46 Short Played and yay...the Havoc. The annoying one asked me if he could have a Virus pint glass. I told him that these weren't no "Milk Drinking" pints and said no. After the show we all tried to find a hotel. Jesse had gotten a ride with the drug girls, so I rode with them. We got separated from the bands and the girl I was riding with jumped the curb and broke the car. Me and Jesse were stranded back at the Glass House. She did not appreciate my suggestion that we try to Greek into a building or sleep on the street. So we found where the bands were and got a cab.-Rufio

8/10- Day 41 Knitting Factory Hollywood, CA "Hollywood Nights"

Hollywood...alright. I hadn't been back here since I lived here last year. I called all of my friends. ONLY one came. The show was alright, the bouncers were real pricks. We packed up quick and crossed the street to club Beat-It for a night of 80's drinking. Too bad they only let me, Chris, Drew and Dan in. then told everyone else that they didn't want punks at the club. Bullshit, I got a refund and brought the gang to The BEauty Bar, my old local bar. The manager found out I had been underage the whole time I was drinking there, every night last spring. He made take two double shots of 12 year old bourbon. I don't know anything past that. In the morning we awoke in the vans still in the club's parking lot. I surmised I must have eaten pizza last night cause I could see it in the puke all over me and the van. I immediately began making apology phone calls. Just in case. But where was Rufio? At an older woman's house achieving his "number to match his age" life goal. Da apparently had blacked out as well and been thrown out of Beat-It for puking on a couch. So naturally he got a Hot Dog and went back to threaten the bouncers. He awoke covered in mustard from his tirade. Hollywood! The Virus! Oh yeah, Jarrod

and his friend Jim Beams fought the sidewalk and lost.- Jasper
8/11- Day 42 Huntridge Theatre Las Vegas, NV "Vegas Style"

I've been to the Huntridge 3 times now. I've played the stage, played the lobby and tonight the bands played the floor. This place just can't make up it's mind. A punk kid ran a good little scam. He stole a shirt from behind me and then traded it to me for one he wanted. I took a full roll of quarters from the cash box, clenched it in my fist and ran outside. I caught up with the kid in the parking lot. He wouldn't own up to it. His friend, who had the shirt, gave it back. I let him keep it but I told the thief not to fuck with me ever again or I would kill him. So that night a few of us hit the town and lost some money. Me, Matt, Blaise, Chris, Brendon, Dan and Jasper found a karaoke bar inside the Treasure Island casino. This hardcore kid who ran it bumped us up in line. I sang "Eat it" by Weird Al and wowed the crowd by standing up on tables and couches and swinging the mic chord. Jasper sang "Every Rose Has It's Thorn." This big drunk biker kept telling us how talented we were. But he stopped liking us cause his wife checked me out.- Rufio

8/12- Day 43 Day Off!

This morning Josh's girlfriend Claire, who flew out back at San Diego, had to fly home. But Drew had a couple of ladies who followed us from Hollywood. We tried to get them drunk and married. Me and Josh, during the day, enjoyed the luxurious pool and him and Matt came with me to fulfill my day long, life long dream of eating at Little Caesars. I discovered a way to make Vegan Matt's life allot easier. I call it...lying. Instead of "I don't eat cheese" say-"I heavily allergic to cheese, it causes me to die." This method has improved service ten fold. Vegas Time- First we went and got novelty over sized frozen drinks then headed to the Hard Rock casino. Needless to say I was more "hard rock" than anyone else there. The Virus lost all \$50 except Jarrod who did quite well at the Black Jack table. I did manage to work three or four drinks. We moved on to "New York, New York." Me and Jasper camped out at some slots. We were doing pretty well. Pacing our selves and keeping a lookout so that our losses would be close to our free Gin and Tonic total. We were doing pretty well until our waitress finished her shift. Both broke, we went and watched Dan, Blaise and Jarrod play BlackJack. We got more drinks and we both realized we were pretty drunk. We got bored and left. On the way out I asked Jasper if he had ever been kicked out of a casino. Then I tackled him and we fought for 15 minutes but to no avail. The security was not on the ball so we just left of our own free will, battered and bruised.-Rufio

8/13- Day 44 Archaic Reno, NV "These Guys Seem Reliable"

We broke down in Lyons, NV. Everyone who drove by seemed to drive by at least 3 or 4 times. Except the ice cream truck, it only came once. We got some help from enthusiastic locals. We send Blind Society off to the show. We got a pick-up tow to a hotel a couple of blocks away. The guys said they'd come back in the morning. We watched AP2 and Deliverance, then went to sleep. The next morning Ron and Paul came back. Several hours later the van was good to go. It turned out that the mechanic Paul was an ex-Hell's Angel. He'd been shot and stabbed numerous times and spent his share of time in the hospital and prison. I guess it was time to settle down in a small town. Thanks guys. -Rufio

This is where the tour diary stops. 44 days of writing in one of these fucking things must get tedious after a while. Thanks to The Virus and Rufio for keeping it up for so long.-Pat "The FNS Guy"



SUSPECT DEVICE

6/7- PASSAIC, NJ @CONNECTIONS W/THE TWIST OFF LACKEYS, THE PUG UGLIES AND THE FLOUR CITY KNUCKLEHEADS

6/8- NEW YORK, NY @THE CONTINENTAL

6/9- WASHINGTON, DC @THE VELVET LOUNGE W/THE SCREWZ AND THE DEAD END BOYS

6/11- HUNTINGTON, WEST VA @MARLEY'S DOGHOUSE W/ THE TWO BIT HOODS

6/12- PITTSBURGH, PA @THE 31ST ST. PUB W/THE WEEKEND WARRIORS AND BLATANT FINGER

6/13- SCOTIA, PA @CLUB UNDERGROUND W/THE KRAYS, AND DEAD RADICALS

6/14- PHILADELPHIA, PA @THE ROTUNDA

Day 1 - Boston to New Jersey: Nothing brings your pre-tour enthusiasm down more than when you pull up to the rehearsal space and the Dropkick Murphy's are loading out for their summer long Warped Tour. Our van looks like a Mini Cooper compared to their 14 passenger van and full size cargo trailer, (this was only for gear, merchandise, and road crew). Of course I couldn't help but to imagine that it wasn't too long ago that they were once cramped in the back of a mid size work van with no seats or AC, with all their equipment stacked in back, inviting themselves to fall on top of you. To make things better we arrived, loaded the van and were heading for the Pike, while the Dropkick's road crew were still figuring the best way to pack the amp road cases on top of the drum cases and dozens of merchandise boxes. Our first day on the road and we were driving in a downpour. Nothing sucks more than this. I hope this isn't a premonition- naa, it's just New England weather. **Night 1 - Connections, NJ:** Connections was a blast, the crowd was pretty good. As we arrived, our buddies from Rochester, NY the Flour City Knuckleheads, greeted us, (they were playing with us that night). We loaded in and met the guys and gals from the Twist Off Lackeys and had a couple of drinks together. Unfortunately the Pug Uglies never showed, they must've had car trouble or something. I'm sure Jimmy and the boys will let us know when we get back. Our boys from The Skels showed up just in time for the music to begin, and Scotty Skels' attempt to spray beer at us resulted in the beer AND can flying at the stage



Everything went off without a hitch until the last song in our set, when Jason stuck his guitar head into the air and broke off a large piece of the ceiling above. Pieces of plaster came crashing down on him, but he just kept on playing. The Skels then joined us on stage for a song, as usual, and proceeded to break the drywall to pieces over each other- and our- heads. The stage was covered in beer drenched, sticky cement by the time we got off stage. Luckily the Connections people didn't take the damage out of our pay for the night. After the show we hung out for a while, until Connections turned into a nightclub. Josh and I ended the night at the Tic Tick Diner eating a 3am breakfast with Tim & Scott from The Skels and then it off to bed.

Day 2 - New York "Fucking" City: We got into NYC in the early afternoon. It was only a hop, skip, and jump from where we were staying in Jersey. We dropped the van off in a pay lot for the day, figuring we'd see all of our equipment for sale later in Manny's Music (or on Canal Street), but it beat looking for a parking spot every two hours. The plan was to head out into the city and basically walk around. Of course it was just our luck that we were in NYC on the day of the Puerto Rican Pride Day Parade and the streets of Manhattan were jammed with every form of the Puerto Rican flag you could imagine plus the constant sound of passing horns, cowbells, and yodels. It was fun to watch though,



and after battling the crowd we headed over to Alphabet City and stopped for a drink at the 2A Tavern, a corner bar recommended by Josh. On the way we ran into the typical loonies you'd normally see in the Alphabet City on a Sunday Afternoon- the guy in the wheelchair who doesn't know where he is (is he ALWAYS on 2nd street?), and the guys trying to sell you drugs "around the corner"- yeah, sure. 2A was a musician's bar surrounded by rehearsal studios and musician's lofts, where the music on the CD player was diverse, sometimes local and always good. Anyway, we settled there for a bit and met Tom Clarke, the bartender.

Tom Clarke, from what I've gathered is a legend in the area, and in the recent NYC music history. Tom knows his stuff and has played with everyone, however he never brags about who he's played or worked with, but seems to drop names into his conversations as if they were people you've known personally for a long time. The 2A was the best part of our day in NYC, that and almost running over Lenny Kravitz when we were parking the van.

Night 2 - The Continental, NYC: We got the gig from Kitty Kowalski of "The Kowalski's", so it was good to see her at the club when we showed up, unfortunately there wasn't to many more that did. We did manage to get some of our NY fans to come out at 11:00 on a Sunday night and along with the strangers and other bands fans who came we managed to pull off a pretty good set. The sound at The Continental was pretty good and the room reminded me a lot of Bill's Bar on Lansdowne Street in Boston. We ended up sleeping down the street from the club in a friend's apartment. Chris and Josh took the apartment, and Jason and I took the van. It was a short night of sleep and an early morning. Jason kept waking up and seeing cops walking by the van and thought we were going to get towed at any minute.



Day 3 - NYC to DC: Ahhhh, on the road again. Of course this time our hop, skip and a jump is a little longer as we head 5 hours south to Washington DC. It's hot- really hot. Probably well in the 80's but we haven't had much of spring, never mind summer, weather in Boston yet, so it felt like a sauna to us. The drive to DC was pretty much uneventful. We listened to tunes, tried to get the TV to come in, and got as much circulation into the van as possible due to our lack of not only air conditioning, but also any ventilation other than the hot air that constantly pours out of the vents in the front seats. As we arrived in DC we were all looking forward to a good shit, shower and shave, and when we arrived at the hotel, the pool looked like an island oasis. I ran to the room, through on my shorts and headed to take a nice refreshing dip- just my luck that it didn't officially open until tomorrow. I thought about climbing the fence anyways and cooling myself off, but then I didn't want to jeopardize everyone else's chances to a good night sleep with AC and a shower. I figured I'd wait till we got back later that night when no one was around.... Jason and I left Chris asleep in the room and Josh sleeping with the T.V. on in the van- he finally got something to come in, but Jason swore it was only a Cricket match- and went over by the Capital and had a few beers and enjoyed the air

conditioned bar.



Night 3 – The Velvet Lounge, DC: The Velvet Lounge reminds me of Evo's Art Institute in Lowell after 3 weeks of looting. When we arrive, we lug our gear up a steep flight of stairs and find what appears to be a small hall with some make shift benches and tables. The stage is big enough, and the PA looks impressive considering the rest of the place. The bar is downstairs and is no more than a 6 foot counter with a couple of stools and a about a dozen tables. The place is dark, dirty and smells a little like 3-day-old beer. In other words, the place is fucking awesome! Oh I forgot to mention that it's located on the outskirts of the DC's inner neighborhoods. As the night moved on, the place started to pick up. Most of the clientele are

local skins, and the two other bands we were playing with were local gutterpunk/ oi bands, The Dead End Boys and The Skrewz. Both of these bands are top-notch and took great care of us. The Skrewz went on first and got most of the downstairs crowd up to listen. They played a good set and everyone seemed to be into listening to some live music on a Monday night with the occasional moshing, and friends sharing the stage to sing a verse or two. After our set the guitar player alternately told us how much he liked us and that he took "so many drugs (I) don't know what they were...". We were on second and as we started to set up our gear, the place filtered out- everyone was heading back downstairs! By the time we started playing the place was empty. After two songs, we decided to get them upstairs, so played "Take em' All" by Cocksparrer. No sooner than we began, than everyone ran upstairs and rushed the stage area. Yup, we got em' going. The rest of the set went well and after the Dead End Boys great set we all hung out till it was time to load out our shit and head back for the hotel. It took us a while to separate Josh and the sound guy- the guy was good and apparently knew his shit and he and Josh spent about two hours talking about microphones, 8-track recorders, and EQ's. We then promptly lost him to a party at The Skrewz house that featured their pit bull puppies and an angry girlfriend. He caught back up with us later that night. As for me, I was drinking whatever beer they had on special at the bar. It changed about every hour, whatever beer they were running low on and wanted to get rid of that night. D.C. was great; we made some new friends and some new fans. We'll definitely be back again soon.

Jason adds to this:

The one part left out is about Chris and I walking to get something to eat at about 8:00. We went two blocks down the street and found a place and kind of checked out the neighborhood. It didn't seem to bad and I figured I'd be walking back down that way to the convenience store for something or other later that night. Sure enough, about an hour later Matt and I walked back down to get some beer, water and smokes for after the show. This time it seemed like every other car that drove by was full of guys with baseball bats and the people who were friendly and saying "Hi" to Chris and I earlier had now had enough of their preferred substances that they were shouting across the streets at Matt and I and wanted to know where we were going. Wonderful. We thought about going half way up the block and then coming up to the van from a different direction so no one would see us putting anything in it or realizing it was a band's van and getting any ideas about what might be inside (wet, dirty laundry is about it if you're wondering). We ended up just putting everything in as quickly as possible and hoping the crack heads sitting up the street didn't notice. All the windows and doors were intact when we loaded out, so apparently they didn't- or forgot.

Day 4 - DC to West Virginia: Today is our only day off and we've decided to head to Charleston, WV, about 40 minutes from where we'll be playing tomorrow night. We figure since it's the state capital something must be going on in the city even if it IS in West Virginia. We're taking the scenic route today and driving through the Shenandoah Mountain trail road. It's pretty freaking amazing, and still HOT. Lots of trees and shit, and we're about 500 feet above sea level* (*note this is assumed by me without any actual scientific data to back it up). There's also a shitload of deer out here, and one almost walked up to the van! I think the smell coming out of it might have thrown him off, though. Anyway, the fresh air feels good and we got a couple of more hours to drive till we get to Charleston.

Charleston, West Virginia: Charleston West Virginia Sucks! That's about all I can say. It's the deadest city I've ever seen, and to make matters worse there wasn't a single motel room available on a Tuesday night- nothing. So we headed just south of the city and crashed at a Days Inn. \$25 per room, all night restaurants and a bar all to ourselves. It was nice to have a room to ourselves





for a night so there's no need to worry about who's sleeping in the van, who's got the floor and who's not getting a towel for the shower. The bar was classic-big and empty; it kind of reminded me of the Double Duce in the movie Roadhouse. You can see that on a busy night you could get about 400 people in this place, but tonight there's only two locals besides us. The pool tables cost 50 cents and the drinks are cheap. Our bartender Alice is straight outta' West Virginia. She has the white "bee hive" hair cut, talks with the drawl and smokes those long cigarettes. She kept the bar open for us till about 1:30 and let us enjoy our night off. We ate, played pool and hung out with a local

Teamster talking about music and guitars, then crashed by 2:00. After tonight, there were no more nights off till we get back to Boston.

Day 5 – Huntington, West Virginia: We headed out to Huntington in the morning, but knowing we had some time to kill we stopped at the local Pawn Shops and Music Stores to pass the day. One place, Rt. 60 Music rocked. It was an acoustic heaven with ton's of Martin's, Gibson's and Taylor's. We hung out there for about an hour, chattin' with the owners and playing all their guitars, banjos and basses while we waited for a surprise thunderstorm to pass. We got into Huntington in a downpour around 4:00 found a place to stay and crashed until we had to go to the club. The TV. News said there had been flash floods all over West Virginia and western Pennsylvania all afternoon.

Night 5 – Barley's Roadhouse – Huntington, West Virginia: Huntington West Virginia is home to Marshall University. A football school known for producing NFL All Pro players, including Randy Moss and the Patriot's Troy Brown. The football stadium seems to be in the center of the town (physically and metaphorically) and right across the street from the stadium is Marely's Doghouse. The guys in the Rt. 60 Music Store (where they all claimed to play Gospel Bluegrass and nothing else) led us to believe that Marely's was one of those true roadhouse bars with chickwire in front of the stage and beer bottle hurling from beginning to end. As it turned out it's a pretty nice place, sort of a sports bar with a decent sized music hall in the back. Earlier in the day when we were walking around it seemed like everyone in Huntington was VERY pissed off- no Southern politeness here- and the staff at Marley's seemed no exception at first. There was a line all day at the local day employment office, so that might have something to do with it. At Marley's the AC is cranking in the front but it's sweltering in the back as we load in and meet up with the guys from the Two Bit Hoods. They informed us that it was just the 2 of us tonight, which was nice because we could take our time and spread out the sets. We went up first and by time we finished the first song I was soaked with sweat. When I said it was sweltering in the back, that was an understatement- it was a freakin' oven in there. The place filled up as we played and by the time we finished, the place was ¾ full and they were really into it. We ended the set and ran to the sports bar section and collapsed in the AC. It never felt so good. We watched the Hoods set, a solid punk/rock set, and set up the merch box in front after they were done. We figured no need to do it while they were playing because everyone was in back. I couldn't believe it when a line began to form as people came out from the back room and we ended up selling a bunch of CD's and T-shirts. Some kid even insisted on giving us his last \$2.00 for a sticker after his friend had just bought a pile of stuff. It was great and everyone we met was extremely nice to boot. At the end of the night we packed up and headed over to Gary's house for an after party. Gary is a local music fan/promoter whom we met in Boston through Mark Linskey from the Hudson Falcons, and the best way to describe Gary is to say he truly is a 300-pound teddy bear with a glass eye, and probably one of the nicest people I've ever met.

West Virginian Homemade Bourbon, Miller Highlife and Glass Eyes: There's not much I can say about Gary's party- mostly because I don't remember much of it. Everything was fine until the homemade bourbon came out. I do remember guys walking around with their ball bags hanging out of their zippers, Gary rolling his eye on the floor and the cop showing up at about 4:00. Everything else is pretty much a blur, which may be a good thing.

Jason adds: I remember, but that's because I stayed the hell away from the moonshine! Well, mostly. Basically, Matt and I got there at about 2:30 am to all these Hillbillies (their term, not mine) throwing this huge party for us. These people wouldn't look one bit out of place at a Boston or East Coast show, until they pulled out the pipes. Yup, they all smoke pipes! So, I was basically walking around, talking to people about WV. and what it was like to live there, and hoping Gary didn't fall over drunk on top of me as no one would ever notice that I was underneath him for a few days. The police did come- and left- and the singer from The Hoods put one side of a handcuff



on himself before he realized he didn't have the keys (?). I think Josh picked the lock for him later that night. Lots of punk rock, beer and cool people- what more could you want? I made a brief attempt to talk to both Josh and Matt, and then got a ride back to the room with the driver from The Hoods in some car he'd bought from a junkie for \$150. I will say that the people of Huntington West Virginia, in my experience, are some of the nicest people I've ever met, and they certainly know how to throw a party. We were treated as if we were long lost family and can't wait until the next time we're out that way.

Day 6 – West Virginia to Pittsburgh Back to Matt: I spent most of this trip drooling on myself in the back of the van as I tried to piece together what happened the night before. I was sick and hot and I had no one else to blame but myself. At least Pittsburgh had a promising future- we've done pretty well there before and have some good friends and fans there. We were also meeting up with our pals Blatant Finger from Ohio and playing the 31st Street Pub, which from what we've heard is supposed to be a really cool place to play.

Night 6 – 31st Street Pub – Pittsburgh, PA: We arrived to the 31st to find about 6 people milling around the place, 4 of them belonging to The Weekend Warriors, who were playing with us that night. So we hung out at the bar and waited for Blatant Finger to arrive and get some direction as to what to do with all our shit. The van from Ohio arrived around 9:30 and we caught up with each other for a bit before the Weekend Warriors took the stage. We kind of hoped that being they were the only band from Pittsburgh they would let one of us play first, but they thought we'd both do better playing later because people knew us there. After their set, the five or six people that did show up left, but Blatant Finger and The Weekend Warriors came right up front and sang along. Egg from BF can make a show all by himself! The Weekend Warriors aren't bad guys, we did have a good time hanging out with them afterwards; there were also 3 other local punk shows in Pittsburgh that night and, oh yeah, 80's night, which apparently would give The Rolling Stones a run for their money if they brought their tour to this city. We ended up playing last and only for about 20 minutes before we had to shut it down and pack up. I don't think we'll play the 31st again, seems like all the action in Pittsburgh is on the other side of the river where we've played before nowadays, but we'll see.

Day 7- Pittsburgh, PA to Sciotta, PA (Matt asked me to pick up the story here- Jason) We spent most of the day driving across Pennsylvania and I sat in the back reading about the flash floods and tornadoes that had blow through the area the day before, thinking about the quarter sized raindrops we saw on the way into Pittsburgh. This was truly the most boring day of travel so far- nothing to do, nothing to look at and nothing to talk about. The most excitement was the big Yellow Jacket I swatted that then fell into the wheel well in the van. For about 2 hours I figured it was dead, but when I tried to brush it out under the door it was still alive, the fucker! They guys kept laughing telling me he HAD to be dead now, or at least blown away on the highway. I spent the rest of the ride waiting for him to recuperate and come back for revenge, and when we stopped for gas and I got out he was still alive under the door. I couldn't believe it- 4 hours and he was still kicking! I crushed his evil, no-dying head in the parking lot. Josh went to use the can and we noticed some old man waiting after him, doing the piss dance in front of the door; I couldn't help but picture the old bastard trying not to vomit on himself as he took that piss after Josh defiled the Men's room, but apparently he got sick of waiting and went in the ladies room instead. Smart move... We saw Club Underworld off the side of the highway, but unfortunately you can't get to it without driving through the town of Sciotta. The security guards at the show later told me they want to build an exit ramp right to the place, and I think it'd be a good idea after enduring every traffic light in town to a place that was 50 feet off the highway.

Night 7- Club Underworld, Sciotta Pa: This place is a complex. It's out in the woods off the main road and apparently they do WWF Wrestling and off-road dirt bike competitions here. We pull in and there are all these pavilions on the sides in a "U", with a BB-Q joint and a beer distributor warehouse and Club Underworld in the middle. We drive around to the back and there are a decent amount of kids all over the place. We got added to this bill, and from what we've been told this is an all ages venue where they do both local and national acts, and tonight it's a mix with The Krays from NYC headlining. I head over to talk to the Bouncer about where we load in, and the logistics of the show while Matt and Chris go to check out the beer warehouse. The bouncer is really nice- it seems these guys have all been volunteering at this place forever to do these shows; they treat the kids well and understand what going on with a punk show. The first band is just about to start playing, unfortunately the kids all seem more interested in hanging out in front than watching any of the local bands. Matt and Chris come back and tell us how before they had both feet in the door at the warehouse the owner told them that he couldn't let them in because they were playing next door- sorry guys! The first three bands were sort of emo with these metal parts thrown in that just didn't really work too well, and wasn't my thing at all. They were all pretty young though, so maybe there's hope for them yet; I would've stood out front too if I was one of the local kids. We went on fourth and the staff had us wait for a bit while they went outside and announced the next band. Josh had

been walking around talking with all the kids out front and they told us that there was something like four high school graduations that day, so a lot of the older kids weren't there, but a decent number of them came in while we played and got a circle pit going, and then after the set a bunch more kids came in and wanted to know when we were going on. The list of the sets times out front was buried at the end of a long list of rules and contact info for the club and they didn't see it- oh well. Not a bad show nonetheless, and we played well. I went into this with a sore throat and was worried about singing, but my voice held out fine, if a little hoarse.

We took off after we played, we all needed to get something to eat and since the business around the Club wouldn't let us in we went back to town and found a place to stay, then did the old sneak in the back door thing and headed off to the motel restaurant. The staff at the restaurant/bar were pretty cool. I guess during skiing season the place is packed, but this being off season they were pretty talkative and just appreciated having people in there to talk to besides each other. Josh got in an argument with the stand-up comic that had been doing his thing next door, but the whole day ended up pretty well. We crashed and got ready to leave for Philly in the morning.

Day 8- Sciotta, PA. To Philadelphia, PA: It's another scorcher out already. There's basically no good way to get from where we are to Philly, so we have to go through all these little Amish towns with eight million stop lights and nowhere to get gas, and of course once we get onto the main highway into Philly it's bumper to bumper traffic the whole way. I've never seen this road NOT a parking lot, but I can't figure out why. There's nothing to prevent people from driving the speed limit- they just don't.

After we figured out where the club is I suggest we head over to South Street. None of the other guys has ever been to Philadelphia before, so I figured that's the best place to kill the afternoon in town. We make it about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down to the happening part of South Street and have to park the van and walk- it's just too damn hot in there. We're drenched in sweat and had had enough. I'd never been to South Street this way before- basically taking it from the beginning near the University, down the old part of South St. and then to the end where all the record stores and clubs were. I was starting to get nervous that it had changed since the last time I'd been there but after a few blocks we were in a record store flipping through new releases and looking at show posters for the weekend. While Josh, Matt and I went off to eat Chris hit up every record store in town, finding out of print and rare vinyl and CD's. To top it all off as we drove back to the club there was a guy in front of us blasting music from his truck- which will get you a ticket in Philly- and he gets stuck in traffic right in front of the police station. I think the disgusted cop that came out didn't ticket him because he figured the guy must have been too dumb to know any better.

Night 8- The Rotunda, Philadelphia, PA: This is a free, all ages show put on by a collective called Sick City that does this as a series at the Rotunda. I'm not sure how the funding works, but I think it's somehow from the University of Pennsylvania. We were playing fourth with, among others, Famous in Vegas (who's members put on the show) and When in Roam who are ex-Dead Milkmen. I didn't realize that they are literally from down the street and have a crowd that I wouldn't expect for the Dead Milkmen, ex or otherwise. It's a pretty good cross section of punks and skins and really ALL ages- from kids to older people. Some old friends of ours from South Jersey via Boston, and some newer friends also from South Jersey, show up and we play a pretty good show to a great crowd, apart from my wireless crapping out during the last two songs that I end up just singing. We ended up selling a ton of stuff as well as meeting some people who new some of our friends in Boston and came to see us on their recommendation. We made plans to go back in the fall, watched part of When in Roam- the entire crowd throws things at them through their entire set and just generally have a good time- and decided to load up and head back to Boston just as their set ended.

Night 8 into day 9- Philadelphia, PA. to Boston, MA: Somewhere in Connecticut at about 3 am we loose the blinkers in the van. At this point we're all tired and hungry and just want to get home, so we try to keep each other awake and make due without the blinkers. We've been driving around for 8 days with the registration expired and haven't been stopped once, now we have no blinkers. About 5 minutes into Massachusetts we get pulled over by a Mass. State Cop. Figures. We drove the length of three states in the south, sometimes at 3 and 4 in the morning and we finally get stopped as soon as we get home- "welcome home, fuck you". The Statey listens to our story, runs everyone's license for warrants (asks if we have any drugs in the van, of course), and when he can't wrap his head around why we would be driving around in a van playing shows (Cop: Why would you drive to Philadelphia to play a show? Us: Because that's what we do, we're in a band. Cop: Where else have you been? Why would you do that, you're from Boston? Us: Because that's what we do...) decides that our story is too stupid to not be true and tells us to "screw". Which we do- straight back to Roxbury.

I got home at about 6 am, and promptly couldn't go to sleep.

We'll be home for most of the summer, writing and recording another record. Then we get to start doing this shit all over again in the fall. See ya' then...Cheers, Suspect Device

THE ESCAPED w/



7/17- Portland, OR@ Solid State w/ Monster Squad and Mindless Rebellion
7/19- Boise, ID@JD and Friends w/Monster Squad
7/20- Salt Lake City, UT@Underground w/Monster Squad and Pissed On Arival
7/21- Denver, CO@ Garage Land w/Monster Squad
7/22- Farmington, NM@ Civic Center w/Monster Squad
7/23- Phoenix, AZ@Modified Arts w/Monster Squad
7/25- Southgate, CA@ Community Center w/Monster Squad
7/27- Auburn, CA@U-Turn w/Monster Squad



7/17- TONIGHT WAS OUR FIRST SHOW. DUE TO BOOKING PROBLEMS, IT TURNED OUT TO BE A DAYTIME SHOW BUT A GOOD AMOUNT OF KIDS CAME OUT. IT WAS A PRETTY HOT DAY AND BY 5PM, 6 KIDS HAD PUKE IN VARIOUS PLACES IN AND AROUND THE CLUB. ALLOT OF THE BANDS WERE HANGING OUT AT THE STRIP CLUB UP THE STREET. THE FIRST BAND MINDLESS REBELLION RIPPED AND GOT THE SHOW STARTED OFF RIGHT. IT WAS SUPPOSE TO BE OUR LAST SHOW WITH OUR OLD SINGER TONY BUT BY THE TIME MONSTER SQUAD FINISHED IS WAS APPARENT THAT TONY WASN'T GOING TO SHOW UP. SO OUR NEW SINGER CARTER TOOK THE STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND NAILED THE WHOLE SET. WE HAD AN EXCELLENT CROWD AND A GREAT TIME. AFTER THE SHOW (8PM) ALL OF THE BANDS WENT BACK TO THE MINDLESS REBELLION HOUSE AND PARTIED UNTIL THE EARLY MORNING. AND IT'S NOT A GOOD PARTY IN PORTLAND WITHOUT A GOOD FIGHT AND BY THE TIME THE NIGHT WAS OVER A KID LEFT WITH A SERIOUS CONCUSSION. THE REST OF THE NIGHT SLOWLY DIED DOWN WITH A GUY GETTING HIS TEETH PULLED BY A PAIR OF RUSTY PLIERS AND A BUTTER KNIFE. ALL IN ALL, A GREAT SHOW AND A GOOD PARTY. OH AND DURING A BAND PHOTO AT THE PARTY SOMEONE LIT ZACKS BANDANA ON FIRE WHILE IT WAS IN HIS BACK POCKET. -JUSTIN

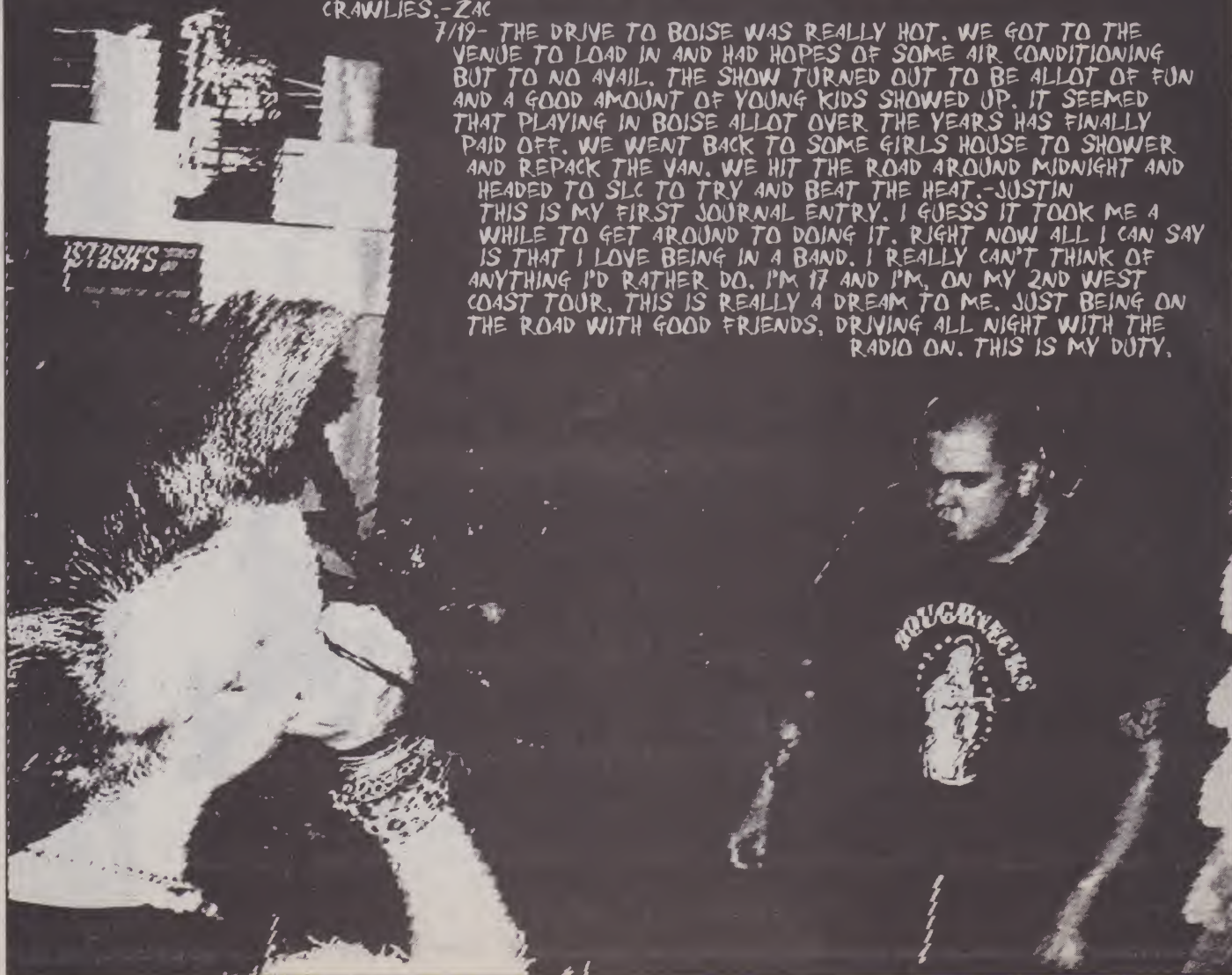
7/18- WE FOUND OUT THIS MORNING THAT OUR SEATTLE SHOW WAS CANCELLED. WE SCRAMBLED TO GET A LAST MINUTE SHOW PUT TOGETHER, BUT TO NO AVAIL. MONSTER SQUAD WENT INTO DOWNTOWN PORTLAND TO CHECK OUT THE RECORD STORES AND THE REST OF US ARE JUST RELAXING AFTER LAST NIGHT. WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME LAST MINUTE ERRANDS DONE AND TRY TO TRACK DOWN A BASS AMP FOR MONSTER SQUAD. -JUSTIN

WHAT'S UP, GOOD OL' FISHNETS HERE. SO THE TOUR OFFICIALLY BEGINS TODAY. I HATE TOUR BUT I'M PRETTY Y AMPED ON TAKING MONSTER SQUAD ON THE ROAD 'CAUSE THEY'RE COOL FOLKS AND THEY FUCKING RIP. I ALSO REALLY LIKE OUR CURRENT LINE-UP. SO TONIGHT WE ROCK BOISE. I'LL CHECK IN LATER. -ZAC

YEAH, IT'S ME AGAIN, ABOUT 2 HOURS LATER AND I FEEL LIKE BITCHIN'. IT'S WICKED FUCKIN' HOT RIGHT NOW AND WE'RE STILL IN OREGON. I HATE TOUR. WHEN WE GET TO ARIZONA AND OTHER SUCH PLACES, WE MAY JUST SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUST. IT'S GONNA SUCK BUT, MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME COOL SNAKES OR LIZARDS. AS LONG AS WE STAY CLEAR OF ANY VENOMOUS CREEPY CRAWLIES. -ZAC

7/19- THE DRIVE TO BOISE WAS REALLY HOT. WE GOT TO THE VENUE TO LOAD IN AND HAD HOPES OF SOME AIR CONDITIONING BUT TO NO AVAIL. THE SHOW TURNED OUT TO BE ALLOT OF FUN AND A GOOD AMOUNT OF YOUNG KIDS SHOWED UP. IT SEEMED THAT PLAYING IN BOISE ALLOT OVER THE YEARS HAS FINALLY PAID OFF. WE WENT BACK TO SOME GIRLS HOUSE TO SHOWER AND REPACK THE VAN. WE HIT THE ROAD AROUND MIDNIGHT AND HEADED TO SLC TO TRY AND BEAT THE HEAT. -JUSTIN

THIS IS MY FIRST JOURNAL ENTRY. I GUESS IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO GET AROUND TO DOING IT. RIGHT NOW ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I LOVE BEING IN A BAND. I REALLY CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING I'D RATHER DO. I'M 17 AND I'M ON MY 2ND WEST COAST TOUR. THIS IS REALLY A DREAM TO ME. JUST BEING ON THE ROAD WITH GOOD FRIENDS, DRIVING ALL NIGHT WITH THE RADIO ON. THIS IS MY DUTY.



THIS IS MY CONQUEST! I THINK THE ONLY THING I DON'T LIKE, IS THAT IT IS SUMMER AND PLAYING SHOWS IN 100 DEGREE CLUBS IS A HARD JOB. I'LL STILL PLAY MY HARDEST AND GIVE THE AUDIENCE A SHOW THAT THEY HAVE PAID FOR, FOR 3 KIDS OR 300 KIDS. I WILL ALWAYS TRY TO DO MY BEST BECAUSE I KNOW HOW HARD IT IS FOR SOME KID TO SCRAP UP 7 BUCKS JUST TO SEE PUNK ROCK. LAST NIGHT IN UTAH, I WAS ON THE VERGE OF EITHER PASSING OUT OR PUKING FOR EXHAUSTION BUT, I'LL DO IT AGAIN AND AGAIN. I THINK THE BEST THING IS JUST GOING TO ALL OF THESE CITIES AND MEETING SOME OF THE COOLEST PUNKS AND SKINS. LIKE WHEN WE GO TO SOME PLACE AND WE HAVE NO PLACE TO STAY, THESE PEOPLE JUST COMPLETELY DROP WHATEVER THEY ARE DOING AND GIVE US SHELTER, FOOD AND RESTROOM FACILITIES. IT JUST BLOWS MY MIND AND MAKES ME FEEL SO COMPLETELY THANKFUL FOR EVERYONE OF THESE PEOPLE WHO WELCOME US INTO THEIR HOMES. - CHRIS



7/20- WE GOT INTO SLC AT 6AM. WE GOT TO TAY'S HOUSE (PO4) AND HIS FAMILY WAS TOTALLY GENEROUS. WE ALL SLEPT UNTIL NOON, TOOK SHOWERS, AND GOT READY FOR THE DAY. TAY'S MOM GOT CEREAL FOR EVERYBODY AND MADE SURE EVERYONE WAS FED. A FEW OF US MADE A TRIP TO GUITAR CENTER AND WE SCORED ALLOT OF STUFF FOR UNDER \$50 BECAUSE MATT (MONSTER SQUAD) GOT US AN EMPLOYEE DISCOUNT. WE GOT A GUITAR RACK THAT HOLDS 7 GUITARS. WHILE WE WERE GONE, TAY'S MOM BOUGHT A BUNCH OF BBQ STUFF AND ALL OF THE GUYS GOT WELL FED. WE GOT BACK TO THE HOUSE, PICKED EVERYONE UP AND WENT TO THE CLUB. EVERYONE KEPT SAYING THAT THERE WOULD BE ALLOT OF KIDS THERE, BUT HARDLY ANYONE SHOWED UP. THE SHOW STARTED AT 9 AND THERE WAS A DECENT CROWD FOR ALL OF THE BANDS EVEN THOUGH NO ONE DANCED. I RAN INTO AN OLD FRIEND AND HAD A GOOD TIME HANGING OUT WITH HIM. TOM TALKED SOME GIRL INTO BUYING US ALL A PIZZA. AFTER WE ATE WE LOADED UP, WENT BACK TO TAY'S HOUSE TO SHOWER AND WE HIT THE ROAD AGAIN. -JUSTIN

SO ONCE AGAIN I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN 2 DAYS. BUT JEREMY AND CHRIS HAVE BEEN UP THE WHOLE TIME AS WELL. IT FUCKING SUCKS. I HATE WHEN THIS SHIT HAPPENS. ANYWAY THE SHOW IN BOISE TURNED OUT TO BE PRETTY GOOD EVEN THOUGH WE THOUGHT IT WOULD SUCK WHEN WE GOT THERE. WE HUNG OUT AT SOME CHICKS HOUSE FOR A BIT AFTER THE SHOW AND THEN DROVE STRAIGHT TO SALT LAKE CITY. THAT PLACE FUCKING SUCKS, BUT THE PEOPLE WE STAYED WITH WERE REALLY NICE. WE STAYED WITH THIS GUY TAY WHO PLAYS GUITAR FOR PISSED ON ARRIVAL, WHICH IS THE BAND THAT WE PLAYED WITH. SO WE STAYED WITH HIM AND HIS MOM AND THEY'RE LOADED SO THEY HAVE THIS HUGE KICKASS HOUSE AND THEY LET US CRASH EVEN THOUGH WE SHOWED UP AT LIKE 6 IN THE MORNING. THEY BOUGHT US BEER AND ALL OF THE FIXINGS FOR A SERIOUS BBQ. THE SHOW KIND OF SUCKED BECAUSE IT WAS SO HOT IN THE VENUE THAT WE LOST ALL OF OUR ENERGY AFTER LIKE 3 SONGS AND I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA PASS OUT. WE ALSO THOUGHT THERE WAS SOME SKETCHY STUFF GOING ON WITH THE SKINHEAD IN PISSED ON ARRIVAL AND THAT WE WERE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT, WHICH WOULD HAVE SUCKED CAUSE WE REALLY LIKE THE GUYS IN THE BAND. BUT, IT WAS WORKED OUT AND THE CRISIS WAS AVERTED. SO NOW WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO DENVER. -ZAC

7/21- IT'S 10 AM AND WE JUST GOT TO DENVER. WE CAN'T GET A HOLD OF THE PROMOTER SO WE ARE SITTING IN A DIRT DRIVEWAY IN THE HEAT, TRYING TO FIND A HOUSE TO GO TO. WE JUST FOUND OUT THAT THE EXPLODING HEARTS, ANOTHER BAND FROM PORTLAND, GOT IN A CAR WRECK THIS MORNING AND 3 OF THEM DIED. NONE OF US KNEW THEM PERSONALLY, BUT WE ARE ALL REALLY BUMMED. I GUESS WE'RE GOING TO GET A MOTEL. -JUSTIN

TODAY WE TAP THE ROCKIES. ROLLING INTO DENVER COLORADO. IT SEEMED LIKE THE DRIVE WOULD NEVER END. WEDGED BETWEEN RIP AND THOMAS WITH A FULL CHARGE LEAVES LITTLE ROOM FOR CATCHING ZZZ'S. WE MET THE MONSTER SQUAD BOYS AT THE VENUE AND SORTED OUT THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY. THANKS TO MONSTER SQUAD TOM'S GRANDMOTHER WE RELAXED IN 3 SEPARATE HOTEL ROOMS, ON THE CONDITION THAT WE NOT RUIN THE PLACE, DENVER, ALTHOUGH HOTTER THAN THE DEVIL'S DICK IN A PAIR OF THERMAL SPEEDOS, HAS THE NICEST WEATHER SO FAR. I WAS ACTUALLY ABLE TO STAY OUTSIDE FOR EXTENDED PERIODS OF TIME WITHOUT GETTING MAJOR BUTT SWEAT. WE ALL NAPPED AND SHOWERED THEN SPED OFF TO THE WAREHOUSE. WE WERE REALLY STOKED TO SEE THAT ALLOT OF THE PUNK KIDS WERE HANGING OUT OUTSIDE OF THE VENUE. I DRANK MY SHARE OF FREE PABST AND SMOKED ALL OF MY CIGARETTES. THANKS TO DENVER'S HIGH ALTITUDE THE BEER SEEMED ESPECIALLY POTENT. AFTER THE OPENING BAND THE



MONSTER SQUAD GUYS TOOK THE STAGE AND SUCCESSFULLY MADE THEMSELVES A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW. THEN WE PLAYED OUR SET AND ONCE AGAIN I FUCKED UP MY ANKLES AND THANKS TO MY SHITTY YOUNG LUNGS, I FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO BREATHE. THE KIDS RESPONDED WELL. THE MIX OF CRUSTY KIDS AND THE DOG FOOD FACTORY UPWIND MADE A MALODOROUS STENCH THAT SEEMED TO GET STRONGER AND STRONGER AS THE NIGHT WENT ON. ALL OF THE CARNIVAL CLOWNS IN THE WORLD CANNOT EQUAL THE FUN OF THROWING EMPTY BEER CANS AT TOM (MONSTER SQUAD). THE MS PUNKS ARE STAYING AT THE HOTEL TONIGHT AS WE BEAT THE DESERT HEAT BY HEADING OUT TONIGHT AFTER HITTING UP SOME SERIOUS DENNY'S ACTION. LOOKS LIKE IT'S BISCUITS AND GRAVY FOR OLD BRIAN TONIGHT. HOPEFULLY I CAN SNAKE A COMFY SEAT IN THE VAN.-BRIAN

I'M DRUNK!-JEREMY

WE GOT RESTED UP AND GOT SOME CHEAP PIZZA. WE GOT TO THE CLUB ON TIME AND THERE WAS ALREADY A GOOD CROWD OUT FRONT. THE CLUB WAS A BIG WAREHOUSE AND THE SHOW WAS A LOT OF FUN. A LOT OF KIDS KNEW WHO WE WERE AND WE DID REALLY WELL ON MERCH. WE ALL HAD A LOT OF ENERGY AND THE CROWD WAS GREAT. AFTER THE SHOW SOME TRAVELER STARTED A FIGHT. TROUBLE FOLLOWS US!-JUSTIN

HEY, WE JUST PLAYED DENVER, BAD ASS....IT WAS A DRUNKED PARTY FROM THE GET GO. PEOPLE WERE REALLY COOL EXCEPT SOME STREET KIDS TALKING SHIT ABOUT EVERYONE. IT NEED WITH ONE OF THEM GETTING DRAGGED OUT BY THIS BLONDE CHICK BY HIS BACKPACK AND WHEN HE WAS OUTSIDE HE GOT FUCKING ROCKED BECAUSE HE WAS STILL BEING A CUNT. SOMEONE HIT HIM, BACKED AWAY. HE WAS STILL A CUNT, SOMEONE ELSE HIT HIM, THEN HE FINALLY LEFT. OTHER THAN THAT, ALL OF THE BANDS WERE

FUCKIN' ROCKING OUT. BRIAN ESPECIALLY! HE WAS JUMPING AROUND AND GETTING PEOPLE RILED UP. THIS CHICK DRUMMER FROM D.J.Y.H.I.Y. (I THINK) DID A DRUM SOLO AND THREW HER DRUMSTICK UP AND BUSTED THIS LIGHT ON THE CEILING AND GLASS WENT EVERYWHERE. DEFINITELY A KODAK MOMENT. MONSTER SQUAD FUCKIN' ROCKED! AND I GOT KIND OF DRUNK. SO ALL IN ALL, TONIGHT WAS A FUCKIN GREAT NIGHT!-CHRIS CURRENTLY THE BAND SEEMS STRONGER THAN EVER. IT'S REALLY TO BE PART OF A DRIVING FORCE AND IT APPARENT IN EVERYONE'S ATTITUDES. OUR NEW PLAYERS ARE A HUGE ASSET. THEY ARE GREAT AND COMPLETELY DEDICATED WHICH MAKES ME

FEEL LIKE THE WEAKER LINK.



SEEING AS HOW I'M NOT SURE IF I WANT TO NOT GO BACK TO SCHOOL. GOING TO COLLEGE WOULD PROBABLY CREATE SOME HURTLES THAT THE BAND WOULD HAVE TO JUMP OVER. AND SEEING ALL THE TIMES OUR LINE-UP HAS CHANGED ALREADY I'M WEARY THAT THE REST OF THE FELLA'S WOULDN'T HESITATE TO MOVE ON WITHOUT ME. I SUPPOSE IT'S THIS ATTITUDE THAT MAKES ME THE PRIME TARGET FOR TAKING SERIOUS HEAT FROM ALL THE OTHER BOYS. IF IT WASN'T FOR THE 25 MINUTES A NIGHT I HAVE TO GET OUT ALL MY FRUSTRATIONS, BUST UP MY EQUIPMENT AND LATELY, RUIN MY ANKLES, I THINK IT MIGHT BE A LOT HARDER TO DISMISS A LOT OF THE SHIT SHOOTING THROUGH MY BRAIN. RIGHT NOW I'M TIRED, DIRTY, UNCOMFORTABLE, HOT AND ON MY WAY TO BEING BROKE. WYOMING SUCKS BUT I BOUGHT COOL GLASSES.-BRIAN

THIS IS THE THIRD NIGHT THAT I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN THE CAR. IT'S ALL RIGHT, 'CUZ I HAVE INSOMNIA. SO I JUST TRY TO HELP OUT AND BE WING MAN, GIVE DIRECTIONS AND SHIT LIKE THAT. I REALLY MISS HAVING A BATHROOM, SHOWER, KITCHEN, WASHING MACHINE, ECT...BUT, WHATEVER. IT SEEMS LIKE WE ARE STUCK IN A BIT OF TRAFFIC IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. MAN O' MAN COLORADO IS A BEAUT. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO CRUISING DOWN FORMER ROUTE 666. I HOPE I SEE SOME FREAKY SHIT. IT WOULD BE COOL IF WE WENT TO AREA 51 ALSO. I'M JUST IN THE MOOD TO SEE SOMETHING THAT WOULD TAKE THE CURL OUT OF MY NOT HAIR. OTHER THAN THAT I GOT SOME NEW GLASSES (GIVEN TO ME FROM ZAC, WHICH WAS GIVEN TO HIM BY PHIL FROM MONSTER SQUAD, AND I THINK I LOVE THESE GLASSES, A LOT. ANOTHER THING ABOUT THEM IS THAT THEY ARE WAY BETTER THAN BRIAN'S. I WILL NAME MY GLASSES FALCOR THE FEARLESS.-CHRIS

7/22- THE DRIVE TO NEW MEXICO WAS NICE. IT WAS COLDER THAN IT HAD BEEN LATELY. WE GOT INTO FARMINGTON, NM AROUND NOON AND WENT TO OUR FRIEND LESLIE'S HOUSE. IT WAS A 110 DEGREES AND SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD AC BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE BROKEN. SO ANOTHER HOT DAY SITTING AROUND WAITING TO PLAY A SHOW. IT TURNS OUT THAT THERE HASN'T BEEN A SHOW IN THIS TOWN FOR 4

YEARS. WE LOADED INTO THE CLUB AND IT WAS HUGE! AND TO TOP IT OFF, IT HAD COLD AC. HELL YEAH! AROUND 200 KIDS SHOWED UP AND WE PLAYED REALLY WELL. THE TOUR ROUTINE HAS BEEN TO DRIVE AT NIGHT TO BEAT THE HEAT, AND TRY TO SLEEP A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE SHOW. SO WE SAID GOODBYE TO LESLIE AND HIT THE ROAD.-JUSTIN

7/23- GOD DAMN, THE DRIVE WAS HOT. IT WAS 2AM AND 100 DEGREES OUT. WE GOT INTO PHOENIX AROUND 10AM, SUFFERED IN THE HEAT, THEN TRIED TO FIND A MOTEL. WE FOUND ONE BUT AS WE WERE LOADING IN THEY SAW THAT THERE WAS 8 OF US. SO THEY GAVE US OUR MONEY BACK AND MADE US LEAVE. AFTER AN HOUR OF DRIVING AROUND IN THE HEAT WE FINALLY FOUND A MOTEL. WE CRANKED UP THE AC AND WE ALL TOOK NAPS FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. TONIGHT'S SHOW WAS THE SAME AS THE FIEND FEST, SO WE REALLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT. HOWEVER THE SHOW WAS AWESOME. THERE WAS THREE HARDCORE BANDS, THREE PUNK BANDS AND A BIG CROWD. THE KIDS HAD A LOT OF ENERGY. EXCEPT THE "SKINHEADS" THERE WERE BEING DICKS AND KNOCKING OVER GIRLS. OTHER THAN THAT, THE SHOW WAS A BLAST. AFTER THE SHOW, THE BANDS WENT TO A PARTY. ME AND KRISTIN WENT BACK TO THE MOTEL.-JUSTIN

I'M DRUNK!-JUSTIN

7/24- YEAH, SO TODAY STARTED OFF FUCKIN GREAT. WELL, LET ME REWIND AND TELL YOU ABOUT YESTERDAY, THE 23RD. WE ARRIVED IN HOT ASS PHOENIX AND LOOKED FOR HOTELS TO STAY IN (IN DOING SO, WE SAW SOME DUDE TAKING HIS PROSTITUTE TO HIS ROOM). WE GOT SOME SLEAZY HOTEL, CHILLED FOR A WHILE AND THEN WENT TO THE SHOW AND UNLOADED OUR EQUIPMENT. PUNK STARTED SHOWING UP. WE TRIED TO SHOOT THE BREEZE, TALK AND BE FRIENDLY AND THEY IGNORED US. THEN WE PLAYED AND WENT TO THE ABIOTX HOUSE (THAT WE PLAYED WITH EARLIER) AND PARTIED HARD! WE GOT BACK TO THE HOTEL AROUND 6AM, PASSED OUT FOR A WHILE THEN WENT TO THIS GIRL STEPHANIE'S HOUSE. HER HOUSE WAS DEFINITELY THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE TOUR. WE SHOWED UP AND IMMEDIATELY JUMPED IN THE POOL AND STARTED DRINKING. THE MORE DRUNK WE GOT THE MORE FUN WE WERE HAVING. YELLING OUT " SPRING BREAK 2003, SCHOOLS FUCKING OUT!". WHILE BEER BONGING WITH POOL CLEANING HOSES. WE STARTED THROWING LAWN CHAIRS INTO THE POOL (AND RIDING BIKES IN THE POOL). WE WERE BBQ'IN, LAUGHING, AND HAVING A GREAT TIME. THEN IT CAME TIME FOR US TO LEAVE, BEFORE STEPHANIE'S MOM SHOWED UP. SO TO MARK OUR TERRITORY, SOMEONE TOOK A SHIT IN THE POOL AND IT SUNK TO THE BOTTOM LIKE THE TITANIC. THEN WE LEFT AND HEADED TO THE LOCAL

OLIVE GARDEN (WHERE EVERYONE'S FAMILY) AND CARTER WAS STILL PISS DRUNK. WE WALKED IN THERE, SOME TENSIONS CAME ABOUT AND CARTER THREW HIS CHAIR ACROSS THE EATING AREA, AND WENT STRAIGHT FOR THE BAR. HE TALKED TO SOME VIETNAM VETERAN FOR A LONG TIME WHILE HE DRANK 12 MORE BEERS. BY THE TIME WE LEFT HE WAS SO TANKED THAT HE STARTED GIVING THE WAITRESSES HUGS GOODBYE. HE FREAKED OUT ONE LADY WITH A BABY WHEN HE APPROACHED HER AND GAVE HER A HUG. WE WERE THEN KICKED OUT OF THE OLIVE GARDEN. WE HOPPED BACK INTO THE VAN AND PROCEEDED ON OUR 8 HOUR DRIVE WITH NO AIR CONDITIONING. WE ARRIVED IN L.A. AND GOT A HOTEL ROOM. BRIAN AND I GOT STUCK SLEEPING IN THE VAN, SO ON ONE COULD STEAL OUR EQUIPMENT. IT SUCKS IN THE VAN, WHEN YOU SPEND THE MAJORITY OF THE DAY IN THE VAN...YOU CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO SLEEP IN IT. SO HERE I AM IN THE VAN, NO SHOWER, NO AC, JUST THIS PEN AND PAPER.....AND THAT'S WHERE I LEAVE OFF.-CHRIS

WE GOT UP AND CHECKED OUT OF THE MOTEL AROUND 10AM AND BRAVED THE HOT DRIVE TO SOME GIRLS HOUSE. APPARENTLY HER MOM WAS GONE FOR THE DAY. SO SHE INVITED US ALL OVER. SHE HAD BOOZE, A POOL AND A BBQ. EVERYTHING STARTED OFF GREAT. WE DID A LOT OF SWIMMING AND A LOT OF DRINKING. SOON ENOUGH THINGS STARTED GETTING OUT OF HAND. THINGS SOON MOVED TO BEER BONGS MADE OUT OF A TUBE USED FOR THE POOL CLEANER. CARTER RODE A BIKE INTO THE POOL. SHORTLY AFTER ALL OF THE LAWN FURNITURE ENDED UP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL. TOM AND I



STARTED FIRES. IT WAS GETTING TIME TO LEAVE BECAUSE THE GIRLS MOM WAS ON HER WAY HOME. SO JASON (MONSTER SQUAD) TOOK A \$30 COLLECTION AND TOOK A DUMP IN THE POOL. WE LEFT AND FOUND THAT OUR AC DIDN'T WORK AND IT WAS STILL WELL OVER 100 DEGREES. WE WENT TO THE OLIVE GARDEN TO CHILL OUT BEFORE THE DRIVE TO LA. SOME DRUNKENNESS FOLLOWED, ALONG WITH CARTER DRINKING THE MOST BEERS IN 30 MINUTES. THE DRIVE TO LA WAS REALLY HOT. WE GOT INTO HOLLYWOOD AROUND 3AM, GOT A MOTEL AND FINALLY GOT TO SLEEP.-

JUSTIN

I'M DRUNK!-JEREMY

7/25- WE CHECKED OUT OF OUR MOTEL 30 MINUTES LATE AND HEADED TO MELROSE FOR A GOOD OLD FASHION REALITY CHECK. SEEING FAKE RICH PEOPLE BUYING LAME TRENDY FASHION MAKES ME FEEL BETTER

ABOUT MYSELF. WE ROUNDED UP SOME KIDS AND TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SHOW. MELROSE WAS HOT! LA WAS HOT! EVERYWHERE WE'VE BEEN HAS BEEN SUPER HOT. WE'D TRY TO BEAT TRAFFIC BUT APPARENTLY LA ALWAYS HAS TRAFFIC. SO IT TOOK AN HOUR TO DRIVE 20 MILES...IN THE HEAT....WITH NO AC. WE GOT LOST AND ENDED UP IN COMPTON. TURNS OUT THE SHOW DIDN'T START FOR ANOTHER 2 HOURS. SO WE KICKED IT IN SOUTH CENTRAL. THE SHOW WAS COOL. WE PLAYED WITH ALLOT OF EAST LA SKA/PUNK BANDS. SOME OF THE SKA KIDS DIDN'T LIKE US, BUT THE MAJORITY OF THE CROWD WAS COOL. THERE WAS ALLOT OF FIGHTS OUT FRONT AND AS IT GOT DARK, TENSIONS RAN HIGH. THERE WAS ALLOT OF GANGSTERS AND PUNKS. THIS WAS THE 4TH TIME WE PLAYED IN SOUTH CENTRAL AND WE ARE FINALLY STARTING TO GET RECOGNIZED. IT'S COOL WHEN KIDS START NOTICING YOU. ESPECIALLY IN A SCENE OF MAINLY HISPANIC BANDS. AFTER WE PLAYED WE LOADED UP AND SPLIT. THEN WE HEADED FOR CARTER'S HOMETOWN.....VACAVILLE!!!!!!-JUSTIN

I'M DRUNK!-JEREMY

THE BULLSHIT LEVEL OF THIS BAND, IN MY MIND, HAS REACHED AN ALL TIME PINNACLE IN HEIGHTS. OPINIONS ARE NOT RESPECTED, AND IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS, OF WHICH A BAND SHOULD BE RUN, HAS DISAPPEARED, LIKE OUR CIGARETTE BUTTS.....OUT THE WINDOW. I'VE ALWAYS HAD AN ATTITUDE OF SEEING BAND MATES AS FAMILY, BUT SOME VARIABLES IN THE GROUP SEEMED TO HAVE ADOPTED A DIFFERENT ATTITUDE, RUNNING MORE ON PERSONAL CONVENIENCE EXPRESSED BY NON-

NEGOTIABLE OPINIONS.

THE WHOLE TIME I HAVE TRIED TO BRING THE EVIDENCE OF THIS OUT INTO THE OPEN, ONLY TO GET RESPONSES THAT ARE NOTHING OTHER THAN PETTY PERSONAL ATTACKS. WHILE AT THE SAME TIME, I AM BEING LECTURED ABOUT RESPECT, AND HOW I HAVE NONE. WHEN I FIRST JOINED THIS BAND, I HAD NOTHING BUT LOVE AND RESPECT FOR THE PEOPLE IN IT. BUT, I BELIEVE THAT RESPECT IS "GIVE AND TAKE". IT BECOMES MORE AND MORE APPARENT THAT IN THIS BAND RESPECT MEANS "DON'T ASK QUESTIONS AND DO AS



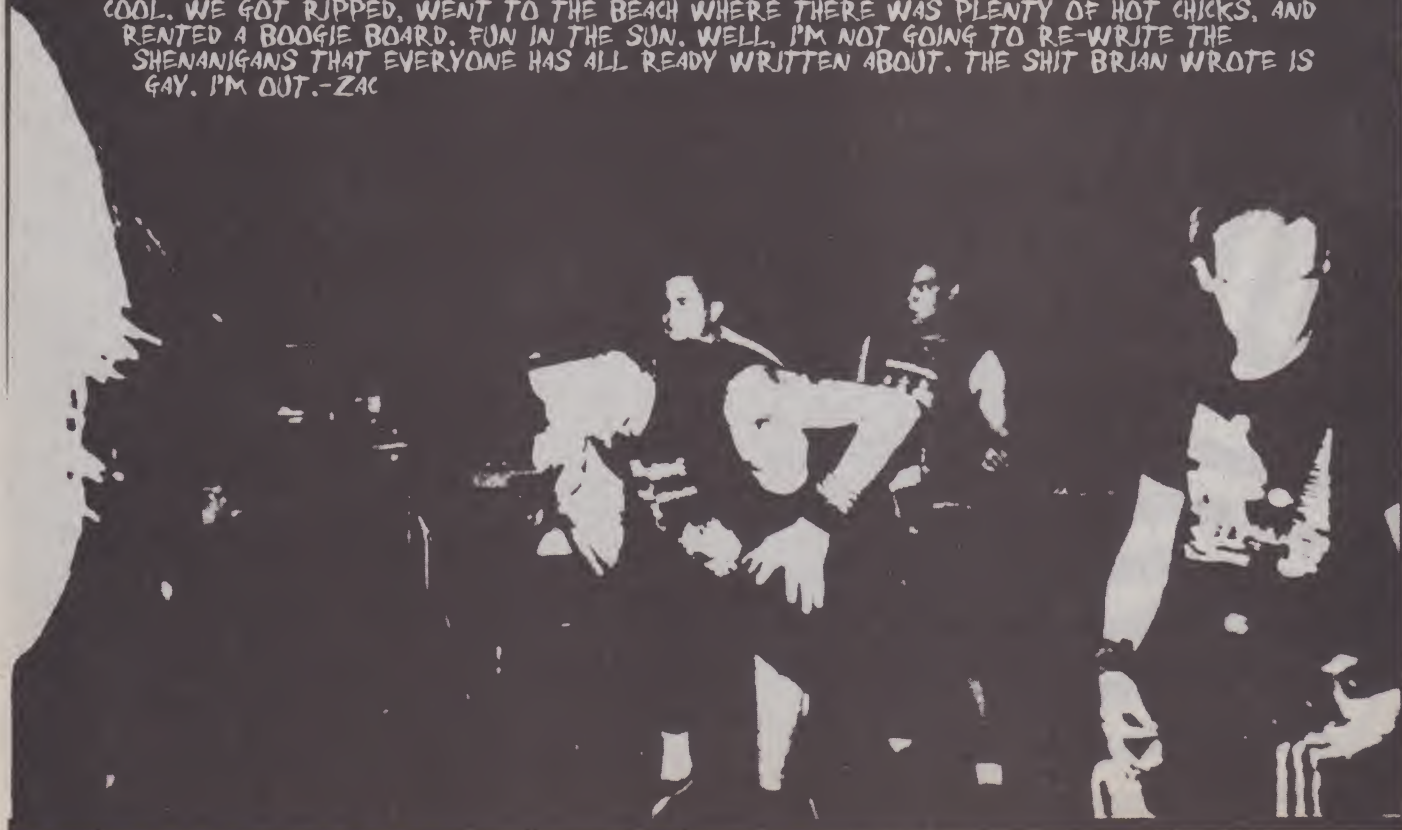
I SAY". MY PATIENCE IS RUNNING AS THIN AS MY WALLET. IN AM SERIOUSLY CONTEMPLATING MAKING THESE DATES IN CALIFORNIA MY LAST SHOWS WITH THE ESCAPED. I MAY GO DO EXACTLY WHAT SOME MEMBERS IN THIS BAND TRIED TO CONVINCE ME NOT TO DO....GO BACK TO WORK AND BEGIN COLLEGE. THERE IS NOTHING I WANT MORE THAN TO PLAY MUSIC WITH THE ESCAPED MY ENTIRE LIFE. HOWEVER, THE BAND, LIKE EVERYTHING, HAS TO GO THROUGH A FEW CHANGES. IN PORTLAND, THE PUNK/SKINHEAD SCENE, IN MY EYES, IS ABOUT YOUNGER KIDS RESPECTING THE OLDER PEOPLE ON THE SCENE, AND IN RETURN, THEY WILL LEARN THE RIGHT WAY TO DO THINGS WITHIN THE SCENE. IN THE ESCAPED, IT SEEMS THAT IT IS ALMOST THE OPPOSITE. THE YOUNG KIDS TRY TO RESPECT OLDER GUYS THAT TREAT THEM LIKE SHIT. MOST OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS BAND ARE GREAT PEOPLE AS WELL AS MUSICIANS. I DO NOT WANT TO USE SPECIFIC NAMES OR EXAMPLES. I DON'T KNOW WHY. THE ENTRY I HAVE JUST WRITTEN WILL PROBABLY BE READ AND TORN OUT OF THIS BOOK BEFORE ANYONE FROM THE PUBLISHER GETS THEIR HANDS ON IT.-BRIAN-----LOOK, BRIAN THINKS HE'S ANN FRANK. SOMETIMES RICH KIDS DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT'S HARD TO LOOSE THE SILVER SPOON!

7/26- TODAY WE WENT TO CARTER'S PARENTS HOUSE AND GOT TO CATCH UP ON SOME SLEEP. CARTER HAD ALL OF HIS BOYS OVER (MOSTLY HATED SKINS) AND IT QUICKLY TURNED INTO A CRAZY DRUNKEN PARTY. PEOPLE STARTED THROWING EACH OTHER INTO THE HOT TUB FULLY CLOTHED. WE TOOK A GOOD GROUP PHOTO. I THINK WE MAY BE ALL OUT OF FILM IN THE TOUR CAMERA. HOPEFULLY THERE'S ONE LEFT FOR TOMORROW NIGHTS SHOW. I HAD ALLOT OF FUN TODAY JUST KICKIN' IT AND RELAXING. I HOPE TOMORROW HAS A GOOD CROWD.-JUSTIN

7/27- TONIGHT'S SHOW WAS REALLY LAME.DEFINATILLY THE WORST SHOW WE PLAYED ON TOUR. CARTER HAD A SERIOUS BURN ON HIS FOOT BECAUSE HE STEPPED ON A HOT COAL AT HIS BBQ. SO HE WASN'T INTO THE SHOW AT ALL. BRIAN BROKE A STRING AND HIS SECOND GUITAR WASN'T WORKING SO HE BORROWED MONSTER SQUADS GUITAR AND IT SOUNDED LAME. CHRIS PLAYED PRETTY ROUGH AND ZACS VOCALS KEPT CUTTING OUT. I DROPPED MY GUITAR AND MESSED UP A FEW TIMES. THE CROWS WAS LAME AND JUST SAT AROUND STARING AT US. MONSTER SQUAD PLAYED REALLY WELL, THE CROWD STILL SUCKED THOUGH. IT WAS THE LAST SHOW ON THIS TOUR. WE ARE GOING BACK TO CARTERS TO PACK AND HIT THE ROAD. ZACK PITCHED A FIT BECAUSE WE WANTED TO EAT BEFORE WE LEFT, BUT WE WENT ANYWAYS. IT BOTHERS HE HOW NEGATIVE HE IS. ALL HE DOES IS COMPLAIN. OH WELL. I HAD A BLAST ON THIS TOUR. IT WAS THE BEST ONE YET. WE GET HOME SOON AND GET 2 WEEKS OFF, THEN WE HIT THE ROAD FOR A FULL US TOUR!!!-JUSTIN

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I PULLED ANOTHER ALL-NIGHTER ON THE ROAD. IN SOME WAYS I LOVE BEING ON THE ROAD, BUT IN OTHER WAYS I JUST WANNA GO BACK HOME TO MY GIRL AND MY NORMAL BORING LIFE. IT'S GOING TO BE RAD TO SEE MY GIRL AGAIN. I JUST CAN'T SEE MYSELF NOT BEING ON THE ROAD THOUGH. THIS TOUR WAS DEFINITELY FUN. LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL...BIATCH!-CHRIS

SO IT'S OVER. 300 SOMETHING MILES TO PORTLAND, WHERE I BELONG. I DID HAVE FUN THOUGH, BUT MAINLY BECAUSE HALF WAY THROUGH THE TOUR I HOPPED IN THE MONSTER SQUAD VAN AND THEY'RE WAY MORE FUN THAT MY BAND. THEY'RE SOME CHOICE FUCKIN' INDIVIDUALS I TELL YA. ME AND "THE SQUAD" STAYED IN VENICE AND THAT WAS RAD. WE STAYED AT THIS HOT CHICKS HOUSE WHO WAS REALLY COOL. WE GOT RIPPED, WENT TO THE BEACH WHERE THERE WAS PLENTY OF HOT CHICKS, AND RENTED A BOOGIE BOARD. FUN IN THE SUN. WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO RE-WRITE THE SHENANIGANS THAT EVERYONE HAS ALL READY WRITTEN ABOUT. THE SHIT BRIAN WROTE IS GAY. I'M OUT.-ZAC



BLANKS

Tour '95

w/The Anti-Nowhere League
and The Battalion of Saints



BOSTON, MA- MAMA KINS "SELL OUTS AND AEROSMITH"

THIS WAS PRE-U-HAUL, SO WE'RE TRUCKIN' UP TO G-TOWN IN 2 MINI-VANS. WE FOLLOW EACH OTHER ALL OVER FUCKING CREATION TRYING TO FIND THE DAMN SHOW. FINALLY, WE GET THERE AND FIND OUT WE GROSSLY MISCALCULATED THE TIME AND WE'RE 2 HOURS EARLY, NOT 4 HOURS LATE! YES! "THE LEAGUE'S" NOT THERE YET. THANK GOD. I HAVE A FEW MOMENTS OF PEACE BEFORE I GET PAWED BY THE HORNY BASS PLAYER. WE SET UP IN THE BOTTOM ROOM OF MAMA KINS, WHICH HAPPENS TO BE OWNED BY AEROSMITH! BIG BOUNCERS WITH HEADSETS WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

OR SO IT'S NOW 5 DAYS AFTER THAT SHOW, BUT IT WAS NOT DONE YET. WE SHOWED UP AND NO ONE WHO WORKED AT THE CLUB WAS THERE, SO WE HUNG OUT AT THE RECORD SHOP NEXT DOOR. WE MET THE PHANTOM ROCKERS OUTSIDE. KENEE AND SUE WANTED TO GET SOME FROM THE GUITARIST. THEY ARE A BUNCH OF COOL GUYS, AND THEY PLAY GREAT PSYCHOSILLY. WE PLAYED WITH THEM, THORAZINE AND THE ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE. I GOT TO DRINK GOOD BEER ALL NIGHT WHILE THE REST OF THE BAND DRANK BUD (YUCK) SOMEBODY WAS FEEDING SHAGGY CHN ALL NIGHT AND HE GOT WASTED. HE FELL OFF OF THE STAGE, POKED OUTSIDE AND PASSED OUT. WE DIDN'T GET TO FINISH OUR SET...THAT SUCKED! BUT, WE DID FINALLY FIND A FOOSBALL TABLE. SOME DUMBASS KEPT TRYING TO CHORE ED, THE KING OF PATRIOT, DON'T KNOW WHY. ED'S A BIG GUY, SO HE JUST LEVELED THEM. GOT NO TIME! MY STAGE SMELL REALLY STUNK. THEN I COULDN'T WEAR IT. NOBODY WOULD COME NEAR ME...CAN'T BLAME 'EM. I SMELL LIKE ASS.-TIN

SOUTH CAROLINA- ROCKAFELLAS

SAD, SAD, SAD. SOUTH CAROLINA IS CREEPY TO BEGIN WITH, BUT THE PEOPLE HERE HAVE A DEPRESSING BLANNESS ABOUT THEM. EXCEPT FOR MEMBERS OF ANTISEEN, WHO HAVE MADE THEIR APPEARANCE. THE PEOPLE HERE LOOK LIKE PUNK ZOMBIES. NOW THE BLANKS ARE PLAYING LOUDLY TO 25 PEOPLE. MIKE IS WEARING MY CHEESY 80'S PUNK SUNGLASSES. NO OPEN IS BUYING ANY OF THE MERCH I HALF-HEARTEDLY THREW ON THE TABLE. I HAVEN'T EVEN BOTHERED TO PUT OUT ANY PRICES. THE STAGE SUCKS. IT'S THE WIND THAT HAS A LIP ON THE END TO KEEP PEOPLE OFF OF IT. THAT, ALONG WITH THE MONITORS IN FRONT OF THE SINGER ADD EVEN MORE OBSTACLES AND DISTANCE BETWEEN THE AUDIENCE AND THE BAND.

.....I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT THAT I WAS LAYING SPRAWLED ON A DIRTY FLOOR AND SOMEONE WAS STEPPING ON MY PONY TAIL, RENDERING ME IMMOBILE AND IN EXCRUCIATING PAIN. SINCE I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO MANSON MURDER TRIAL TAPES AT NIGHT, I'VE HAD DREAMS LIKE THAT; SHARON TATE AND I LIE NEXT TO EACH OTHER, SUPINE, WITH OUR EYES BULGING AND OUR FINGERS CUT OFF, USED AS BLOODY PAINT BRUSHES TO SCRAWL RETRO 70'S POLITICAL SARGON ON A RICH WHITE WALL...

TOMORROW IS A MUCH NEEDED DAY OFF IN WHICH WE ARE GOING TO SOUTH OF THE BORDER TO DO NAUGHTY THINGS TO FIBERGLASS DINOSAURS AND BUY FIREWORKS AND DUMB SOUVENIRS. I CAN'T WAIT!-SUE

SOUTH CAROLINA- DAY OFF!!!

DAMN. NO SOUTH OF THE BORDER TODAY. TOO FAR AWAY AND WE'RE TOO EXHAUSTED TO DRIVE FAR TO PLAY AT THE TACKY TOURIST TRAP. WE STAYED AT CARY-N-JONN'S ROACH MOTEL W/ THEIR TAILLESS CAT, STURFFY. SAW THE MOVIE "SEVENS" AND HAD A 321 G'NIGHT.-SUE

ATLANTA, GEORGIA- SOMBER REPTILE

DESPITE ALL THE HORRIBLE THINGS I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS PLACE VIA MMR, IT SEEMS OK. THE ORIGINAL OWNERS HAVE BEEN LONG SINCE REPLACED AND THE NEW ONES ARE CHANGING IT TO A BLUES/R&B BAR SOON. NO MORE PUNK ROCK. I GUESS EVEN WITH BIG DRAWS LIKE RANCID AND

AVAIL, PUNK ROCK DOESN'T NET ENOUGH SUCKS. ON WELL. I HEARD THAT THERE'S A NEW, BETTER PLACE DOWNTOWN THAT'S THREE FLOORS AND A DECENT MANAGEMENT. WE

GOT FREE FOOD AND DRINKS, FROM THE NICE PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE AND THE BLANKS GOT THE BIG EGO TRIP OF THE TOUR; A BIG, FAT, SMILING GREEN-NOWHAWKED PUNK ROCKER ARMED MARK, WHO WAS IN THE OPENING BAND STOMPER. HE WAS SPORTING A HUGE GREEN BLANKS 77 "UP THE SYSTEM" POGO DUDE TATTOO ON HIS LARGE LEFT FOREARM. EVERYONE GOT THEIR PIC TAKEN WITH THE ONE HARD FAN. NOW I'M WATCHING PEOPLE READ '66 OF MY ZINE. THAT ALWAYS MAKE ME FEEL NERVOUS AND PROUD ALL AT ONCE. SOME GUY PICKED UP A COPY AND SAID TO HIS GIRLFRIEND, "SEE, WE NEVER GET GOOD ZINES IN ATLANTA UNLESS A TOURING BAND COMES THROUGH." WELL THANK YOU...AND YOU ARE WELCOME. THE BLANKS ROCKED TONIGHT. THE PLACE WAS PACKED AND MADE UP FOR 2 STRAIGHT DAYS OF CRAPPY SHOWS (ALMOST) ALL THE KIDS KNEW THE WORDS AND THERE WERE EVEN PEOPLE FLOATING ON THE CROWD. BLANKS DID A COVER OF "YOU GOTTA FIGHT" BY THE BEASTIE BOYS AND THE KIDS POGO-ED THEIR LITTLE HEARTS OUT. ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE PLAYED THEIR SET ("THE GIRLS IN ATLANTA ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL! THIS ONE IS FOR YOU! ITS CALLED 'WOMAN'") WE PACKED UP AND REALIZED A) TIM'S AMP FLEW UP AGAIN. THIS SEEMED TO PUT HIM OVER THE EDGE OF SANITY. B) THE AN LEAGUE MADE \$1000 THAT NIGHT AND DIDN'T SO MUCH AS CARRY A PICK OFF OF THE STAGE, AND C) IT WAS BAM AND WE WERE TIRED AS FUCK. WE GOT TO JACK'S HOUSE, WHERE WE WERE STAYING AND FOLLED IN, REALIZING THE HOUSE WAS NOW PACKED WITH DRUNKEN PUNKS AND A GEMO (THOSE WOLF/DOGS THAT EAT BABIES) MHHMM... I FELL ASLEEP AMIDST DRUNKEN SCREAMING AND OFFERS TO DRINK PISS FOR \$100. WHEN CHAD Woke ME UP AT 11AM THE NEXT MORNING, WE FOUND OUT THAT MIKE HAD PASSED OUT AND HAD BEEN DUCT-TAPED TO THE FLOOR. ALSO, SHAGGY THE ROADIE HAD LEFT WITH THREE GIRLS AND WASN'T BACK YET. YES! THE 1ST ACTION OF THE TOUR. WE STAGGERED BACK WHILE WE WERE PACKING UP THE VAN AND REFUSED TO DIVULGE ANY SUICY DETAILS.-SUE



NEW ORLEANS- JIMMIES

OK, SO WE MISSED A CHANCE TO SEE HOWLING WOLF AND DO DIDDLEY DOWNTOWN TONIGHT, BUT THIS SHOW IS THE EPIPHONE OF FUN. WE HAD A SHREDDED TIRE ON THE BORDER OF LOUISIANA...SO THAT STARTED OUT THE DAY REALLY SUCKY, BUT WE STILL MADE IT TO THE SHOW IN TIME. ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE SHOWED UP ESPECIALLY HORNY TONIGHT AND SAID IF I GAVE THEM A PAIR OF MY CRUSTY UNDERWEAR, THEY WOULD RETURN IT WITH 6 SEMEN STAINS ON IT. NO THANKS! THE CLUB IS KIND OF EMPTY THOUGH. NOT A LOT OF KIDS TURN OUT FOR THESE BAR SHOWS I GUESS. THERE'S A PIT HOWEVER, I CAN SEE IT FROM THE T-SHIRT BOOTH. MIKE'S REALLY FUCKED UP TONIGHT, BUT THEY SOUND PRETTY GOOD. NOT MUCH ELSE HAS HAPPENED. TIM AND SHAGGY PLAY VIDEO POKER FOR 2 HOURS STRAIGHT. I HAVEN'T SOLO ANYTHING TONIGHT. WE'RE STAYING WITH A FRIEND MIKE KELLY, HIS WIFE AND THE PUNK ROCK BABY DADDY. BABIES ARE PUNK! THEY ARE. YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO EM AND THEY LOVE IT. PLUS, BABIES LIKE A) TO PUT SHARP POINTY THINGS IN THEIR MOUTH PUNK! B) BRIGHTLY COLORED OBJECTS AND SHAPES C) TO SCREAM REALLY REALLY LOUD AND SHIT THEIR PANTS AND D) TO THROW THINGS AND BURN FOOD. THERE YOU GO. MY FRIEND ELIZABETH SHOWED UP TONIGHT! COOL. I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE LAST JANUARY AND SHE IS SO SWEET, IT MAKES THIS SHOW MORE FUN TO KNOW SOMEONE HERE. PLUS I FEEL GOOD, I HAVE A FRIEND IN NEW ORLEANS. HA HA. PUNK ROCK! FLITZKRIEG COM! WHEN THE PLANES PLAY THAT SONG, THE SHOW IS HALF OVER. MAN, THIS WHOLE MERCH TABLE IS WOBBLING CUZ KETH IS SITTING ON THE END SHAKIN' HER BOOTY IN TIME TO THE MUSIC. ON MY GOSH, WE SLEPT IN A HOTEL LAST NIGHT! A WEIRD ESTABLISHMENT CALLED "THE FAMILY INN." VERY WEIRD SINCE I'M ON MY 8TH HOUR OF MANSION FAMILY TAPES. IT WAS NICE EVEN THOUGH WE STILL HAD TO SLEEP ON THE FLOOR. EXCEPT THIS TIME WE GOT TO PAY \$31.95 FOR IT.-SUE

HUSTON, TX- THE DEEP PHAT

OK, THIS PHAT ASS CLUB WAS CALLED THE DEEP PHAT. I GUESS IT'S STREET LINGO. FOR THE WHITE PEOPLE...PHAT MEANS "COOL" OR IF YOUR FROM CALIFORNIA, IT MEANS "KAD." OK, WE GET TO DEEP PHAT AND IT WAS A GREAT PLACE AND I GOT TO DRINK VODKA AND CRANBERRY JUICE ALL NIGHT (EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T HAVE A YEAST INFECTION). YOU GO! THERE WERE THESE 2 REALLY HOT GIRLS AT THE SHOW AND THEY WERE SISTERS NAMED TRISHA AND ANNA. LATER TO BE NAMED ANNA BANANA. ALSO, TONIGHT WAS ROCKSTAR NIGHT CUZ WE GOT TO HANG OUT WITH SHAWN FROM TOTAL CHAOS CUZ HE WAS IN TOWN VISITING HIS MOM. NOW, EVERYONE THAT HATES TOTAL CHAOS SHOULD JUST STOP RIGHT NOW...CUZ THEY PLAY GREAT PUNK ROCK AND THEY ARE GREAT GUYS AND THEY GO! SO ME AND RENEE GET KISSED ON THE CHEEK AND HUGGED BY T.C SHAWN AND I THINK HE HAD A LITTLE COMER FOR RENEE. SO BACK TO THE SHOW. SOME BANDS PLAYED, AND THEN WE DID. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY KIDS DANCE IN OTHER SCENES. HERE IT REALLY SUCKED CUZ THIS ONE KID WAS A MEXICAN SKINHEAD AND I THINK THAT IN MEXICO THEY DANCE REALLY VIOLENT AND NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE ENJOY THIS SO IT WAS KINDA ANNOYING ESPECIALLY SINCE HE KEPT TRYING TO PUNCH ME IN THE FACE. HE CAME CLOSE, POKED MY FUCKING EYE AND I TOLD HIM TO STOP, HE DID...I WON. AND I MUST MENTION THAT THERE WERE QUITE A FEW COOL PUNK KIDS AT THIS EVENT.-MIKE

RENO, NV

PLANKS 77 AND BATTALION OF SAINTS PLAY A DINGY DARK BACKROOM OF A MEXICAN RESTAURANT. THERE'S A PRETTY DECENT TURNOUT FOR THE NIGHT. THE OPENING BAND IS A CROSS BETWEEN A THRASH PUNK BAND AND NO-FX. GO! PETE IS OUR HOST FOR THE EVENING. HE SETS US UP WITH A BIG OL' HOUSE, SOME SHITTY BEER, AND A CLASSIC "GOLF" VIDEO GAME FROM THE EARLY 70'S. THERE'S LOTS OF COOL PUNK KIDS HERE IN NEVADA. MIKE GETS INTERVIEWED BY SOME OF THEM AT THE END OF THE NIGHT. THERE'S NO TAPE RECORDER THOUGH AND HE HAS TO FILL OUT HIS ANSWERS BY HAND. BACK TO PETE. HE GOES UNDER THE ALIAS OF "THE STICKER GUY." HE MAKES GREAT VINYL STICKERS AT GOOD PRICES. FIND HIS ADDRESS ELSEWHERE IN THIS TRASH.-MIKE

MESA, AZ- THE WILE THEATRE

LONG ASS DRIVE #2. CHUGGIN UP AND DOWN A ZILLION RED AND ORANGE MOUNTAINS WITH THE MOTOR OF THE VAN MAKING AN AWFUL GAGGING SOUND ON THE WAY UP AND THE BRAVES SMELLING LIKE BURNING SHIT ON THE WAY DOWN. OF COURSE THE SUNSET WAS BEAUTIFUL PINK AND ORANGE SPLASHES, BUT WE ALL LOOKED AT IT WITH HALF CLOSED EYES GOING 75 MILES AN HOUR FRAMED BY METAL AND GLASS. WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO SEE THE COUNTRY! WE FINALLY GO THERE LATE AND UNLOADED WHILE THE FIRST BAND "SAM THE BUTCHER" PLAYED. THEY SUCKED REALLY BAD, BUT I WAS TOLD THAT THEIR SINGER WASN'T THERE, SO I GUESS I CAN'T JUDGE TOO HARDLY. GLASS MIRRORS WERE NEXT AND THEY WERE ROCK-A-BILLY WANNABE SORT OF. RENEE TALKED TO THE SID VICKIOUS LOOKING, TIGHT ASS PARTS WEARING, STRIPED SHIRT SPORTIN', SMACKED OUT GUITAR PLAYER. THEY GAVE



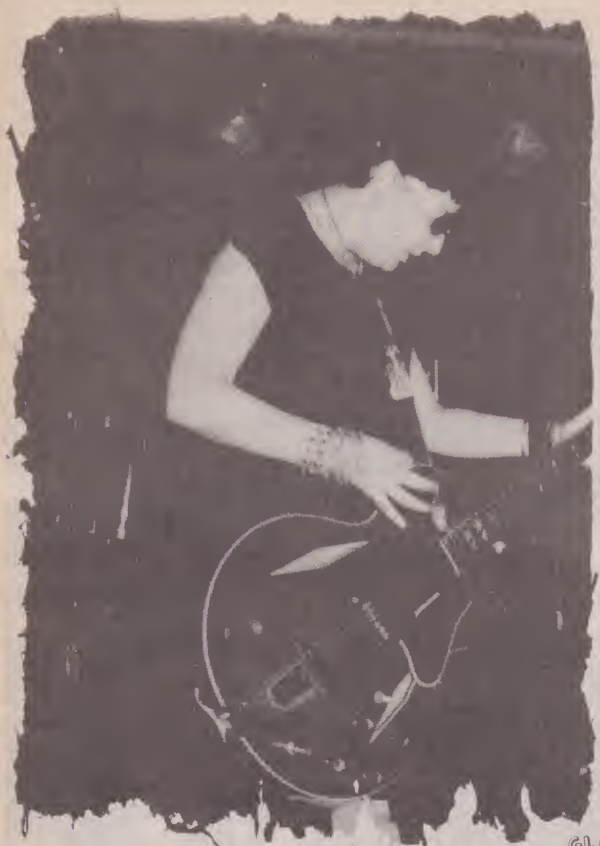
US A TAFE. I THOUGH THEIR LIVE SHOW WAS A LITTLE LACKING BUT THE VIDS SEEMED TO DIF IT. SO THEN THE SLANKS PLAYED THE SET AND THEY SOUNDED LIKE ALL GUITAR AND WHINEY FEEDBACK, I COULDN'T HEAR MUCH ELSE. SO MANY NAZI SKINHEADS! THEY SUCK, THEY WIN EVERYTHING. NO ONE WANTS TO DANCE NEAR THEM. I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THEM STOMPING AROUND, AND I KNOW THE SLANKS REALLY HATE PLAYING FOR THEM. APPARENTLY I WAS TOLD BY KAYLEE, A SKINHEAD GIRL, THAT PHOENIX IS NAZI SWIN DOMINATED. SHE WAS SWEET, OVER WEIGHT AND WEARING A BEER SPLATTERED T-SHIRT AND AN ENORMOUS PLAID SKIRT. SHE TOLD ME AND WINE THAT SHE WAS A PHONE SEX OPERATOR (HER NUMBER WAS 1-800-481RAFF) AND THAT WE COULD STAY IN HER APARTMENT. YES! A PLACE TO SHOWER OFF THE ROAD GRIME AND BEER. AFTER THE SHOW, THE CLUB TURNED INTO A GOTHIC/TECHNO RAVE DANCE PARTY. I ESCAPED TO THE VAN BUT, KENEE, WINE, SHAGGY AND TIM TRIED TO DANCE TO NUTZER EGG AND JOY DIVISION. THEY CAME BACK AND TOLD US ABOUT THE CRAZY FREAKS IN THERE: A JESUS PIST, NUNSOY, MISERABLE LOOKING CHICKS, ECT. THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE NIGHT WAS DEFINITELY OUTSIDE RIGHT BEFORE THE GOTHIC INVASION. WE HAD CONGREGATED ON THE SIDEWALK AND WERE SNAPPING PIX OF A.N.L GUITAR PLAYER, MAGOO (CHICKS) SINCE HE WAS LEAVING FOR ENGLAND THE NEXT DAY, WHEN WE SAW WINSTON A.N.L'S BASS PLAYER WITH HIS TONGUE RAMMED DOWN SOME DRUNK GIRLS THROAT. HE SAW US WATCHING THEM THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR AND HE HE LIFTED HER UP AND SQUASHED HER BIG NAKED ASS AGAINST THE DOOR. WE ALL STARTED LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY AND WINE RAN UP TO SIT UNDERNEATH THE GIRLS CYRATING BUTTOCKS WHILE WE ALL TOOK PICTURES.-SUE

SORONA, CA- SHOWCASE THEATRE



THIS WAS LIKE THE BEST SHOW OF THE TOUR BECAUSE ALL THE PUNKS AND SKINS. TOTALLY LIKE A GREAT NYC PUNK MATINEE LIKE WHEN THE SLANKS PLAY WITH THE CASUALTIES AND DYSFUNCTIONAL YOUTH. ANYWAY, THE CLUB SUCKS DICKS EVE WE CALLED 'EM UP ON THE WAY AND ASKED IF WE GET ANY FREE BEER AND THEY SAID "OH YEAH" SO WE SAY, "OH YEAH!" WE GET THERE, THERE'S ONE CASE OF BEER FOR SIX BANDS...WHERE'S THE VASELINE? SO I MEET ROB TOTAL CHAOS, MY SECOND TOTAL CHAOS MEMBER THIS FAR ON TOUR (SEE TEXAS), AND RE KENEE, AND TIM GO LOOKING FOR A BAK. WE FIND A SEAT-CLASSY SCHMOY BAR...COOL WE DRINK YOOBA AND CRANBERRY. WE SPENT ALOT OF TIME TALKING TO ROB CHAOS ABOUT GERMANY AND THEIR DIFFERENT CUSTOMS. THEY TREAT BANDS VERY WELL IN GERMANY. WHEN YOU PLAY A CLUB, YOU USUALLY ARRIVE AROUND 7PM. THEN THEY ASK IF YOU WANT TO EAT. THEY EITHER COOK OR ORDER OUT. THEN YOU SET UP AND PLAY. THEN THE SHOW IS OVER AND YOU DRINK ALL NIGHT AND SLEEP IN THE CLUB. COOL. THEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING AND THEY FEED YOU BREAKFAST AND GIVE YOU BEER AND SOBA FOR THE ROAD. WOW! THE SWEETTY STUFF ABOUT GERMANY:

1. THEY WANT BANDS TO PLAY FOR AN HOUR OR MORE.
 2. THE BEER IS ALWAYS FESS WARM.
 3. THE PIZZA IS SALTY AS FUCK! McDONALDS FRIES ARE SALTY AS FUCK!
 4. FOR BREAKFAST YOU GET SALTY GOLD BACON, ROLLS! CHEESE AND FATTENING SALADY. GROSS.
- SO YOU CAN TAKE THE GOOD, AND YOU CAN TAKE THE BAD. YOU GO BACK TO SORONA. A PUNK-AS-FUCK CHICK BAND PLAYED CALLED "SHAY-HER" AND THEY OPENED WITH "I WANNA FUCK MYSELF". BY GO ALLIN. THEY GO FOR SURE. THEIR 3 HOT PUNK CHICKS RIPPED THROUGH THRASHY SLUTTY PUNK ROCK TUNES. YES! YES! YES! SLANKS HIT THE STAGE TO BE GOWBARDED WITH CHANNEL 11 TV STATION CAMERAS. THEY SUPPOSELY ARE DOING A STORY ON PUNK. SO THEY ANNOY ME BY TURNING ON BRIGHT NIGHTS SO THEY COULD GET GOOD FOOTAGE. WINE ASKED THE VIDS IF THEY REALLY WANTED TO BE ON TV. MOST VIDS SAID NO! THAT'S PUNK. "CRUTLED PUNK OF THE NIGHT" GOES OUT TO SOME CRAZY ASS WHEEL CHAIRED HOT-HER FUCHER SLAMMING IN THE PIT. HIS GUY WAS GREAT! HE DID CIRCLE



PITS AND WHEELIES AND I HEAR HE'S GONNA SILKSCREEN A PLANKS 77 LOGO ON THE BACK OF HIS WHEELCHAIR. YES! YES! YES!-MIKE

AFTER THE SHOW I GOT IN A FIGHT WITH 2 DONKEY RETARDS THAT HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH BEER AND NOT ENOUGH SEX. THEY ASKED ME IF I GOT FUCKED BY ALL THE PLANKS AND WHEN I SAID NO THEY SAID "AWWW, 'CAUSE YOU KNOW YOUR GETTING ALL YOUR HOLES FILLED TONIGHT!" AT THAT POINT, I HAD IT WITH THOSE TWO SUGGIN ME FOR FREE T-SHIRTS AND THEN STARTING IN WITH THE SEXUAL SHIT. I LEAPT OVER THE TABLE, GRABBING THE FATTER, STUPIDER ONE BY THE SHIRT AND SCREAMED UNINTELLIGIBLE WORDS AT HIM "MOTHERFUCKER!" THEY JUST LAUGHED, WHICH MADE ME MADDER, SO I KEPT SCREAMING ALL MY PENT-UP FRUSTRATION AT THEM UNTIL THEY SAID "CHRIST GAZE, ARE YOU ON THE RAG?" AND WALKED AWAY. IT WAS THEN THAT A BUSINESS CARD WAS THROST IN MY FACE AND I FOUND OUT THAT THE WHOLE EXCHANGE HAD BEEN TAPED BY SOME FUCK FROM FOX11 AS PART OF PART OF THE LAME "PUNK DOCUMENTARY" THEY'RE DOING. SHIT. SO LOOK FOR ME ON TV AS A HAVING STRESSED OUT SCREECHING CHICK CLAWING AT TWO ASSHOLES AT THE SHOWCASE THEATRE. .THAT'S NOT PUNK. AFTER THAT WE DROVE TO KATON'S HOUSE (KATON ALLEY) AND FELL ASLEEP ON HIS FLOOR/PULL OUT BED THING. WE FOUND OUT THAT AFI WAS SUPPOSE TO BE COMING TO STAY THERE AS WELL.-SUE

SAN FRANCISCO, CA- TROCADERO SQUATTER PUNK CENTRAL! GO! THERE WERE A SEA OF MOWHAWKS AND EVERYONE HAD ATLEAST 1 INFECTED CRUSTY FACIAL PIERCING. THE SHOW WAS FREE, SO THE CRUSTY KIDS PEELED OFF 20 DOLLARS FROM THEIR SPARE CHANGE BEER MONEY, AND BOUGHT MERCHANDISE...LOTS OF IT! EVERYONE WAS VERY UPSET THAT WE ACTUALLY HAD THE NERVE TO CHARGE A AMOUNT FOR A TAPE, BLAH BLAH BLAH. PEOPLE IN THE PUNK CAPITAL OF THE WORLD SURE ARE PICKY. KRISTEN HELPED ME SUPPLY THE MASSES. I FINALLY MET TWO PEN PALS FROM SCOTLAND. ONE OF WHOM I WISH WASN'T SO HAPPILY MARRIED. I'D LOVE TO KIDE GIM WITH HIM. HIS WIFE WAS NEAT THOUGH. I'M

GLAD THAT IF IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ME, IT WAS HER. SOMETIME DURING THE WHELLIES, I SNEAKED OFF TO PEE. THE S-ROOM WAS JAM PACKED AS USUAL WITH PRIMPING CHIK AND PEOPLE SHOOTING SMACK

IN THE STALLS. I CLOSED MYSELF INTO A PISS SOAKED EMPTY ONE AS I HEAR 3 SWINHEADS START TO SCREECH AND YELL AT SOME GUY IN ONE OF THE STALLS. I COME OUT TO SEE 4 OR 5 BIG STURDY THICK THIGHED SWIN- BEASTS COMING THEIR SIDELOCKS AND LOUDLY COMPLAINING THAT GUYS SHOULDN'T USE THE GIRLS BATHROOM! EVEN FUCK...WHO CARES? I THINK. AS I RUSH OUT THE DOOR TO PRACTICALLY COLLIDE WITH DRUNKEN MIKE WHO HAD BEEN THE EVIL BOY VIOLATION THEIR STALL! HE SHOULD'VE TOLD 'EM HE WAS IN A BAND. ANYWAY THE SHOW WENT GREAT EXCEPT FOR:

1. ASSHOLE BOUNCERS WHO SNARLED AT ME WHEN I THREW AN EMPTY 3 LITER BOTTLE OF CORE NEAR A GARBAGE CAN.
2. HAVING TO SAY GOODBYE TO ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE. WE WILL MISS THEM, THEY GO.
3. THERE WAS A BIG OL' BARRICADE BETWEEN THE STAGE AND THE CROWD WHICH MIKE WAS STANDING ON AND WHEN HE TRIED TO GO BACK HE TRIPPED ON THE MONITOR AND BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIS KNEE. BUT OF COURSE, THE END OF THE SHOW HADDA END WITH MIKE CRASHING INTO THE DRUM SET. PUNKY PUNK.-SUE

SEATTLE, WA
FIRST OFF, IT DIDN'T RAIN. NOT A BUMMER. FUCKIN' MIKE SMELLY GIVES US A 21+ SHOW EVEN THOUGH MIKE TALKS TO HIM FOR HOURS ABOUT HOW WE DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANY 21+ SHOWS. FUCK HIM! ANYWAY THE OFF RAMP IS A SHIFTY BAR LOCATED OFF A HIGHWAY RAMP. WELL, THEY GOT BIG OL' FUCK SOFAS HERE, AND ELEPHANT BAR STOOLS. DON'T WORRY WE TOOK ONE. 2 BANDS OPENED THE SHOW. FLOOD SUCKS AND AIN'T...THEY SUCK TO BUT THE GIRL SINGER WILL TAKE THEM TO THE TOP OF ALTERNATIVE NATION DUE TO HER CUTE GIRLY FIGURE AND SLOWJOB LIPS. ON TO THE PLANKS: THEY PLAYED THEIR USUAL LIST OF ANARCHY AND MAYHEM TO A HANDFUL OF GRUNGE PUNKS AND SKINS. NOT BAD FOR SEATTLE. ANYWAY, IT WINDS UP A NICE YOUNG LADY BY THE NAME OF KATRINA (NOT OF KATRINA AND THE WAVES) IS BOOKING ALL AGES SHOWS IN THE CITY OF SEATTLE AS WELL AS BOOKING TOURS FOR BANDS. PLANKS 77 WILL CALL HER ON THEIR NEXT VENTURE TOWARDS WASHINGTON STATE. A BIG SHOUT OUT GOES TO LAURA WHO ALLOWED US THE PLEASURE OF SLEEPING AT THEIR HOME THAT EVENING. SHE'S A FRIEND FROM JERSEY WHO MOVED TO SEATTLE FOR GOD KNOWS WHAT REASON.-MIKE

SOULDER, CO
I AIN'T GO NO TIME! SOULDER COLORADO GO'S. EVERYONE IS FROM DENVER THOUGH. A BUNCH OF KIDS WERE GO PLANKS ON THEIR LEATHER AND HOMEMADE PLANKS PATCHES, PUNK! 2 GREAT BANDS OPENED UP THE SHOW. CLUSTERFUCK HAVE 2 SINGERS. ONE GUY AND ONE GAL THAT'LL FUCK YOU UP IN A SHOUTIN' MATCH ANY DAY O' THE WEEK. THEY WERE KINDA LIKE GOOD OL' NAUSEA. NOT BAD AT ALL. NEXT UP CAME UP YOURS! THEY HAD THE BEST LEOPARD PRINT BACKDROP I'VE EVER SEEN. YOU GO! NOW ONTO THE BIG EVENT.-MIKE

MIKE KELLY SAVED THE BEST SHOW FOR LAST! ALL THE KIDS LOVED THE PLANKS AND KNEW EVERY WORD TO EVERY SONG. EVERY SONG HAD FISTS IN THE AIR, BOUNCING SPIRES AND KIDS GRABBING THE MIKE AND TRYING TO TACKLE EACH OTHER AT EVERY TURN. THE PLANKS PLAYED THE BEST SHOW YET!-SUE



The Blue Bloods



Beer Olympics or Bust



8/27- 9:00pm- After getting stuck in traffic on the way to meet the other guys, TJ and I finally make it to Norwood where the kick ass conversion van awaits. This thing is a fucking beauty. It's not cramped at all. It has a DVD player in it and we adjusted watched the Darkbuster DVD. We all thought it was funny that Lenny (from Darkbuster) said in their "The Life We lead" interview that TJ, when he plays, dances really gay. We all agree that he does. Right now we're watching The Jerk. It's a fucking classic. We're right outside of Hartford, CT and there is more traffic and gridlock. It's

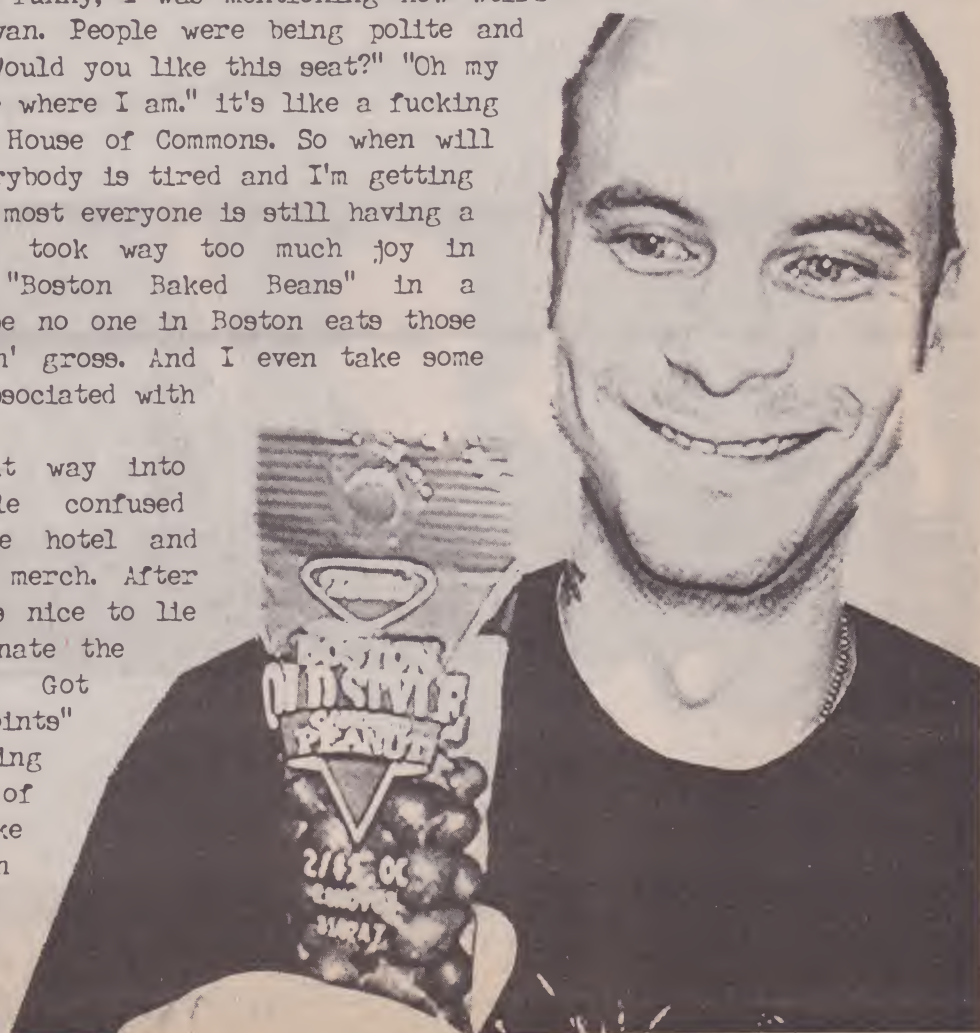
about 20 hours to Atlanta and we're all driving in 3 hour shifts. The next ones will probably be me or Tim since neither of us are hitting the Bud Lights.

8/28- 9:02am- Right now we're somewhere in N. Carolina. We drove straight through the night. First it was Greg and Timmy, then Jim drove and I rode shotgun. Man, it seems like a million years ago. Then I drove for 2 hours until the sun came up just as we drove through Richmond, VA. It's funny, I was mentioning how weird the dynamic was in the van. People were being polite and courteous to each other "Would you like this seat?" "Oh my no, I perfectly comfortable where I am." it's like a fucking tea party at the British House of Commons. So when will the shit hit the fan? Everybody is tired and I'm getting a little testy myself. But, most everyone is still having a blast, myself included. I took way too much joy in discovering a bag of "Boston Baked Beans" in a convenient store. Of course no one in Boston eats those damn things..they're fuckin' gross. And I even take some offense to Boston being associated with some candy coated nut.

4:50pm- We just made out way into Atlanta. After a little confused navigating we found the hotel and loaded in our gear and merch. After 20+ hours in the van it's nice to lie down, clean up and eliminate the dreaded SWAMPASS!! Got

directions to "Little 5 Points"

which I remember as being the "punk rock" section of town. I'm going to take care of some business then jump over there to check out some of the record shops. The other guys said that they're



going out for some beers and I'm going to meet up with them a little later.

8/28- Midnight- So after I took care for my "personal business" and I called up the guys. I went and met up with them at Little 5 Points' answer to the eternal question "Where do all the old washed up metal heads in Atlanta go to play?" With Zeppelin and Def Leppard blaring from the jukebox all of the other guys got their buzz on. Unfortunately Jim, the drummer, having not eaten much, got a little too buzzy and ended making out with the nastiest toilet in Atlanta. TJ and I escorted him back to the hotel and patched up the finger he had cut on the broken nasty toilet. We left him with some water, a bucket and a towel. When he wakes up he's going to fucking stink! He puked all over himself...yeah. We re-join the boys and now some crappy rock band is playing. Of course after a bunch of Heinekens all of the Bluebloods are rockin' out to this band who is doing GNR covers and similar sounding originals. Greg and I decide to pack it in and are hotel bound. Timmy, Anthony, Tony and TJ go to another bar across the street called the "Star Bar". I just realized that I woke up at 7am yesterday and I'm just now going to bed and



the MASQUERADE

8/29

BEER
OLYMPICS
2003
FRI & SUN

•PURG•

•WELL•



midnight....That means that I've been awake almost 41 hours. It is no wonder I am hallucinating.

8/29- I woke up today at about 10 o'clock. Man, it's amazing what 10 hours of sleep will do for a guy. I grabbed my zines and went with Greg back down to Little 5. None of these fucking shops wanted to buy any. Fuck! I was hoping for some money since my funds are slim. I spent an hour or so and dug up some goods finds. I got a West Side Boys 7", the first Soilent Green 7" and some other risk records. I went back to the hotel and met up with the other guys. Timmy had gotten up at like 6 o'clock and

went to some artsy fartsy gym down the street and the rest of the guys were milling around and smoking some cheeba. I ran next dorr to this great vegetarian restaurant and got some killer food! All 7 of us went back to Little 5, because there wasn't anything else to do, and grabbed a bite at The Vortex. Right now we're getting ready for the show and what not. The venue is called The Masquerade and some guy I talked to said that it is like down stairs at The Middle East. Like an 600 capacity? I'm starting to see lots of kids coming in the town for the festival. At The Vortex we see a cute skin bird that has come down from Boston. The Highland Inn, our hotel, is where allot fo the bands are staying and we chat with some of them. It should be a good show.

8/30- 10:15am- It was a great night last night! Here we go. After watching IT and getting ready for the show, we took the whole convoy to The Masquerade. This place was huge! I guess it was, at one time, a cotton mill. It has 3 huge rooms. The upstairs room, which was the Beer Olympics room, was the biggest and could probably hold 800-900 kids.



So we got there, set up the merch, loaded in and hung out. Met some really cool people. I met Gordon and Eddie of Patriot, who I love. I guess they're doing a reunion tour? All of the bands that played before The Blue Bloods were good but none of them blew me away. Though past years Beer Olympics have had big names (AF, The Business), this year's was much smaller and the headliners were The Anti-Heroes. The Blue Bloods, of course,



kicked some major ass! They were a definite change from the other bands and have a pretty unique sound. They've got something really great going for them whether they know it or not. Of course me and Tony took some great pics and joined the boys for a rounding version of SSD's hardcore classic "Glue". Oh yeah and we met up with this 'cool skinbird from Boston. I've seen her at a bunch of shows and she's really cool. The rest of the night was awesome. There were lots of kids there.....probably 300-400. It was definitely an all-you-can-drink affair so I got really fucked up on some water. I also noticed that there are a shitload' so skinheads here. Boston has allot but, there is such a bigger skin scene in Atlanta. Lots of crops and neck tattoo's and Fred Perry's as far as the eye can see. After the Blue Bloods played there was The Boils and Pressure Point, whop were really good but didn't get me pumped. Then the fucking Anti-Heroes rocked the house!!! They played a shitload of my favorite songs, but didn't play Sieg Hail to Santa.....damn! Afterwards we got paid, sold some merch and got the fuck out of dodge. Of course we were accompanied by some lovely young ladies

The Anti-Heros

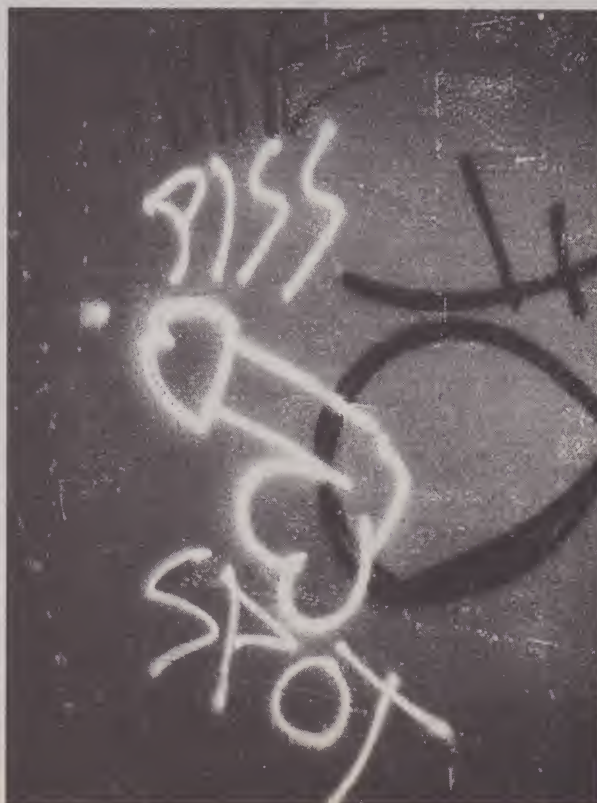




whom Anthony had wrangled up at the last minute. I hung out with Jym and Tony and we jumped over to the 24 hour Majestic Diner and had waffles, eggs and the like. Jym tried his first spoonful of grits. We headed back to the hotel and hung out in the hall with some kids until 4am. One of whom was in The Whiskey Rebels, who we will play with today in Augusta. Just as I was leaving I ran into Tommy The Terrible who is shitfaced and didn't recognize me, even though I've seen/talked to him at numerous shows. We're also playing with his band Tommy and The Terrors today. Right now I'm going to get up, get packed, and go grab a bite to eat.

8/31- Noon- After I woke up and grabbed something to eat at The Majestic Diner while the rest of the guys ate some high end brunch at the French restaurant next to the hotel. Their bill was like \$60. Check out was at 11am but we didn't leave the hotel until like 4pm. We all hung out on the stoop of the hotel for a like 3 hours....BOOORING! Anthony hung out with his new

lady friend. He's in love and wants to have babies with her. We drank iced coffee and talked with some kid from W. Virginia who said that there were no punks in his town. That must suck. Eventually we packed up the car and started driving towards Augusta, GA. I don't think I've mentioned the heat yet. Oh shit..the FUCKIN HEAT! It's so oppressive that you don't want to move, you don't want to talk....you don't want to do anything. We're on our way to Augusta. It's raining and stopping, then raining again. It's sooo fucking humid and hot. Luckily our mansion on wheels has Antarctica style air conditioning. We are following The Whiskey Rebels and we pull into where the club is and it's like (as Jym says) "The Day Of The Comet". There are a shitload of these empty store fronts and the ones that actually have businesses in them, are all closed. It's a huge empty town. The Capri Theatre (where the show is) was an old porn theatre that was closed like 15 years ago for showing bestiality. Of course I got all of this information 2nd hand so I'm not sure how much of it is true. It's a little shithole dive. It has no ventilation and it's just fucking nasty. There is no bathroom either. so everyone pisses out behind the building at the "piss spot"(see pic). Also, what we all though was interesting was that you can drink outside in Augusta. Right out in the open. Weird. It was barren when we got there but after we came back from eating, the place had kids lined up around the corner. It was pretty cool. The first couple of bands were OK but not great. Tony fell in love with a man. And in Tony's defense, he/she was really ugly. The Decrepits were on third and they





were wicked good. Definitely a redneck punk band, in every way. It was so hot in there that I just listened at the loading door. The Blue Bloods rocked the house. Allot of kids left after The Decrepit but there was still a bunch of cool kids that stayed. And the midget,oh the midget. This dude was bad ass. He was taking people out at the knees. After the BB's I took a nap. I know, it sucks that I missed the Whiskey Rebels and Tommy and The Terrors but I though I was going to be driving right after the show, so I wanted to be well rested. When I woke up, everyone was loading their gear in. Anthony (Don Quan) was making it with some young lap slut, who I guess was originally from Boston. She jumped in the van while we were leaving and she was definitely trying to hitch a ride with us. Of course, none of us were havin' it and KICKED HER THE FUCK OUT! Timmy's buddies Eric and Rob hooked us up with a shower at their hotel before we hit the road. Note: The Hotels in the south are so cheap. I think they got a double for like \$30. 9/1- 3:00pm- Right now we are getting close to New Jersey. We've been driving for like 12 hours straight. The trip is almost done and I've had a blast. It the closest thing to a vacation I had all summer. And also, as a side note, When I left Boston I had only \$50. I went the whole trip and I still have \$10 left. Right now we're watching "Barfly" and "Desperado". You know we're Boston bound. The End- Pat -The FNS Guy-



S.W.A.T

7/7- Cambridge, MA@ The All Asia w/Jeepers H
Crackers, Ransom Note, and Shot Dead
7/10- Richmond, VA@ The Nanci Raygun w/The
Teen Tragedies CANCELLED LAST MINUTE
7/16- Philadelphia, PA@ The Robot House w/Are
You Fucking Serious (VA), Triple Eagle (VA),
The Bugs (Philly)
7/19- Queens, NY@ The Red Zone w/Black Casket,
and The Flying Bobbyz
7/21- New York, NY@ The Continental w/Police
and Thieves (UK), and Amazing Mustang Boy
7/23- Richmond, VA@ The Nanci Raygun w/Sam
Mura, and Sciflyer



NICK **JOHN** **RICH**

7/9- And so it begins..leavin' for tour after playing 3 rockin' shows in MA really pumps you up to ROCK FACE in other cities. June 28th Juice Bar show rocked hard with Jeepers H. Crackers. ADD and My Time, even though I was sportin' a nasty 101.7 fever. I still drove 2 hours to rock out to the Cape kids. Awesome scene out there in Orleans. July 3rd O'Brien's show for ABFree Radio rocked-hard courtesy of SWAT, Kermit's Finger, The Blue Bloods, and One Half So Precious. Awesome Bands. July 7th was the "goodbye" show at The All Asia. JHC. Shot Dead and Ransom Note got down and dirty with SWAT and friends.

So here we are in Richmond, VA! After a smokey ride down through NY, it seemed like there was a toll every 5 minutes! Damn road scam. It's 10 hours after leaving Walpole where we picked up roadie extraordinaire Bill Jones 'round 3:30. Right now we are rockin' the Super 8 in Ashland, VA. The Nanci Raygun show is tomorrow and should rock house. We had 2 last minute cancellations in Kentucky and Ohio. We will have 5 extra days of nothing. It looks like we will venture home and go back out again, but who know where we will end up in the next few days. The Road Trip begins bitch. Johnny 3:39am early 7/10.

Got picked up in the "Primetime" tour bus. Boston to 12 miles outside of Richmond, VA. I have no more lungs. Watched Cheech and Chong. Bord and Shaft. The Delarocca Brothers are more insane than a weather less weathervane and John Marcant is the captain of this weird vessel.-Bill



James

7/10- To Whom it may concern. Nothing like a dip in the pool after a free continental breakfast. Hotel rooms and cigarettes are cheaper down here. I bought a carton myself...\$21.49. Tonight we hit the Naci Raygun and word on the street is that there is an "All You Can Eat" buffet next door. Say what you will about America, the accommodations are great. All I need is 7 wives, and I would call myself a king. Today will be a day to remember. I can smell it. M.I.L.F's everywhere. Love, Nick.

I got 2 hours of sleep last night. I slept on the floor. The last thing in my mind last night was the fact that in Asia, during the winter, families will cover their beloved Bonsai trees with wigs made from the hair of their ancestors. The much anticipated buffet materialized itself in the form of 10 Krispy Kremes and an equal amount of cups of tea with no sugar. As the Primetime rolled on towards the Nanci Raygun it occurred to me that I was on a sort of mission from the almighty presence to systematically tear the face off of this metropolitan antiquity the commonwealth recognizes as Richmond, VA. Just then everything turned French. This was the land of China buffets, homeless entrepreneurs and gothic kids not interested in the show. There were many weird women. Some with interesting underwear, taped posters to telephone poles as if a great Daddy-Longlegges had cut itself shaving and we had been sent as healing agent. The business of what transpired in the early evening hours is a mystery to me. To no avail to show just didn't happen. The next order was to fall in love with the bar. I had done so earlier in the day. After attending a Joi 'a du Vie in the alley, we clumsily frolicked upon cobblestones to find walking in my direction a M.I.L.F. I could have died and I should have. A wise man once said "Ye who rocks the Primetime, can do no wrong, furthermore perchance thou's biggest problem is to jam to Scissorfight or freak to the Santana more on the van's television, if ye doesn't have it, too fucking bad."-Bill

7/11- Head back to Boston after last minute cancellations in Midwest. Rocked it at home for 4 days before we ventured to Philly.

7/15- Headed to Philly not knowing anything about the show, like what time it was at or who was playing. So we roll up to the place at like 8pm. It's in West Philly, and it's in a rough area of town. Abandoned buildings everywhere, but some really cheap semi-good beer called Yueng-ling. That's mostly what the punk rockers were rockin' out there. So we roll up to the house and we were totally greeted and treated to staying the night and getting fed by the wicked cool people who live there. There was Guenavie, a wicked cool tattooed chick who let us in, let us stay the night, and showed us around Philly. We smoked the "la Joia du vre" and drank beers all night till Bill dressed himself backwards in clothes from a free clothes bin, and started dancing backwards. I had to pass out after laughing so much.-Johnny

7/16- Rise at noon and rock Philly during the day. We got the tour from Genavie, putting our CD in 3 record stores in the city and rockin free waffle fries at Tattoo Mom's on South St. At night we rocked the basement of the house we were staying at. The Robot



House. It was a sick party, full of punks drinking Yueng-ling till they puke. Bill was drunk before the second band played, and the basement we rocked was like 100 degrees. We rocked a sick set and met some cool peeps in the VA bands. Are You Fucking Serious?, and Triple Eagle were wicked cool and so were the Bugs from Philly, who sounded like Primus and Black Flag on crack...Sabbath too. We partied a little more, packed the fan and rocked 95 north. We crashed in NJ at Econolodge for like 50 bucks or something. Wake up the 17th and drive to NY. We rocked Battery Park and walked around a small part of the city all stoned. We rocked Brooklyn with Richs friends Hope and Martin. Fuck Yeah!-Johnny

7/18- We rocked Philly and Philly Rocked. Everyone at the Robot House was cool. They let us crash there and served up the best scones I've had in a long time. Nice people. We rolled into New York to meet some more cool people. Beach party tonight. Freaks everywhere. Break Your Neck. We'll see just how long this island actually is.-Nick

7/19- Lots of bands. \$10 to get in, and they didn't pay us. We also had this 16 year old girl trying to tell us that she knew where you could get a pack of smokes in Boston for \$3.50. We told her she was out of her mind.-Rich

7/21- I wanna be part of it. New York, New York. Freakouts on the beach. 24 hour convenience stores with beer and fried chicken and subs. Lincoln Towncar, bar cars and hot wings at 4am. I woke up in the city that never sleeps, and boy was I hung over. Gonna rock Manhattan tonight, should be sick. Bill Jones' birthday bash was fun, rocked out wicked had! Drinking beers at a street hockey game, then rockin' soda for beers, pool and food. A 10 dollar townear ride later. We rocked neck later at Sweetwaters. We met up with our pals from Philly and partied for some hours. Late night 40 piece wing plate and a 2 liter of soda later we passed out, only to wake up hung over and with violent diarrhea. Awesome Yeah!-Jonny
It's a small world after all. We've seen people we know from all over. First we saw Guenivere from Philly, then we ran into our buddy Nick Atkins from our hometown. Jon's dad came down to see the show. Hope and Martin were there. A band from London opened for us. It seems that in this endless saga that is life, the same characters keep popping up much like Shakspeare. Weather it is a tragedy or comedy, has yet to be determined.-Nick-



I haven't written in this book in a long time.

We're somewhere in Delaware. 12pm wake and bake. A recap and highlights of the past is in order.

I remember leaving Massachusetts and driving to Philadelphia. John drives like an avid Nascar fan. We are now in The Fresh turf. The place is called "The Robot House". We partied in their house until 5am and smoked my lungs blue. Woke up the next day to a girl named Guenivere offering me some gourmet scones. After we ate them she told us that they were from a dumpster..so I said "let's party". The day was filled with marijuana, chinese food, and sitting around. Then people started showing up. There were lesbians, militant lesbians...and bike messengers. The show was in the basement. All the bands rocked. "The Bugs" and "Are You Fuckin' Serious". During SWAT's set there was weird weed in the crowd, and on stage yet again. The first night of many to come where I drank far too much. I slept next to a bucket of condoms on a piss scented floor. Next stop NYC. In Brooklyn we stayed at Martin and Hope's, wicked fuckin' cool people and free beer. On July 19th we drove to Long Island for a party. It was raining and I'd been drinking since about 12. The party started in a tunnel under the highway. Only those who persevered made their way to the beach. A bonfire broke out, a DJ happened, and a keg of beer occurred. The night went on and I started to think about what time it was. A small party set out for the Primetime. We smoked some weed just after 4am. John and Rich stayed in the hotel room on wheels and watched Cheech and Chong movies until the wee hours. While I found myself wondering back to the beach to seduce a Russian beauty I had met. I guess you could call her my "Soviet Obligation". Her husband Vladimir had passed out so I took over. As I walked along the beach (keep in mind, I'd been drinking for 15 hours) I had a conversation that riveted no other. Because this girl only spoke some english, she could tell I was sooo drunk. We walked on the beach and watched the sunrise. Russian Girl: "Isn't the sunrise romantic?" Me: "Yeah, wicked fuckin' intense. It freaks me out." At about 8:30am we really started drinking. Nick was mumbling to himself. I was standing on a keg with stolen shoes. Martin was delirious. We weren't so much as drinking at that point. We were using alcohol as a hardcore drug. I took a shit in the ocean, and the DJ played on. The party ended at 1pm. I had seen naked women in the ocean, in the rain. I had eaten sand, and twinkies, and orange Powerade...only to puke in the salt water. Good party.

SWAT also played a show at "The Red Zone" in Queens. Couldn't drink, couldn't think. Good show though. Some dudes did Misfits covers. SWAT rocked. The next day was my birthday. To my best recollection we sat around for a while, smoked some weed and drank some fine Brooklyn Lager. We went to a street hockey tournament in Manhattan, drank beer and passed out flyers, stickers, and pins to guys and chicks. After the game we went to "The Soda Bar". Loud, funny, obnoxious, beer swilling, pizza eating, cigarette smoking, pool playing good time. After that "Sweet Water" for more drinks. I got a free bottle of Budweiser for my birthday. We ended the night smoking tons of weed and eating chicken fingers at 4am. Next thing, I think was the show at "The Continental". Fuckin' awesome! SWAT rocked the house. I bought a big Budda glass pipe on St Marks and we smoked herb in the van in front of the show and videotaped it. English weirdo a foot! SWAT rocks the face! -Bill

7/24- Man, how many times have I driven through Newark. This highway looks like The Jetsons and Mad Max at the same time. This was a well needed vacation and I had a fuckin' blast. We smoked face everywhere and practically had a beer sponsor in Brooklyn, NY. Life is fuckin' strange. But we got a CD player and a carton of cigarettes. Freak your face off! -Nick



END-EXPERIMENT



5 12 03 9:45 AM Montclair, VA

Last night's show was a knockout. We drove to D.C. to find the venue locked and no sign of a show going on. At least we got to hang around waiting in a choice neighborhood. What a bunch of B.S. That's alright, though. Tonight we will rock like Save By Zero.

5 13 03 12:45 AM Chapel Hill, NC

We just finished playing. This place is called The Skylight Exchange. Some guy named Jeremy hosted a trivia night starting at 9:00. My guess is about 40-50 people showed up. Then we played at 11:00. When we were ready to start there were maybe 20-25 people. 5 minutes later about 15. A couple more minutes we're down to 5-10. Whatever.

A guy's boring me with an acoustic guitar right now. Some guy here with a southern accent and a USA t-shirt seemed to really like us. I heard him telling Matt and Chris that he knew what we were talking about. He said we were talking about how we're all being controlled. During the set Ants said something about Chris being a puppet of G.W. Bush. I think that gave the guy his theory. Anyway, we're heading over to someone's house to sleep. He was some guy at the show. Chris said he seemed a little shady. We'll see. Shady alert.

5 13/03 8:30 AM Chapel Hill, NC

Just showered. This is my third journal entry. The one I did two days ago was the first one of my life. Writing like this has always been in the back of my mind, but it always seemed kind of stupid. Not sure why. I'm liking it a lot, though. Last night Matt and Chris were watching me write and giggling.

9:00 AM Chapel Hill, NC- I was hanging out on this guy's porch and writing when Ants showed up. I think he had walked somewhere to try and find out if he has strep throat. They said he doesn't. Hopefully I won't get sick. I had to share

a bed with him last night and he was coughing a lot. Right now I'm chilling at a coffee shop, Caribou Coffee. This place is huge. It's nice and quiet right now. Good thing school just let out. Otherwise this place might be filled with UNC kids. Anyway, I officially quit drinking coffee a few weeks ago. Took me weeks to wean myself off. I kept drinking a little less every day. I've quit in the past, but it never really worked. Hard to deal with the terrible headaches. I thought I finally quit coffee for good. I was wrong, since I'm drinking a cup right now. It tasted so good. I'd probably be more disappointed with myself if I wasn't so happy right now. Sometimes chilling out with a cup of coffee is so fucking nice. Alright. What the fuck am I doing? Babbling about coffee. Anyway, this guy last night turned out not to be too shady. He was really nice. His house was about 30 seconds from the club. He rearranged his living room to make enough room for two full-size pullout beds. He gave us blankets, pillows, towels, and told us to help ourselves to any of his food. He said he was showing us "southern hospitality." Sounds great to me. I only slept about 3 hours. I woke up at about 6:00. Being the pig that I am, the first place I headed was his kitchen. Last night, Washington (that's the dude's name) told us he made a spicy rice thing that we could eat. It was sitting in a rice cooker. I microwaved some, and ate it out on the porch. It was damn good. Tasted like rice, maybe olive oil, and some kind of spices. It was very spicy, but really good. I had to hunt for something to get rid of the aftertaste, so luckily he had some plain tortillas in the refrigerator. "Southern hospitality" is great. Confederate flags are not great. I don't get the whole confederate flag thing. Someone was telling us yesterday that a high school not too far from here has tons of them hanging from the kids' cars. Do those kids actually know what the confederate flag stands for? If I have to guess, I'm going to say sort of. Maybe it can be compared to the little 15 year old punk kids I see wearing shirts of bands like The Ramones, The Sex Pistols, or Black Flag. Some of those kids probably just do it to fit in and look the same as their friends. They might not even know what those bands sounded like. Some probably have some CD's and think the stuff is sweet without knowing what the bands were about. Maybe some of them really get the whole thing. I don't know. So, as for the whole confederate flag thing, it's more a family heritage type deal. Hmmm...That made me think of a big difference with my little comparison. Usually kids that start dressing in their "punk gear" do it to break away from family type crap. If anyone besides me ever reads this shit, they should understand that I fully understand that I may not know what I'm talking about here. Wait...Fuck that. I think I know what I'm talking about. Got to stand by my thoughts a little more. OK. So...To sum this all up: Confederate flags are fucking stupid. THAT WAR ENDED A LONG TIME AGO! Kids in their "punk gear" make me laugh. Kids that are open to NEW things, creative, tolerant, etc. make me happy to be alive. Especially when we meet them at our shows. And...The Sex Pistols are just not cool. Had to get that one out on paper. Historically important, yes. Influential to a lot of great people, yes. (Also influential to a lot of

god awful people.) But come on. They really do suck. Especially Johnny Rotten. What a piece of shit that guy is.

5 14 03 12:15 AM Winder, GA

Tonight's show was pretty awesome. Sort of. There was hardly anyone there, but it was a memorable night at least. The place is called 106 West in a small town called Winder, GA. This place was a church for close to century, and a year or two ago this guy converted it into a music performance space. He runs it with his 2 daughters and a few others. They're all very nice people. One of his daughters, Sarah, is beautiful. She played some solo, acoustic songs before we performed. The audience was the guy, his 2 daughters, 2 other girls that help out at the place, the guy's sister, his father (a World War 2 veteran who has many interesting stories and believes we should be at war whenever possible), and 2 black girls who stayed for maybe 2/3 of the set. Ants was very professional tonight. I was proud of the boy. He had good enough judgement to tone everything down just a little. He even kept his jacket on for the whole set. The song "Your Teenage Daughter Will Commit Suicide" I announced was called "Your Teenage Daughter Likes Candy Canes." The line in "Dr. TV" tonight "You are the only *genius* between us" instead of *penis*. We were extra gay tonight, but in a stupid way instead of a homosexual way. It was very G-rated. I had fun, though. We played good, the few people that were there seemed to really like us, plus the room sounded awesome. I fucking love the sound of hitting drums in a room like that. He's letting us spend the night here. We've been galavanting around for a few hours now. Really good guy. Hope everything works out for him with this place. He seems to be struggling with it money-wise.

5 15 03 8:10 PM Pompano Beach, FL

Goddammit! This band is playing covers of Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, Black Sabbath, etc. That pretty much tells me that kids will be nowhere

near this place. I'm chilling on a skate ramp. This is a skatepark we're playing. The rest of the band just sat down next to me. The car rides on this tour have been funny. Yesterday Matt had awesome gas most of the trip. Today I took over for him. It was pretty terrible.

Last night our show was in Atlanta, GA. The show was PISS POOR. The only person there was the soundman. At one point he left and there was actually zero people in the whole room except for us. There was something funny about it in a way. We fucked around on all the songs. It was the remix set. Atlanta was cool though. I bought some sweet clothes for almost nothing at a Salvation Army. Ants took off to visit Coca-Cola World. It was funny. He was so excited about it. He acted just like an 8 year old when they go to Disney World for the first time. I think they let him in for free since he was broke and so excited about it. I thought the people in Georgia had nice accents. Alright. I got to go unpack my drums now.

5 20 03 12:15 PM Denton, TX

Holy shit! Finally. Some alone time. It's been way too long. I love these guys, but I need some time away. I'm sure they feel the same way.



I wanted to write every day of this trip, but I really don't like writing when the other guys are watching me. They think I'm talking shit about them. Or writing shit about them. Anyway, let me do my best to remember some things about the last 4 or 5 days. Friday the 16th was the Tampa show. When we first got to the place hopes were not too high. It was a large bar/restaurant with an outdoor patio where the bands were supposed to play. Not the kind of place our band is used to having good shows at. If we played outdoors at a place like this in Boston we'd probably freak out a lot of people and get shut off pretty quickly. Actually, it's not too likely we'd play a place like this in the first place. I still had hopes for the show. The guy who helped me get us on it, Russ, is in a band called Timversion. Zippergirl, our old band, played a show with them near Boston a few years ago. I remember they were a loud punk hardcore type of band, so I figured he wouldn't expect we were a lighter, more customer friendly band. Anyway, it turned out my logic was correct. It was a pretty cool show. A bunch of people were into it and a lot of people who had no plans to watch the bands came close to stare at the crazy guy with tits gyrating on the floor. We actually got paid well too. At least well for us. The band fund was getting down to zero, so that show helped a lot. I liked Tampa overall. There was a terrible yuppie area near the venue, but we drove around and found some awesome stuff. Before the show I went with Matt and Chris to find this Cuban restaurant in a spanish speaking area. The place kicked ass. The food was great, fast, and really cheap. The next day we went around the same area and found a Mexican restaurant that was amazing. I'd seriously eat at each of those places 3 or 4 times a week if I lived in Tampa. Someone told me Tampa's known for having the most strip clubs in an American city. Not really my thing, but that's cool. The next day we headed to Ocala, FL. I had a great feeling about this show. Almost all the people in Tampa said the same thing. "Why are you playing Ocala? There's nothing there. You should've played in Gainesville instead." Hearing enough people say this, plus the fact that the Ocala show was all-ages, made me happy. If most people don't bother to play in Ocala, then there's going to be a lot of bored kids wanting to have fun at a show. The place was really cool. It was called K & K Studios and owned by an older woman from Greece. She was very nice and liked to talk. She called us her little yankee band. There were probably about 30 people there when we played. 5 or 10 of them got scared and ran away. Most of the people who stayed were flipping out. A bunch of them said it was the best or craziest show they'd ever seen.

This is a big subject change here, but girls are confusing. At the Ocala show there were 3 different girls who I thought were amazing. 2 of them worked there, and 1 of them used to work there. I was talking gabbing/flirting/or whatever you want to call it with each of them at some point in the night. I think I'm just way too shy. I don't really get it. I wouldn't find it so weird if I didn't see so many girls just



flocking to certain other people. Maybe I should start talking nonstop about things that make zero sense, never actually happened, and drive everyone else nuts. Hmm...I don't see myself doing that. I guess I'll just have to keep hoping that some girls like quiet, serious, boring guys. Alright. Next show, the 18th, was Pensacola, FL. A coffeehouse called The End of The Line. A very cool place. A bunch of vegan/vegetarian food, computers for public use, and loud music. No one was there because of the Sunday night unknown band thing, but the place was pretty sweet. We hung out on the beach for a few hours. Matt had an awesome time. Ants got his feet bit by fire ants. Chris stuffed his face with Taco Bell. I walked around the boardwalk and had an overpriced piece of pizza while watching a terrible cover band. After the show we drove about 3 hours and stopped at a cheap hotel in Slidell, LA. It was nice. A couple of blood and/or cum stains adds a lot of personality to cheap motel rooms. We slept, and then headed on with the rest of the drive to Denton, TX. We stopped somewhere in southern LA and had some good food. Ants was sleeping in the van. The rest of us ate. I shred the Seafood Platter with Matt. It had shrimp, oysters, crawfish, catfish, and gator. I would've been happier if it wasn't all fried, but it

still kicked ass. Eventually, we made it to J & J's Pizzeria in Denton. By the time we got there we were pretty fucked. Tired, cranky, delirious. The show was cool, though. This dude Dwayne set it up for us last minute. He seems like an awesome guy. His band played first, then us, then another band. Dwayne's band is playing with us again in Fort Worth.

Oh yeah. Back to that place we stopped to eat in Louisiana. While we were eating we saw another touring band come in the place. When we were about to head out Chris asked where they were off to. They said to Houston, TX. They said they were from NY. Turns out they were the band Nada Surf. They had a hit on MTV maybe six years ago. They seemed like cool guys. They're doing almost the exact same thing we are, as far as touring around in a cramped van. We traded CD's with them, but I really couldn't deal with their music. It was really boring. We might have saved their equipment. They started driving with their door still open, and we honked and yelled until they figured it out.

5 26 03 10:55 PM Cambridge, MA

Back in Massatucky. I've been wearing sandals, shorts, and short sleeve shirts for the past couple weeks. Today I wore socks, shoes, long pants, a long sleeve shirt, and I froze my ass off. To this I say "BOSOTN. FUCK YOU!" Right now I'm watching The Fringe play at The Lizard Lounge. They're amazing. I've heard so many shitty bands in the last few weeks I thought I'd treat myself to some real music. I got in for free since I sort of work here. I just came from Veggie Planet. I had a nice, free meal since I sort of work there too. Hee hee hee. Haven't gotten to write in a while so let me do a brief recap of the rest of the tour. Oh yeah, here's a funny little story I forgot to write down earlier. When we were in Atlanta, Matt and I went to a thrift store. He found a t-shirt that said "Mega Smegma." It was my size and only 50 cents so I bought it. I wore it 2 days later when we played Tampa. While I was on my way to the bathroom at the venue some guy looked at the shirt and said he hadn't seen one of those in a while. I gave him a dumb look and told him I just bought it at a thrift store because it sounded silly. He told me Mega Smegma is one of the best bands from Tampa. He said a few of the guys from the band might be at the show. Within the next couple hours 5 or 6 more people admired my knowledge of this Tampa band. It turned out that the drummer of the headlining band, called The Crash Mitchell Quartet, was the singer of Mega Smegma. Pretty weird.

So, the 20th was in Fort Worth, TX. It was with a bunch of people we met the day before in Denton. Hardly anyone showed up to the show, but the few who were there seemed like good people. The venue was called 1919 Hemphill. It was a radical, pro-vegan, anti-stupid corporate shit type of place. I'd go there a lot if that's where I lived. The coolest thing about Fort Worth is that driving down one road for a mile or two we passed probably 10 or 15 dirt cheap mexican restaurants. How sweet is that.

Next day we played at Kirby's Beer Store in Wichita, KS. Nice place for a little bar. Pretty uneventful show. As soon as we finished playing,

we had to start driving to the next show. No stopping for sleep. We left at Wichita at about 1:00 AM and arrived in Johnson City, TN about 9:00 PM. We named this the "War Hellride."

The Johnson City, TN show on the 22nd turned out to be one of the better shows of the tour. Originally we couldn't find a show for that day but I was able to book this while we were on the road. It was at a bar so we were expecting the worst, but I was real happy about this show. People showed up to hang out with their friends. When we were setting up we were assuming people were going to start running far away, but they loved it. I saw a bunch of happy faces while we played, and people were really into it. A couple people came up to me afterwards, shook my hand, and thanked us for coming to play for them. Wow. The northeast Tennessee accent is intense. I love how it sounds, though. Especially when girls were speaking. There were a bunch of great looking girls at the show. There was one wearing a red shirt that I was talking to a little bit afterwards. She was very nice. After we left Ants told me that the girl in the red shirt asked him 3 times if the drummer



was single. I don't know if that really happened, but if it did I can keep my throne as the king of missing every possible opportunity of being with a woman.

Next day was a bar in Hickory, NC. Stupid, stupid, stupid!

The 24th show was in Roanoke, VA. That was some crazy shit. Before the show we went to the Pizza Inn. It's a pizza buffet. I ate a ridiculous amount of food. Chris owed me a meal from earlier in the day when I beat him in pool, so I was happy. The venue was called Factory 324. The show was a metal fest with something silly like 12 bands playing. Every band sounded the same to me, and the sound was not a good one. Most of the audience was real young. A lot of black, a lot of make-up, a lot of skin, and a lot of "jailbait." The order of bands kept getting fucked with. We were getting pushed back to what would have probably not been too great of a slot, but at the last minute some guy in one of the bands switched with us. We ended up playing in a prime slot right before some silly band called Doom, who I think a lot of the crowd was there to see. The show was behind schedule, so they were rushing us to get started. The genius sound guy put a mic directly under my snare drum so there was a terrible rattle the whole time. I was too stupid to move the thing out of the way, I guess. Anyway, we started and the good thing happened. All

the kids started forming a circle around Ants, realizing we didn't sound exactly the same as everyone else. There was maybe 80 or so people there if I had to guess, and most looked like they were loving it. During "Horse Mexican," the second song, this big, metal looking guy in all black walked toward the stage. I thought he was really into it, and then he shook his head as if to say "What do you guys think you're doing?" He started giving us the finger and I thought that was funny. Then I saw this young, slutty looking girl go over and kick Ants. She was flipping out. The two of them were hating it. I guess they had friends there too who were happy to have a reason to get riled up, and soon there were around 10 angry boys and girls wanting to beat us to death. I'm not sure exactly what set them off. I'm going to guess it was a combination of things. They definitely were not at all comfortable with the homosexuality of our show. I think Ants got right in their faces early on, or he might have touched one of them and they didn't know what to do. Anyway, they were following him around the room waiting for an excuse to kill him. Ants did a great fucking job. He still went out and did his thing, even with this gang of rednecks trying to surround him. Matt was screaming things into the mic like "Look at me! I'm so tough!" and "I hate people that are different than me!" The metalhead, redneck kids were getting pissed. That slutty looking girl kept taking down her shirt and showing her tits. Shw was furious. I think she was trying to say something directed at Ants like "See these! These are tits! Girls have them and guys aren't supposed to YOU FUCKING HOMO!" After 4 songs the place shut us off. It was



either because they hated us, they were scared a riot was about to take place, or they needed to give enough to that band Doom. Whatever. So we stopped and most people in the room were going nuts because they really liked us. At the same time our new enemies were now on the stage hoping one of us would fuck with them. I saw Ants just kind of staring back at them with this goofy smile on his face for a few minutes. They were yelling awesome stuff like "You better never come anywhere near this town again!" Then some people in the crowd started yelling "If you all hated them so much, why did you stay and watch the whole time?" I didn't hear any of the lunkheads try and answer that one.

Next day was the last date of the tour. Another show at The University of Maryland, College Park. Afterwards, we did the good drive back to Boston.



Two Shows Is a Tour - If You Can Make Five States

MA, CT, NY, NJ, PA

On the Road with KERMIT'S FINGER,
July 18-21, 2003

by pete pasted

The show Friday night at the Salem Elks in Salem, Mass. was pretty cool. We were late and missed half the show - duh! My fault - I had to work 'til 6:30, and the show started at 6. Then with the getting home, and driving, and whatever, we didn't get there until about 8:30.

The first thing I noticed when we pulled into the parking lot was all the good-looking punks. What? Good-looking punks? Yup. Girls too! Now you know as well as I do that punk shows in Boston are usually sausage-fests. Not so in Salem. And they all had such wonderful toys - shiny belts and such.

Of course we're dumb asses, and we didn't know where to park, so we just stopped the van in the middle of what was a tiny parking lot surrounded by lots of pretty punk teenagers. Sounds dreamy. We got out of the van and were accosted by the dudes from Impaled Milk who is, like us, an ugly punk band. Very cool dudes even if sometimes Andy can get a little too drunk and angry and starts punching people - but that's his shtick, man. He looks like the devil - what do you expect?

We had just missed their set, but I've seen them so many times that I'll describe what probably happened. The room cleared - ba dump bump. Kidding kidding. But I bet some people left 'cuz let's face it - the kids can't handle the evil that is Milk. They said they hadn't practiced in two months, so maybe they weren't exactly on top of their game. But I'm betting Zack did some sick back flips while Andy growled like the ghost of Rasputin (or is it Lenin?) over some sloppy speed thrash - last time I saw them Dave had turned into an awesome drummer with a great touch for random cymbal flashes.

After we said our "hey, what's up's" and took some general abuse from Andy, we moseyed on in towards the door so we

could get the lay of the land. The ramp to the door was lined with kids sitting on the rail and leaning on the wall - it had that running the gauntlet feel with CJ, the singer for the now defunct Caffeine Addiction, leading the way with the first shot. "Hey, look at these guys showin' up late and sauntering in." Now anyone knows that if you're late for an event, the only way to enter is to saunter. So maybe we were sauntering a little.

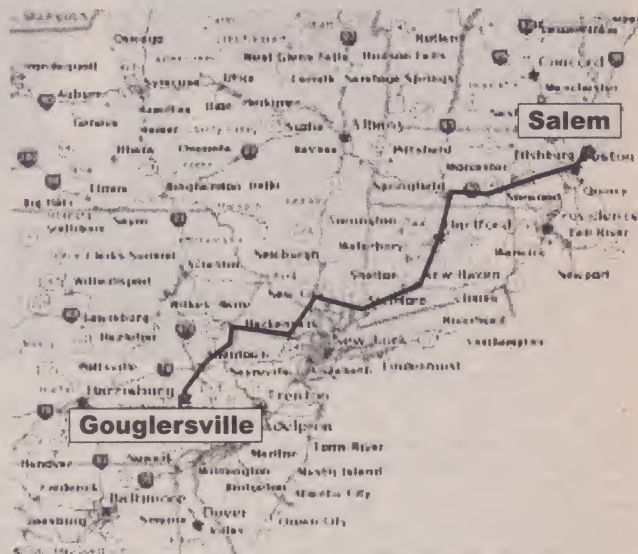
I did my best to grin and smile at faces I recognized while I shyly got the hell inside. Ross and Ed were right behind me. Jane was there to greet us at the Jonee Earthquake merch/entrance table. We said quick hello's, but I was anxious to get inside to see as much music as possible. We had already missed Jonee, but I've seen them so many times I'll give you a quick rundown of what probably happened. THEY WERE FUCKING INCREDIBLE. Jonee is the man. He's a dig down deeper; and you know the sound - punk with roots way down to the 1940's with retakes on songs like "16 Tons," "Brand New Cadillac," and "Smoke, Smoke that Cigarette." He's not country; he's not rockabilly; he's not blues; he's not rock; and he's not punk - he's all of the above! As for the set...how should I know? I wasn't there - but I'm betting Rob did something ridiculous like pull his pants down to his ankles. He's turned into one heck of a bass player with smooth runs that glide along with Terry's keys. Did

someone say Terry? He got a new amp recently, so now you can really hear his tickling fury. Especially on "Up With Piracy" where he uses an accordion effect giving the song a sweet, old-timey, folk sound. Excellent! I'll tell you one thing for sure, they finished with a crowd-mind blow with their

cover of "Play With Fire." Everyone destroyed each other trying to get to the mic. Jonee slowed things for a minute while he did the round robin, band-member intro. Captain Geech nailed his surf-style solo - as usual - the kid's a machine 'cept this machine's got soul. Rock solid. And then the big finale with Jonee getting out into the crowd with his guitar and just mangling. One of these days he's gonna set his damn guitar on fire with his fingers.

So where was I? Yeah, yeah - we were walking, er, sauntering with a shy where-are-we stutter into the room where Mission Shifter was on the stage, but Joe Zippo was singing - doing a Zippo Raid song ("Greg Is a Pussy"). Everyone was pumped - probably about 50-70 people. The room was about three-quarters full. It's a nice, little room with wall-to-wall carpet and a twelve-foot ceiling. No stage - the "stage" was a small, square, wood, dance floor in the corner. These are my favorite types of "stages." It's best when everyone's on top of each other, and the crowd's right up in the band's face blending and erasing the line between crowd and band. The show becomes less of a show and more of a good-time party for all. Anyway - blah blah blah - as Terry's t-shirt says.

Ed told me that Jonee might have bought a new PA. I don't know if that's true or not, but it sounded like it. The vocals were crystal. Mission Shifter was blazing. They have a blast when they play - especially Matt who pretty much dances with his guitar. Joe was pacing back and forth across the stage with a smile on his face singing with piles of people. They did a couple more Zippo songs, and Matt joked,





JONEE EARTHQUAKE BAND

"We just did half a Zippo Raid set." They finished with a couple of their own songs, then broke down quickly and got off the stage for the actual Zippo Raid.

Ed, Ross, and I took the break as a chance to load in the rest of our gear. Most people cleared out to the parking lot. On one of the trips to the van I ran into Brent from Maine - you don't know him, but he put on a show in Orono, ME a few months ago that we played. He was in Salem because he had just started his trip across the country in his van. He has folks in a nearby town that he was visiting on his way through. He had just finished making his van livable, and the plan was to hit the road without a plan - go until he didn't feel like goin' anymore. It gave me dreams of Kerouac and William Least Heat-Moon ("Blue Highways") - talk about freedom.

I had to help finish loading, so we broke up our conversation, and I helped with the rest of the shit. Ed and I moved the van to a parking spot down the street which in addition to being the truth is also code for: we went and had beers. Unfortunately, we didn't have time to stop for drinks on the way to Salem, so we only had the two that I grabbed out of my fridge on the way out the door. We also didn't know that there was a bar in the basement until halfway through our set later on that night - duh. So we each chugged a beer and headed back to the show. - Forgot to mention that some time between loading and beers I ran into Captain Geech, aka Josh; he had to leave early and was apologizing, but I stopped him and told him that I had missed his set anyways, so he said, "Well, we're even then." But here's another That Maine Show connection - the Jonee Earthquake Band had made the road trip with us; Geech and his girlfriend, Marjorie, shared our van half-way back to Nashua, NH to a lake house that Ed's parents have and don't really use - kind of a retirement house - it's beautiful, but that's another story - Geech and Marjorie got drunk

with us as we marveled at the most expansive and sharp star-sky that I have ever seen. My point - it was good to see the Geech.

We went back inside and the quick beer was made better by Zippo Raid in mid-set. Matt Bartlett was filling in on drums. He used to play full-time for them, but doesn't anymore; I don't know what he's doin' with his time - I hear he has a foxy girlfriend though. He's my favorite Zippo drummer - mean, perfect beats. Joe Chanticlear is now lead guitar, and man, can he wank. Sorry Joe - you know it's true. Wank-o-rama! Owen plays bass - he's still loosening up; and of course, there's Joe Z. on rhythm guitar and vocals - no naked at this show. Joe Z.'s pretty funny when he plays naked 'cuz he takes it all off - except maybe his socks - but, Joe C. always leaves his pants around his ankles. If yer gonna, take 'em off - take 'em all the way off. How can you get the way-cool-leg-spread-guitar stance with pants around your ankles? Exactly - you can't.

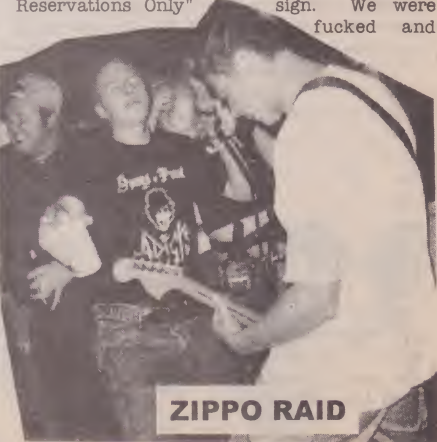
Anyway, Zippo finished and practically the same members took forever to set up their gear for Chanticlear: they have different drummers; Joe Z. moved to bass; Dan came up on guitar; and Joe C. stayed on guitar. Is Chanticlear turning emo on us? I swear I saw some tears during their set. The crowd loved them and did lots of sing-alongs. I wasn't feeling enough of a buzz yet, so I started hitting my flask of whiskey in the bathroom. After a couple of tips in the air things were starting to feel right. Everyone went nuts during their Minor Threat cover - a drunk band covering the godfathers of straight-edge. Discuss... They finished up and took forever to break down. All blame goes on the drummer: can someone please explain to him the concept of breaking down his kit off-stage, not on-stage? We stood and watched him make neat piles of his cymbals and hardware, and then brought our gear to the side of the stage and waited for him to get

the rest of his shit off. Normally, we'd help carry his shit, but we've been through this particular breakdown before - he just doesn't get it.

We set up as fast as we could and jumped right in. Half the crowd was gone 'cuz we were the last band. The half that stayed was into it although a little subdued - a lot of head bobbing; not so much dancing. Brent sang along on "Shit for Brains," and Ed apologized for having nasty breath. It seems like we apologize for something every time we play. Note to self: no more apologizing on stage - it's boring. We had extra time, so we got to play extra songs - that was an unexpected bonus especially after the feet dragging that was Chanticlear's drummer. Zack jumped in on "Puke on U", and I thought I was gonna blow out my voice trying to keep up with his "HEY!'s". We called it a night after much sweat and rock. It was a pretty good set considering it was our most sober set to date.

We talked to a bunch of people after the set: got more info on Brent's trip; met Caitlin who swears she's our newest, bestest fan; yacked with Zack for a bit, then loaded the gear to the van where we blathered on for a while longer with Pat FNS and Joe Chanticlear. Then we got in the van and listened to the FU's and Menace on the way home.

The next day we got on the road in the early afternoon - Ross drove the first leg. He kicked ass and got us to New York without stopping, then more driving. We were trying to get to Promised Land State Park in PA, but as the hours ticked, we realized that getting there before dark was unlikely, so we changed routes and tried for a campground near the NY-NJ border. Now, the thing about campgrounds is that they are pretty far off the highway. This is a good thing for camping, but a bad thing when your worried if your gonna get there in time. We drove slowly along a backwoods road with no idea where the entrance to the grounds was. It's an exercise in patience - you try it some time. We saw a ton of deer, which was nice. When we finally did get to the entrance - there hung the dreaded "All Full - Reservations Only" sign. We were fucked and



ZIPPO RAID



CAMPING

deep in the middle of nowhere.

We kept driving in hopes of finding a place for food and beer. After a long drive we finally got out of the woods, and lo and behold, there was a liquor store and a pizza place right next to each other. The sun was setting as we went into the liquor store for some beer. Mission accomplished we moved on to pizza. As we sat and waited for the pie to cook, we decided to call it quits on camping for the night. We were miles from any state parks, and we didn't know where any private campgrounds might be. We joked about sleeping next to a boat launch like we did a few years ago - waking to the sight and sound of cars towing boats speeding over a hill and down towards us. Now that was a wake-up call. None of us wanted to do it, but it looked like we'd have to suck it up and pay for a hotel.

After we ate, we drove for a bit to Mahwah, NJ and checked about five places before settling on a cheap-ass place. They only had smoking rooms available which was OK with us because Ross smokes tobacco, and me and Ross smoke weed. It was OK until we got to the floor anyway. The second we got off the elevator we realized why the lady who rented us the room was so apologetic - the entire floor smelled like used-cigarette filters held right under your nose - and not your used-cigarette filters either, other people's used-cigarette filters. Fuckin' nasty. The smell in the room was worse - but what could we do? Get fuckin' drunk, that's what. We proceeded to drink, smoke (not Ed), and watch a couple of stupid, but hilarious, movies until we passed out. "I will RULE YOU!!!"

The next morning after we got cleaned up (sort of - Ross was the only one who could figure out the shower, he was last in line, so me and Ed weren't real clean. The shower had a weird pull thing that neither Ed nor I could figure out. So I took a whore's bath - splash here, splash there; I don't know what Ed did.), we went down to check out the continental breakfast - not bad. More people than I normally like to see in the morning were meandering around the small food area where they had the usual fair - cereal, fruit, bagels, muffins -

even a waffle-maker. We stocked up and chowed. One lady couldn't figure out how to use the microwave, so she kept yelling for help to her husband who was out in the lobby, "Dick! Dick, come here. Dick!" We all stuffed food in our mouths to keep from laughing. More people came down, and it got too crowded, plus there were a few flies flying around to help make the scene more annoying, so we loaded up on handfuls food and went back up to the room.

We chowed and chilled for a bit, then took to the road again wishing this place fuckin' good riddance. We decided to hit a campground early, set up our tents, and then head to the show so we didn't get stuck like yesterday. After checking out the map, we chose one in western-NJ near the PA border - we'd have to drive a few hours to the show after set-up.

We pulled into Spruce Run state campground in Clinton, NJ. It was on a lake and also served as a day recreation park with a beach. Our timing couldn't have been better because we pulled into line behind maybe four or five cars and within about two and a half minutes the line behind us was stretched to the street - ten or fifteen cars. At the booth they told us to pull around and come inside to get a campsite. We did that and took care of the paperwork - no problem, \$15 for the night. The lady behind the counter looked Ed right in the eye as she got to the part in the regulation that says, "No alcohol." We nodded our heads and agreed as we silently thought, "Fuck that." I couldn't wait to crack open a beer by the campfire.

So we wrapped it up, got back in the van, and drove to the site to set up our tents. As we drove we realized that this was a recreation hot bed for western NJ. There were hundreds of people milling about the beach and picnic areas. The park staff seemed a little exasperated by the parking situation and by people trying to drive their cars into the picnic area. We got the special treatment and drove right through the ranger blockade because we had the campsite reservation sign in our windshield - gold! baby, gold!

Our spirits were high until we reached the site - the people from the night before were

still there, and they didn't have to leave until noon - it was only 11:30. Waaauughnt-waaaa.... We pulled into the site to the left of what would be ours because it was empty and looked like a good place to wait it out. While there I battled with a wasp that really wanted to be in our van, and we checked out the map for a bit making fun of strange town names in the area like Buttzville, Beersville, and Beaver Lake. Most of the people at the site we were waiting for left (there seemed to be several families camping together), after about 15 or 20 minutes leaving only

one woman and her two kids. They really dragged their feet and finally left at about 12:03. We had pretty much spent the last fifteen minutes quietly making fun of the mom, so at least that was a good time.

We also lucked out and found a pile of wood that the people who had stayed at our wait-out spot the night before had left - so including the bag of wood that we bought at the ranger station for six bucks, we had plenty to get us through the night and morning coffee. The tent set-up went fast and easy. The spot was really quiet and green. We were right on the water, and to our right side was a small covered picnic area that looked rarely used. There was also lots of tree cover, and all three of us had branches hanging over our tents.

Ross and I set up our tents down by the water; Ed set his up closer to the fire/eating area. There was a short path close to my tent that led to the water, and I had ideas of swimming later, but I didn't follow through. We wanted to hang out for a while because it was so quiet, and the sun was shining high with few clouds and dry air; but we had to get on the road to the show - we were running a little late at this point.

We got in the van and slowly drove out of the camping area. The recreation part of the park was madness - people were just everywhere; cars filled the roadways. Children ran back and forth on the sandy paths toward the beach. Men and women carried coolers and bags. The contrast between the camping and rec areas was intense; we wondered why people didn't just get a site for the day instead of joining the hoard at the beach. It cost \$10 to park for the day and only \$15 for a site for the day and night that included your own personal parking spot. For an extra five bucks you'd have private access to the water, a shady spot to retreat to, stay the night if you wanted, and more - but no, that would make too much sense.

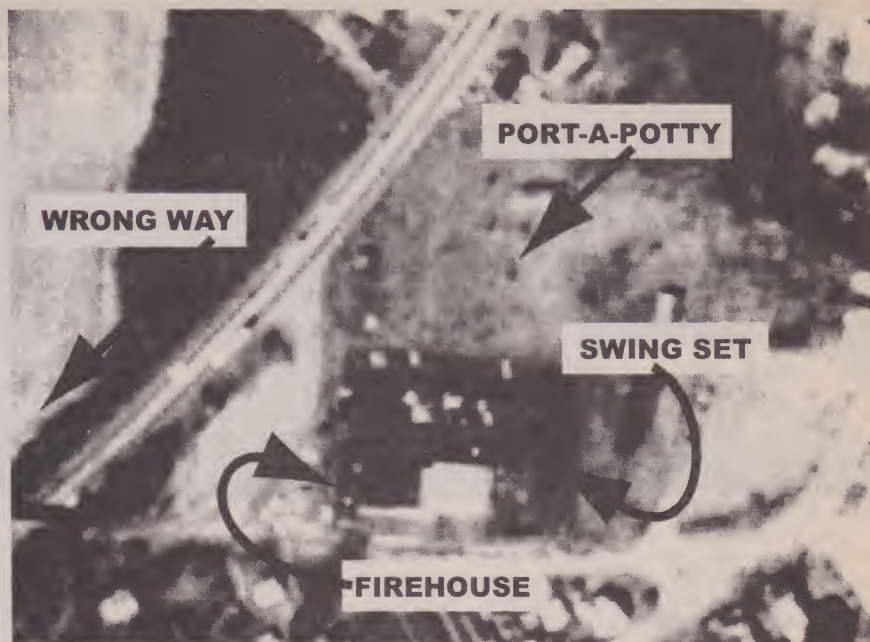
Anyway, on the road we made good time. We had about an hour and a half to drive, and we were running late, but we just accepted it and didn't stress. We were following Yahoo directions along with our atlas so we were aware of where we were.

The problem came when we got past Reading. We got on this long stretch of two-lane road. Lots of construction was being done off to the sides - but first - just before we got to this long stretch of two-lane road, we drove through a small, quaint, Dutch town (I missed the name - possibly Sinking Spring or it could have been a part of Reading) with large houses set back from the street and lush green lawns. What caught our eye first was lots of yard sales and at several of these yard sales were some old-time bikes like the little Schwinn Stingray that I used to have - banana seat, long stretch handle bars. They were all in pristine condition. Then we noticed an extraordinary amount of bike shops - like three or four in a two-mile stretch. Just before the two-laner left town, we saw a place where they had bike races. They were bike crazy here in PA.

The neighborhood had such a soft, clean, quiet aspect that when combined with the old, well-kept houses and lawns, the yard sales, the vintage bikes, and the young, running children, I had a strange feeling of being transported back in time. The whole scene had a fifties-America feel. If we weren't late, I would have begged the guys to stop, so we could check out some of those bikes - not to mention I wonder now if they had any cheap records for sale. Plus, can you imagine the pie? They must have delicious pie in a town like that.

But anyway, back to the part where we got lost. Well, not lost - but a little worried. We were real close to the show at this point, and we were about an hour late. Not cool - we don't like to be late, but we figured we're driving from Boston, so they have to forgive us a little bit. So, we're driving and driving along a construction filled two-laner expecting and expecting to be at the show any minute. At one point Ed spotted what looked like a firehouse and some emergency vehicles way off the road to our left and up a hill (the show was at Gouglersville Firehouse), but we didn't see a road that led up there, plus this spot didn't match the directions - so we kept driving for another ten minutes or so, and then, suddenly, the road we were on ended. Just like that. Ed and I looked at each other and said, "What the fuck?" The only choices were to get on a much larger highway that seemed to go in the completely wrong direction or turn around and check out the place that Ed had spotted. Luckily, we chose wisely and turned around - that was the place - way off the road up on a hill.

We pulled into the parking lot and saw a couple of punks playing on a swing set off to the side where there was a playground. In front of us lay a huge green field of grass with a couple of scattered trees between the firehouse parking lot and the road we just came from. To our right and deep into the field there was a port-a-potty sitting inexplicably by itself baking in the sun. We turned left and parked behind the brick wall of the firehouse.



The parking lot did not look full, and other than the couple of kids at the playground, the only people in sight were two people standing by the door. It's never a good feeling to pull up an hour late and see no one around. We slowly got out of the van and walked over to meet the two guys by the door. The one on the left had a bull piercing through his nose, a black baseball cap, and a generally scruffy-looking appearance. The guy on the right looked pretty damn clean-cut - right down to what looked like a brand new Circle Jerks t-shirt, bleached blonde hair, and scrubbed skin. The guy on the left turned out to be Justin who had put the show together. Other than half of his band, we were the first band to arrive. The sketchy feeling was growing. Justin introduced us to the clean-cut guy who was supposedly putting out a comp that we could be on in lieu of payment for playing. They asked if that was cool with us. It didn't look like anyone was here anyway, so payment looked like it would end up being out of the guy's pocket. That's lame, so we went with the comp idea. We'll see if that ever comes together....

We went downstairs to check out the room. A long, steep, concrete stairway led down to what felt like a bomb shelter. The air was much cooler down there. About three more kids lurked quietly in a corner and one girl stood behind a merch and soda counter. At the end of the counter sat one more girl and her mom. Everyone looked at us as we walked into the tiny room. We nodded to everyone and got timid "hello's" in return.

We carried on with our looking around. The room was about square - maybe 25 or 30 feet wide and long. The playing area was to our left as we came in and there were tables to our right where the three kids were skulking. There was a PA near the playing area, which was good - we wouldn't be singing through guitar amps.

However, this was looking like we'd driven to Pennsylvania to play to three kids who were scared of us, half a band, the merch/soda girl, and some girl and her mom.

We went back upstairs and decided to go get food before we unloaded - we wanted to see how this was gonna play out for a bit. Justin told us that he had heard from one of the other bands, and they were on the way. He also told us that they don't sell beer on Sunday's in Pennsylvania - that was real bad news. We had a little whiskey and no beer. The idea of a long, sober day was not to my liking, but I was starving, so I bit my tongue and took on one problem at a time - food was the priority.

We found a shopping plaza down the road a bit that had a supermarket. We shopped for lunch, dinner, and breakfast and loaded the cooler. I was dying for a coffee, but didn't see any coffee shops. I went in a KFC that was in the same shopping plaza expecting the worst coffee in the world and waited in line behind an enormous fat man ordering about forty dollars worth of food. I tried not to stare at his girth, but I was bored and we were the only two customers. After he was done carrying his food away from the counter in a wheel barrel - kidding - I found out that they didn't sell coffee - so I ended up drinking a Coke once we got back to the firehouse.

When we did get back to the show the other two out-of-town bands had shown up and were loading. We pulled up close to the door and started loading ourselves. Justin came over and told us, "I'm sorry to do this to you, but I'm gonna have to put you on first." Turns out that none of the local bands had shown up yet, and the other two out-of-town bands had played here before, so he wanted to put them on later. We didn't care, so we finished loading and set our shit up.

At some point during all of this Ross and

I stood upstairs in the shade looking out at the field and the traffic beyond. I think it was between loading and setup, and Ed was off parking the van. From around the corner a rotund woman slowly rode by on a rider mower; she rode by us, did a U-turn, and slowly rode past us going the other way. Ross and I looked at each other; I shrugged and said maybe she was taking it for a test drive. Then, about a minute later, she came back again; this time she had two large pizza boxes on the hood of her rider mower and held them steady with her right hand. As she disappeared around the building, the two of us burst out laughing. We looked around for someone to confirm what we were seeing, but we were alone at the top of the stairs. I chuckled all the way down and started setting up my gear.

We ended up being a mic stand short, so Justin and I set up a cymbal stand and duct tape for a mic stand. We were dragging our feet a little setting up, and I was trying to stay relaxed. After our gear was in place we went out to the van to work on the whiskey. Justin came over to nudge us into getting things going, so we swallowed 'em down and got down to the show.

With the other bands and a couple other new additions to the crowd there were somewhere around fifteen people downstairs. The whiskey had fueled the fire, so I was feeling sufficient anger. Ed told me later that he was feeling the anger too. The room was deathly quiet before we started to play - almost like no one wanted to be there. We kicked it in and did our usual, fast and furious, few-stops set. At first the crowd didn't do much, but as we moved from song to song, feet started stomping and heads started nodding in agreement to the tunes. People began to smile and loosen and yelled between songs - some life entered the building. At the end of the set we were practically mobbed by people shaking our hands and telling us that we'd had a great set, so I guess we did all right.

The singer for Eyes of Hate (one of the other out-of-town bands) was talking with us and drinking a beer. He's a huge guy with a faded, red mohawk and a long, scar on the side of his head. I asked him, "They don't mind you drinking that down here?" I always get nervous openly

drinking at all-ages shows where they don't have a bar 'cuz I don't want to get the people putting on the show in trouble. He just said, "I'm messed in the head, so I don't think sometimes. You want one?" Did I want one? Hell yes! - So Ed and I went upstairs and hung out drinking by their cooler between sets. The singer, Al, introduced us to their guitar player, Antonio, who was real quiet and kind of shy. I got the feeling that he didn't speak much English. I think he's a Spanish speaker. I never confirmed that though. There was also this crazy guy whose name I never got who was traveling with Eyes of Hate. Al's first words about him were, "Don't listen to him - he's a drunk, crazy Puerto Rican." This dude was a funny fucker. He had us rolling with half-told stories that I didn't know him well enough to believe or not believe. He also did this joke where he pretended he was a mean, old, man shuffling along. He wore sneaker-sandals and slid his feet with a drop-ass and shook his fist; he'd reach down and take off one of the sandals and shake it in the air; later he pretended to hit the singer with it during Eyes of Hate's set; all the while, he had this twisted up expression on his face where one eye was almost crossed. We were dying. After a little while he caught a view of the swing set that he must've missed on his way in, and said, "I'm goin' to fuckin' swing," and that he did. We stood with our beers smiling and shaking our heads as we watched him half-march, half-charge across the parking lot towards the swings.

We ended up missing the beginning of Endangered Feces, the next band up, but I'm telling you, you don't want to miss a minute of them if they come around your way. During their load-in they carried in trip after trip of cardboard boxes. Originally, I thought they must have tons of merch, and I wondered why they didn't just bring down some of it instead of all of it. But the boxes turned out to be filled with rolls of toilet paper - lots of toilet paper.

By the time we got downstairs the room was covered from wall to wall and floor to ceiling with white toilet paper. It was possibly the funniest thing I've ever seen. Instead of a pit, the middle of the room was a massive toilet paper fight. Kids

were grabbing rolls and whipping them at each other across the room so that streams of fluttering white would fly and float gently to the floor behind the screaming, fast, toilet-paper-roll bomb. Other kids scooped massive armloads of the stuff and put it over their heads so that there were several toilet paper monsters with moshing arms mulling about bopping up and down - all of this with a hardcore soundtrack.

The singer's voice was a deep growl into a wide-mouth scream. The music was completely tight - and the sick drummer not only played psycho, but he stepped out from behind the kit for an on-stage pee break. No lie. He stood in front of his kit and peed into a bottle. Then - again no lie - he sang an acappella pub song into the mic that finished with him downing the entire bottle of pee. No fuckin' lie. Then they slammed back into the set - totally surreal - I saw a kid ask the singer to autograph a cardboard tube from one of the toilet paper rolls. Genius! The kid-who's-mom-was-there's mom asked me if I'd ever seen anything like that before. I had to say, "No, ma'am, I haven't."

We went over and yacked it up with Endangered Feces after their set, and then went upstairs again after helping to clean up the mess. Ed picked up some paper a little too close to where the drummer had filled his bottle; he got pee on his hands. Ha! We went back to the whiskey, and I was getting a pretty good buzz. This show was turning out to be much less sober and much more fun than I thought it was gonna be.

Eyes of Hate went on next. I had forgotten that we had played with these guys before: once in Cambridge with the Unseen and once in Lawrence, Mass. with the Jonee Earthquake Band. They had a different drummer now. Their sound is total New York Hardcore - old-school style like early Agnostic Front. This is the kind of stuff that Ross loves. Everyone was digging their set, and I was thinking that I didn't remember them being nearly this good the last time I saw them. The guitar player blazed with short wrist strokes. The drummer was right on with just enough looseness - and breakdowns! Yup! Massive, killer breakdowns. The bass player sounded heavy and solid, and





ENDANGERED FECES

was definitely having a lot of fun and at times did some serious head banging. The singer absolutely ripped - he stalked back and forth and swigged beer between verses. Throughout their entire set the Puerto Rican guy whose name I never got was doing a complete improv comedy act. He was doing the old-man mime, shuffle-foot, sandal-slap, fucking around with a punked-out Cartman doll, and circling the pit doing awesome schizo-kick fist moves. That dude was fucking hilarious, and he was having a blast. The band finished strong, and we were all friends at this point, so we hung-out and had a beer.

We went back down when Justin's band started playing - they were pretty new school hardcore/screamo. They have a new drummer, plus, I guess they had just kicked out their bass player, so were playing bass-less. It was hard to gauge what they're really like musically, but at least they were ripping it up. The other local bands finally showed up just before Common Enemy (Justin's band) went on. That's totally lame. How can you be in a local band and not come to see the out-of-town bands' sets? That makes no sense - whatever, they all looked like a bunch of Abercrombie kids with mega-expensive, brand new equipment anyway, so fuck 'em. After Common Enemy's set, the out-of-towners started to take off. We weren't gonna sit through these bands who couldn't tear themselves away from their

Nintendos in time to see what had turned into a kick-ass show. Throughout the day during set breaks we had slowly been bringing equipment back to the van, so now there wasn't much to carry. We all said our good-byes and traded contact info and hugs.

As we were getting in the van, Justin came over to say a final goodbye, and he gave us the skinny on buying beer in Pennsylvania on Sunday's. You have to go to a restaurant and buy a six-pack to go. So we hopped in the van and lo and behold there was a restaurant with a sign in the window that said, "Beer To Go." What a world! We bought two sixes "to



PEE

go, please"; headed for the campsite; lit a fire; cooked dinner; got drunk; and went to bed.

I won't go into all the hanging-out-by-the-campfire stuff because I'd like to get some sleep now. But, I will say that I was still drunk in the middle of the night when I had to jump out of my sleeping bag and sprint around my tent in my underwear in the rain in order to put the rain tarp on - it was pouring; I got wet, but the thunder was fuckin' cool.

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8/1- Left Po-Town (Portsmouth) for NY. It's raining harder than a cow pissin' on a flat rock. Fucking hippie traffic for some Phish show, rockin' out to some western style swing. We got to South Butler at 1:00am. Pounded about 6 real quick, passed the fuck out.-J

8/2- Headed to South Butler with my friend Jay. Brought a 1963 Harley down to the race. Ran some shit, got shitfaced and raced some more. Isn't it funny how you can get anyone to shut down intoxicated drag racing?

We played a goth show last night. It turned out. Passed out in the grass. Woke up and went over to watch the races. My new friend Randy got loose and crashed his Harley so they shut motorcycles down for the day. Torr from the Kings of Nuthin' let me race his and Mike's altered dragster. Really Cool Car!! Unfortunately I lost the brakes after the burnout and had to head back to the pits. I found some good pills and just ate them. Went to lake Ontario and took a bath. All...a great time!- Trafton

Just left the drag races for our show in Buffalo. The races were in the middle of corn fields and everyone was camping out all weekend and getting shitfaced to cope with anxiety. You could walk around with as much beer and pass out where you please. We met a marijuana farmer who kept us pretty high the whole time. Tons of really nice 50's hot rods. There were about 25 kids from New Hampshire who came down to see us play. We played with The Kings of Nuthin', Frantic Flattops, and the Alphabet Bombers from DC. More fun than anything. Total carnival style. It was full of greasers and hot rodders and car clubs. Awsome. 50's Chevy's with flame throwers shooting flames 50 feet up in the air. Lots of rowdiness. Good times. It is raining allot on our way to Buffalo. I can't see shit.- Zack

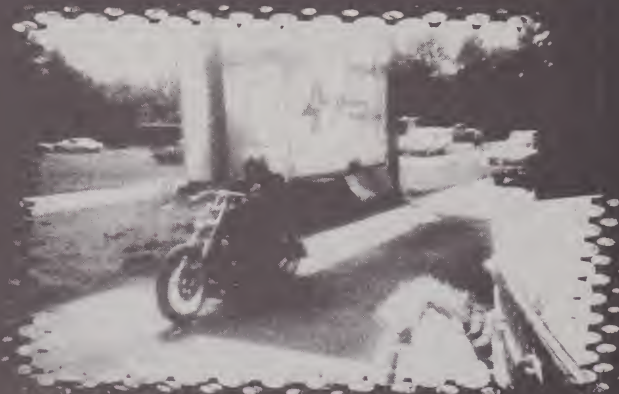
80 Miles to Buffalo. We have some show in Tavern/Restaurant/Motel. It should be interesting. Hopefully they will put us up for the night. If not, we'll just have to sleep in the parking lot. We load in at 7:00pm and play from 8-12:00pm. 3 sets or some shit. Hopefully there will be some people there or it will be really boring 'till we get drunk. We'll see what happens.- Jay

8/4- Monday morning. The show last night was cool. Nobody showed up to this friggin' dive in South Buffalo. It was like a band practice though we got paid enough to stay in a motel. Our little Exeter, NH groupies came out to see us. We went back to the motel and got drunk and watched some of us playing the Drag Race show. 10 kids in a single room. On our way to Columbus, OH.- Zack

1:00pm- Long ass fuckin ride. We're going through PA like one's at a whore house but the rock keeps you going. This show in Columbus should be cool. We're playing The Platant Finger and the Evil Queens so even if it sucks, we've got someone to drink with. The guy Dan, who put on the show last night was a cool guy. He paid us out of his pocket, because even though no one was there, we still tore it up. And he showed us where the Hotel No Tell was. I think we'll come back and do a real show with him. I think we're in PA. It's a town and cows. We've got The Freeze playing and it's about time for a road soda.- Jay

3:30- 95 miles to Columbus. We stopped for coffee and met an Amish guy who liked our "Keep Honking, I'm Re-Loading" bumper sticker. I thought that was pretty cool.-Jay

8/5-Columbus, Oh is full of fun. We got to play with a dress up goth metal band last night that sprayed everyone down with shaving cream before we played. We had a homeless old outlaw biker named Spider play harmonica with us. He was shitfaced and I guess we were to. We also had some crazy guy come up and sing Batman. Our manager Christen is a donkey and she is fired. I'm not dealing with these fuckin' dumb shows she books. Columbus is cool. We stayed at a punk house last night. Columbus punks are nice. Crazy goth kids lat night. They were all members of The Church of Body Mutilation...or something like that. It was a pretty sketchy show. There were tons of seedy people and cheap warm PBR all night. I think we're going camping. I got some cool pictures of us at the show. Trafton is a pig fucker!- Zack
Columbus- I'm glad I brought a shotgun. Zach licks balls and gets more male than the postal



that the postal service.- Trafton We need more sluts
Everybody is sunburnt, especially Jason.
The club had without a doubt the smelliest shitter I've ever
seen. You could smell it down the hall and around the
corner. The show last night was pretty funny. I'd forgotten
about Goth bands. I never really though we would end up
playing with one, maybe it was because Type O Negative
was playing down the street. I still like Carnivore better.
Anyway, the punks we stayed with were cool. We drank
Black Label while some hairy chick showed me her chain-
mail bra. The fliers for the show are kind of funny. The
Satan is funny. I didn't think we were that punk. Right now
we're just driving around looking for a camp ground to get drunk at. -Jay



8/6- Went camping last night. We got a good camping spot in East Bumfuck, Ohio. We set up camp, got fire
wood, and played nickel-dime-quarter poker for a couple of hours. Jay and Andy crashed. Zack and I went looking
for Action. We found 3 redneck bars and drank at all of them. One bar called C&C's had chicks dancing on the bar
and a bunch of drunk veterans. We shot the shit with all of them. They had a drink which involved snorting salt up
your nose, taking a shot of Tequila, then squirting lemon juice in your eye. This town is very small. All of the
pretty girls leave as soon as they are old enough to drive. I kicked some locals' ass in billiards, which pissed 'em
off. Zack and I left to go back to the campsite. We found a Marina and after a couple of attempts, I managed to
hotwire a boat and play bumper boats with a bunch of \$30K sailboats. Very fun....we slashed tires all the way back
to our campsite while I threw up. We are on our way before the cops catch up to us. I'm looking forward to
camping again tonight. I bought a local bluegrass CD called "The Carters". They are 6 family members who
formed a band. One father, one son, and four daughters (not bad looking). They rock the farm. I can't imagine
living here, the midwest farmers daughters are nowhere to be found.-Trafton

Yeah, last night we terrorized that town after drinking in the shittiest townie bar we could find. I was outside
puking when a pig drove by. Then he saw me driving the van so he followed us for miles. We were so drunk. The
marina was fun. Cutting all the lines on the docks, and watching the yachts just drifting' away. Trafton actually
hotwired a friggin' yacht. I cut all of the lines but we couldn't break into the steering, so we threw the motor into
another yacht and fucked up the side. Then we slashed the park ranger's tires and passed out. Other than the drag
races that was the most fun I've had. We're heading to Lake Michigan to camp again. Andy threw on the Chronic
album, so I must smoke with Jay now. -Zack

We got the Chronic pumpin', smokin' a jizoint with Zizack in the Vizan Indiana style my nizil. But anyway, we're
on our way to Lake Michigan to camp and get shitfaced with the locals or
some shit.-Jay



Lake Michigan rules! We just went swimming and drank some beers. Trafton
went Pork Snorkeling. Now we're going to the local bar to challenge the
house band to a rock off! We'll let you know what happens, ok Turbo?- Zack

8/7- We just ate breakfast at some truck stop and bought some fire works.
We're stuck in traffic on our way to Chicago. We went to some wacky bar
last night Zack found some girls to come back to our camp site and drink with
us. They were drunk and wanted us to play Dixie Chicks covers. I guess one
of the bands tonight has spooky eyes and corpse paint. I can't wait. What the
fuck is with the goth thing out here? Maybe it's all the fucking gay bars and
shit. At least we get free drinks tonight. I have the feeling we'll need them.-
Jay

Chicago is pretty cool. Allot fo pretty girls and sex shops. The club (The
Bottom Lounge) was cool. Not allot of people but we had the whole crowd.

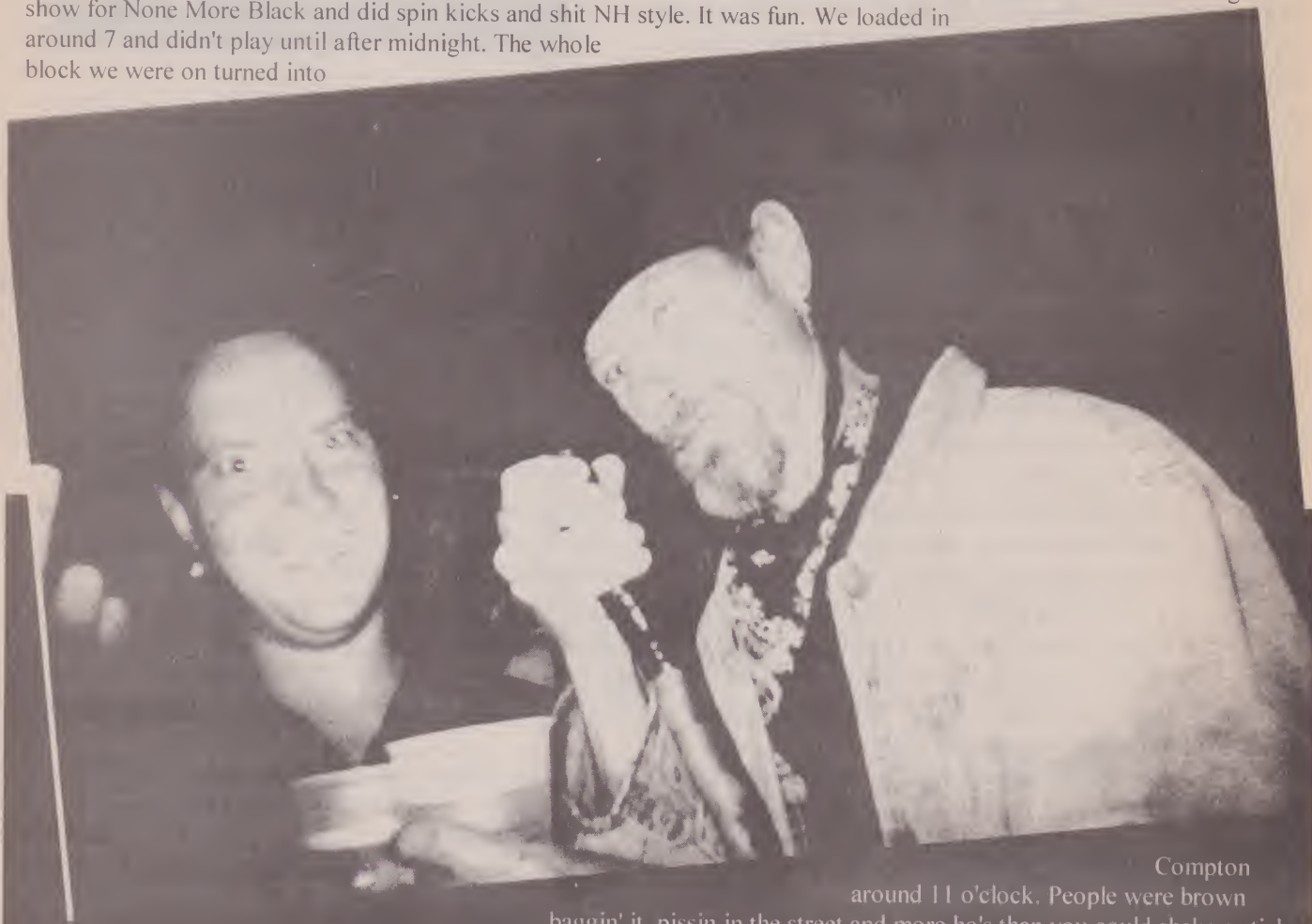
We played a fuckin rockin' set and I don't think they were ready for it. I
found a cool bar down the street. It had \$1 MGD's and it was a nice place to.
The club has a cool

band room with a lock and a second floor bar with pool and shit. All in all I think we'll come back and play some different clubs. We got some numbers and shit. Now we're on our way to Detroit. We ate at the same truck stop...same taste to. Me and Trafton bought Andy some of those sick-on-chrome ladies for the fan. Now we just need a CB and air horns and we'll be kings of the road.- Jay

I bought some good weed off of this black dude on a low rider bicycle named Rich Money Love. Rocked the fuck out of Chicago. It was a good feeling after doing nuthin for 2 days. Everyone said Detroit will be fun and we're actually playing with a band that has another upright bass. Maybe some people will show up on a Friday night.

We went through the Indiana Triangle. It was kind of like the one in Bermuda. The CD player wouldn't work. All of the phones were broken. Very weird. We were definitely in crop circle country. I think Trafton was abducted and probed because he was walking kinda funny the next day.-Zack

8/8- Detroit is cool. Kind of sketchy, but the club and bartenders were cool. Me and Trafton weren't, and saw an all ages show for None More Black and did spin kicks and shit NH style. It was fun. We loaded in around 7 and didn't play until after midnight. The whole block we were on turned into



Compton

around 11 o'clock. People were brown

baggin' it, pissin in the street and more ho's than you could shake a stick

at. The first band was the Betty Fords. Theyr were OK but just kind of the same old shit. The Coffin

Cats drummer couldn't make it, so the Betty Fords drummer sat in with them...they were pretty good.- Jay

Detroit is a fucked up town. We got in town around 4:00pm and I went to the strip club down the street. Weird place.

Strippers were making out with customers and rubbing their junk all over everyone. Beer was \$6, so I left after a couple. I went to that all ages punk show with Jay and dominated the mosh pit NH hardcore style. We loaded in and met a couple of girls who were really fucked up. One bought me drink s and kept touching me, and her friend.....something was wrong.

They were way too pretty for this bar. We played and they disappeared after watching for about 1/2 an hour. I've heard of organ thieves and I really think that's what they were up to. You know. If I went home with them, they would slip something in my drink, and I would wake up in a bathtub full of ice with a missing kidney...THIS SHIT REALLY

HAPPENS!! Who knows, maybe they were just beautiful women in silk dresses, diamonds, and \$100 perfume that love to have threesomes with the first guy they find in dive bars. Yeah right, something was fucked up...Anyway, the show went really well. We met some cool people then decided to leave town. We walked outside



and it was apparent that we were on the wrong side of town. It was like the Crenshaw scene in "Boys In The Hood". \$40K SUV's with \$10K wheels. TV's, ect. Full of thug looking black guys crusin' around yelling at everyone. Crowds of thugs walking around everywhere, pissin, brown baggin, slappin' bitches, ect. We were the only white guys surrounded by wanna-be gangsters in shit box cars and real OG's in Caddies and Mercedes. Jay loaded tie shotgun and we left without any static. Detroit is like something out of a movie. I didn't feel like I could trust anyone. Some kid said that he dresses really poor so he doesn't get robbed. The clubs have armed guards. This town makes NYC look like the New Hampshire seacoast. Very cool experience. i can't wait to go back. I want to tour the GM factory and hang in the ghetto again. -Trafton.

PS Zack was a grumpy bitch last night.

PPS. Zack puked and passed out 10 minutes after leaving Detroit.

PPPS. Zack is a sally.

PPPPS. I still get more pussy than you. for now. -Zack

PPPPPS. Yeah. but half the time they are fat pigs that are 40+...I've got more standards than you..chubby chaser.

PPPPPS. Pussy ain't got no face. And I don't fuck fat chicks....even though they need luv'in' too!

8/9- We met up with the Midnight Plowboys in PA and went back to Jim's house for some beers and shot the shit. Went to an outdoor show they had to play at. It was a bit of a bumkin fest. but \$1 beers. then on to the club. Mooddogs is pretty cool. The Plough Boys played a great set and then we tore the place up. Then we went back to DP's house for the after party. 100+ beers, food, a hot tub, tunes, girls, drags and a great bunch of guys to party with. Those guys fucking rock. One of them built a bar in his house because we were showing up. Now that's good people. We will definitely be doing more shows with them. It's about noon on Sunday. We're driving home through Pennsylvania. All in all it was not a bad week. We met allot

of cool people and cool clubs, got fucked up everyday and had a great time doing it. I think next time we'll go down south for a week. We've got some bands we met at the Heavy Rebel Weekend down there. But as for this little tour, it need like it started.....fucking rocking. Just next time...no goth bands. - Jay

8/10- I had the best time on tour last night. We met up with the Plowboys and they showed us hospitality like never before. They let us shower and drink their beer for a while. We went to a country fair they were playing, very funny crowd. All rednecks. Some little kid was setting off stink bombs and I sold him some fireworks for a couple of bucks. Jay and I were testing out some of or M-95's and M-200's(they suck). Some rent-a-cop threatened to arrest me. We laughed at him and went to the show. It was a cool bar. Kind of a blues club. I was outside warming up when a cop pulled up. I started talking with him about guns. He had a Glock-17 with a laser scope. I actually got him to pull out the gun to show me the laser scope!! This crazy motherfucker was pointing it at houses to show me the range (Glocks don't have safety's!!). He told me he plays with stray cats when he's bored. "They chase the laser all over the damn place." he said. What a dipshit. We played a great show and sold a ton of shit. We met an all girl punk band called Bunny Five Coat. They want us to play some shows with them. We went to a kick ass house afterwards. Food, beer, booze, women, and a hot tub. I dank ice cold Schlitz in the hot tub for a while. The kid who owned the house built a bar for us, great guy. Everyone got shitfaced. The cops showed u and checked ID's then left. Met some great people . We've never had any group of people treat us so fuckin good. Free food, beer, beds and chicks...unfucking real. The Midnight Plowboys kick ass. -Trafton

I fucking hate driving home. I would rather just be there. I want to fuck

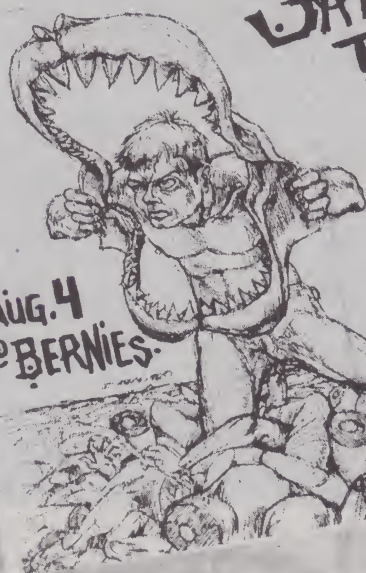


my girlfriend and feed my cat. I haven't showered in 6 days, and even then it was in Lake Ontario. I haven't changed my pants either and the cuffs are all crusty with piss from all of the bars. My sideburns are almost a beard and they kind of attach to my neck hair. I need to brush my teeth also. So much beer and MacDonald's...I feel like shit. But memories are made of this. I love my band. I love the Midnight Plowboys and their crew. Everyone else can go to hell, especially al these assholes on the highway. Maybe I'll kill myself. -Andy

Almost home...good weed. Talked to more people without neck tattoos. I didn't see anyone at the bar bored while we played either. Good times.- **ZACK**

INVS

SATAN'S TEARDROPS
(EAST COAST PUNK)



AUG. 4
@ BERNIES

ONLY FLESH
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(WWW.BLATANTFINGER.COM)

RAT PACK

NEED WE
SAY
MORE

Friday
Forbes Regional Hospital, Silver Com. Celebration
V, 4th Annual Benefit, Iselin Ball Field, Iselin, PA
SuperXero, Skell, Kaj, DogDay Sunrise, Deanna
Rockabilly Junction, Further Down, Mojo Filter,
Food, Beverages, Games, Camping, and the Lone Star
tickets, \$10.

Monroeville Night Out at the Palace Inn,
ot) 4-9pm

Monroe Hotel, Butler. 724-287-5529

unction, Western PA Fireman's Convention, Kiski
township, PA

Midnight Plowboys doubleheader day - Oklahoma Community Days
6:00 pm and then later appearing with Satan's Teardrops (Spindrift
Recording Artist and all around Kick Ass Rockabilly band from
Boston, MA!!), Moondogs, 10:00pm

Fat Henry Blues Band, Oklahoma Community
midnight. Fireworks!

Black's Magic, Kelly's Riverside, Bridgewater 9 pm 8pm to 728-

A Fireman's Convention, Kiski
August 14.

an's Convention, Bastig's Field
past The Haven, make next left turn
miss it! Come support your local

North Hills, 412-635-2300

South Side, 412-431-7080

ity Days, Hyde Park, PA

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THURSDAY AUGUST 7TH
WITH
SATAN'S TEARDROPS
WAXON 7
POWER KNOBS
Showtime 9:00 PM

Bottom Lounge
3206 N. Wilton
Chicago, IL 60657
773-975-0505

PHOTON FORPEDOES



Thursday 5/22 The Devil's PunchBowl w/ Hellbilly's, Dragstrip Demons,
 Hayride to Hell, Concombre Zombies
Friday 5/23 Showcase Theatre w/ T.U.K, Lobo Negro, Dragstrip Demons, Plan 9
Saturday 5/24 The Glass House AMERICAN NIGHTMARE FESTIVAL
Sunday 5/25 The Tiki Bar w/ Left for Dead, Smoking Revolver, 12 Step Rebels,
 James Demon, The Sceptors
Wednesday 5/28 The Doll Hut w/ Trenches, Black Roses, Atomic Men, Coffin'
 Draggers
Thursday 5/29 The Parkside w/ Gin Demons, The Hellbilly's
Friday 5/30 The Blank Club w/ The Amazombies, The Hellbilly's
Saturday 5/31 Rooster's Roadhouse w/ The Hellbilly's

WEDNESDAY 5/21

6:00PM- LEAVE BOSTON. BORING FLIGHT. WE FIGHT WITH TAMPONS FOR AMUSEMENT.

9:00PM- CONNECTING FLIGHT IN CHICAGO. BOOZE AND PILLS TO EASE INTO NEXT FLIGHT.

9:10PM- DROPPIN' MANY HEATSTICKS.

MIDNIGHT- ARRIVE AT L.A.X. WE PICK UP THE RENTAL. MEET UP WITH SOME FRIENDS AND HEAD TO THE HOTEL TO SMOKE IT UP. THERE WERE NO PAPERS, SO THEY ROLLED UP A JOINT FROM A PAGE FROM THE HOTEL BIBLE.

THURSDAY 5/22

10:30AM- WAKE UP AND EAT BREAKFAST.

2:30PM- OUR FRIENDS GET US A HOTEL FOR A WEEK. WE WALK TO COSCO'S AND GET TOO MUCH BEER AND BOOZE TO CARRY BACK. SO WE SWIPE THE SHOPPING CART TO BRING THE BOOZE BACK TO THE HOTEL.

8:00PM- WE SHOW UP AT THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD WHERE WE FIND OUT THAT THE PEOPLE IN N. HOLLYWOOD ARE STRICT. THE CAPT. (OUR BASSIST) IS UNDER 21 AND THEREFORE CANNOT BE IN THE CLUB. SO, HE GETS TO PLAY OUR SET AND THEN SIT OUTSIDE AND WAIT FOR THE NIGHT TO END. VERY STUPID.

10:52PM- ZACH THE RIPPER-----□"THESE CALIFORNIA MOTHERFUCKERS ARE PISSING ME OFF. SO I'M SITTING IN THE CAR...LXPXODX...WE BETTER GET SOMETHING TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER SOON!!!!!!

2:00AM- ZACH GETS SO FUCKED UP HE LEAVES HIS GUITAR AT THE CLUB. LUCKY FOR US THE HELLBILLY'S PICK IT UP AND WILL BRING IT TO THE NEXT GIG. HOLLYWOOD CLUBS ARE UPTIGHT!

FRIDAY 5/23

12:00PM- GET UP AT NOON AND CRACK SOME BEERS. WE MEET UP WITH SOME FRIENDS FOR MEXICAN FOOD

AND GO TO HUNTINGTON BEACH TO CHILL FOR THE DAY. TODAY'S SHOW IS AT THE SHOWCASE. THIS IS THE COOLEST ALL AGES CLUB I HAVE EVER SEEN.

GOOD SOUND SYSTEM, A BALCONY, AND A BAND ROOM WITH BEERS. THIS SHOW GOT OFF TO A WEIRD

START. THERE WAS THIS LONG DELAY WITH EQUIPMENT ARRIVING.

WE PLAYED A GREAT SET AND SOLD SOME MERCH. SINCE IT GOT OUT EARLY WE

WENT BACK TO THE HOTEL TO DRINK SOME BEERS. THEN WENT TO THE STRIP CLUB. LATE NIGHT TACO BELL AND PASS OUT ABOUT 2:30PM.

SATURDAY 5/24

9:00AM- TODAY IS THE BIG FESTIVAL. WE GOT UP EARLY. AWOKEN BY THE SMELL OF ROB'S ROTTEN FEET. ZACH IS REALLY EDGY CAUSE HE RAN OUT OF DRUGS. HE IS PACING NERVOUSLY AND SMASHING BOTTLES.

12:00PM- MIKE AND CREW COME BY TO GET US. ZACH I SHABBY WITH A BIG BAG OF WEED. WE HEAD OUT TO THE FESTIVAL. ON OUR WAY OUT THE INDIAN DUDE AT THE FRONT DESK CAME BANGING ON OUR DOOR THREATENING TO THROW US OUT BECAUSE OF THE EXCESSIVE NOISE, BROKEN BOTTLES AND RUDDINESS.

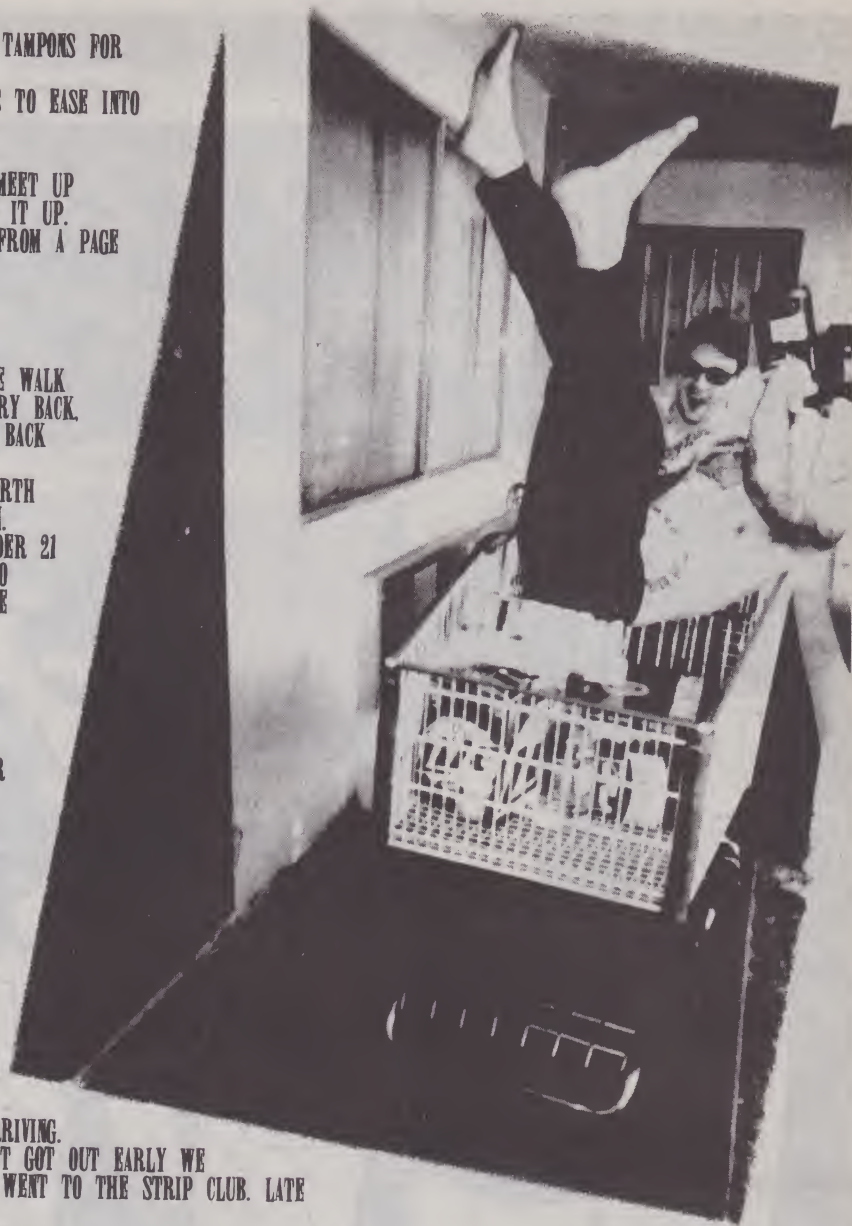
3:00PM- WE ARRIVE AT THE FESTIVAL. IT'S FUCKING PACKED WITH KIDS WAITING TO GET IN. WITH 14 BANDS ON 2 STAGES. THIS IS THE BIGGEST "PSYCHOBILLY EVENT IN THE USA" THIS YEAR. WE SOLD OVER □500 IN MERCHANDISE AND PUT ON A KILLER SHOW THAT WAS WELL RECEIVED. IT WAS A GREAT SHOW WITH MANY BANDS. WE BOUNCED AROUND FROM PARTY TO PARTY AFTER THE SHOW. BEFORE PINALLY CRASHING AT 6:00AM. -RIPPER- ENOUGH OF THIS POSITIVE SHIT THIS PUCKING SUCKS! BUT WE DID GET OUR RECORDS IN THE MAIL.

SUNDAY 5/25

WE HOOK UP WITH SOME FRIENDS AND GO TO A PARTY AT A MOTEL 6. ROB IS PASSING OUT, SO WE CONVINCE THE BLACK CRACK WHORE IN THE NEXT ROOM TO PAY HIM A VISIT. ROB RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM PARING FOR HIS LIFE AND SHE CHASES HIM. WE THEN HEAD TO THE GIG. IT'S A BIG PLACE WHICH LOOKS LIKE THEY SHOULD DO WEDDINGS THERE. A DECENT ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD SHOWS UP AND WE HAVE ANOTHER GREAT SHOW. WE WAKE LOTS OF NEW CONNECTIONS AND HAVE SOME INTEREST BY A RECORD LABEL.

MONDAY 5/26

WE HAVE THE DAY OFF AND GET A CHANCE TO CATCH UP ON SOME SLEEP AND SEE SOME SIGHTS. WE WENT INTO HOLLYWOOD TO CATCH THE SIGHTS. EVERY CHICK LOOKED LIKE A PORN STAR. WE WENT OT AMOEB RECORDS AND FOUND TONS OF COOL CD'S. THIS IS PROBABLY THE



WHAT WE ARE USED TO. THE HELLBILLY'S GOT A ROOM TOO AND SOME FRIENDS CAME BACK TO PARTY. WE BOUNCED BACK AND FORTH FROM ROOM TO ROOM DRINKING AND SMOKING. IT WAS A LATE NIGHT AND WE WE ALL FEEL LIKE SHIT IN THE MORNING.

SATURDAY 5/31

TODAY IS OUR LAST SHOW. WE CHECK OUT OF THE HOTEL AND GET SOME BREAKFAST AT DENNY'S WITH THE HELLBILLY'S. THERE IS A BIG PARTY BEFORE THE SHOW. WE ARRIVE AT THE PARTY. IT IS A BIG COOKOUT WITH TONS OF FOOD AND FREE BEER. WE EAT STEAK BURGERS, CHICKEN AND DRINK BEER AND WHISKEY AND HEAD TO THE CLUB AT ABOUT 9 PM. THIS IS AN ALL AGES SHOW AND THE KIDS ARE STARTING TO FILL IN. THE FIRST BAND IS A COOL YOUNG PSYCHOBILLY BAND. SOME OTHER BAND GOES ON NEXT WHO ARE PRETTY AWFUL, BUT REALLY NICE GUYS WHO LET US BORROW DRUMS. WE GO ON NEXT AND PUT ON A FUCKIN' GREAT SHOW. THERE IS A REALLY GOOD PIT AND THE KIDS ARE REALLY INTO IT. "ROCKIN'" RICK AKA "THE BROWN SPECTRE" FROM THE HELLBILLIES COMES UP ON STAGE AND PLAYS 2 SONGS WITH US. AFTER OUR SET WE GET CALLED UP FOR AN ENCORE AND PLAY "ALIEN VAGINA". A GREAT FUCKIN' SHOW AND A COOL WAY TO END OUR TOUR. THE HELLBILLIES ARE UP NEXT AND, AS USUAL, KICK ASS! WE HEAD TO A HUGE PARTY AFTERWARDS. WE ARRIVE ABOUT 2:30AM TO A HUGE WAREHOUSE PARTY. THERE ARE 100'S OF KIDS AND A DEVO TRIBUTE BAND PLAYING. THE COPS COME ABOUT 4:00AM AND THE CROWD THINS. WE HANG OUT AND DRINK UNTIL THE SUN COMES UP AND THEN CRASH FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS.

SUNDAY 6/1

WE WAKE UP AT 9:30AM AND START OUR LONG DRIVE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO LA. ROB REMONDES TO STAY IN S.F. FOR A COUPLE OF EXTRA WEEKS. WE MEET UP WITH SOME FRIENDS IN ORANGE COUNTY AND GO TO A CARNIVAL BEFORE HEADING TO THE AIRPORT. WE CLEAN ALL THE PUKE OFF OF THE SIDE OF THE CAR AND REMOVE ALL OF THE PISS BOTTLES BEFORE WE RETURN THE RENTAL. L.A.X. SUCKS! BULLSHIT HASSLES WITH SECURITY, ECT. WE ARE TIRED, HUNG OVER, AND SMELL LIKE SHIT. GOOD LUCK TO WHOEVER SITS NEXT TO US ON THE PLANE!



UPCOMING SHOWS

PHOTON TORPEDOES 6/25
with The Sick (members of the VICE SLAYS)

THE HELLBILLYS 6/30
with Photon Torpedoes, Amazeen

AMERICAN HEARTBREAK 6/31
with Black Cat Brawl, S.L.A.

ZEKE 6/1
with Genshroen, The Substitutes

THE ANGRY AMPUTEES 6/6
with The Sick

THE STARVATIONS 6/11

EMAD SIN 6/13
with 12 Step Brawl, The Merry Widows

JUCIFER 6/19
with Lulu, The Sick

SIXER / TURBO AC'S 7/18
with The Substitutes

THE BLANK CLUB
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IT'S A... **PHOTON TORPEDOES FREAK-OUT !!!**

PHOTON TORPEDOES
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ATOMIC MEN

BLACK ROSE
PHANTOMS

TRENCHES

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PHOTON TORPEDOES

LOS BENDOS
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MEMORIAL DAY MASSACRE

The Tiki Room
on W 2nd St.
Pomona, CA

7:00 PM

SMOKING
REVOLVER

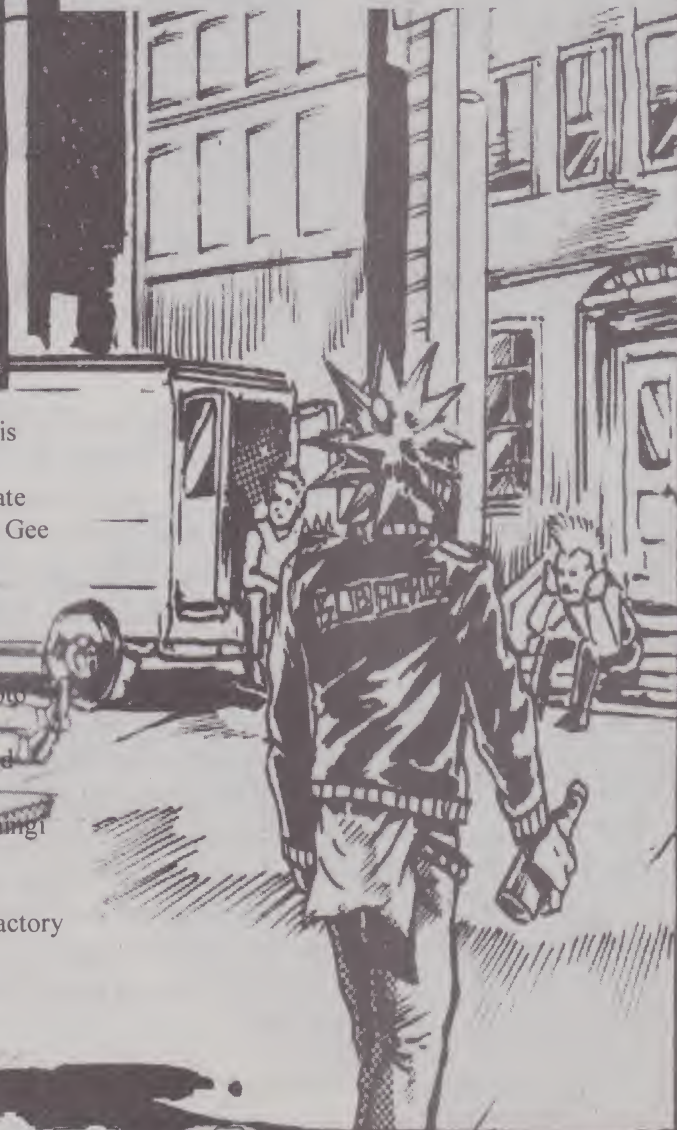


W/ GLOBAL THREAT

W/ CLVT 45



May 14th - Amherst, MA @ the Davis
Square VFW w/ the Profits
May 15th - Westfield, MA @ Mass Skate
May 16th - New London, CT @ El and Gee
May 17th - Albany @ Valentines
May 18th - Buffalo, NY @ Cruise In
May 19th - Wilkes Barre, PA @ Café
Metropolis
May 20th - Pittsburgh, PA @ Mr. Robot
Project
May 21st - Cleveland, OH @ Beachland
Ballroom w/ Jynxt
May 22nd - Youngstown, OH @ Nyabingi
May 24th - Bethesda, MD @ Lewies
May 25th - Philly, PA @ The Balcony
May 26th - NY, NY @ The Knitting Factory



RALE
97/00

ON TOUR



"88" Ford

folks. So saddle up with a cup of cappe and ready your mind for this steaming pile of paper we're about to pound out. Pete just called me Billl Shakespeare because he thinks he's cool, but actually..no HA! Pete's a Cocksnot-Snorthing Choad Chomper. Suck it son. 9 Guys in a van for 2 weeks. The homoerotic undertones will undoubtedly be too overpowering to ignore.- Bryan

Thursday May 15th Dear Diary, We played the first show last night in Boston. By far the best show we've played here in a long time. The PA broke in the middle of The Profits set, so Clit 45 had to pretend the mike made their voices audible. Then he set up a guitar amp for me to sing through. Moving on, the post-show celebration.....We all went out to a hipster night at the Paradise. Mike Clit locked lips with some swmging single. Some other stuff happened. Then we left. Most of us went to find a party we were invited to. Ok, we weren't invited, we just heard someone say that there was a party. We didn't find the one we were looking for, but we found a college party with 2 kegs. Beer was free and women with below average appearances were plentiful. Some fat red-faced college butthead got angry when Mike AGT kept interrupting his Beer Pong dynasty with the flick of a light switch. Then we left and went back to our own respective lodging locations. Pete stumbled in a bit after us. He had gone to some hotel in Kenmore Sq. with John's brother. If it sounds sketchy, that's because it was. Then I woke up to John's new dog lapping my face. He's a darling little rascal. We play a skate park outside Springfield, Mass tonight. Maybe they will let us skate for free. I'll break my leg trying to ollie over a guitar chord and then I'll shoot myself in the face. Bye. -Bryan

WOW. What a dud. Westfieldmore like Total Suckfield. We arrive at the show at a skate park and there ain't nobody there! Apparently, there wasn't much promotion and no one cares about punk on Thursday night in West Crummyfield. While Rufio frolicked on a grassy knole, we all pondered whether to play or not to play. It looked as if we were just going to turn around and go home , but a bunch of

Tuesday May 13th Since we've been driving around for the past year or so with no insurance on our van, I figured it might be a good idea to look into that before we left. When I did I was informed that the van's registration was revoked and my license was suspended. Bleeah....Why am I writing about this? It was annoying when I had to get it sorted out, and it's even more annoying to write about it. Long story short, we're about 90% legit baby! There's a loose end or 2 but, it's mostly kosher. So now we are prepared to embark on a surrealistic journey through time and space. Careening about the cavernous void that is the east coast scene in an Econoline. It's even more romantic than it sounds



suck-wads decide we should play. So we'll be hitting the enormous MSC stage and play to thousands...no hundreds...no dozens...no tens...no two people in this Jip-Joint Crap Hole, this will be a hoot. -Pete

Friday May 16th Ya, so as Pete pointed out, the show sucked. We played to about 5 people and made (I'm not kidding) 5 bucks. So, we got some brews and hauled ass back to Providence to stay at Bryan's. I took a shower as the fella's indulged in a game of Suicide (a take-no-prisoners drinking game). After that we spun some records, drank, danced with Mary Jane and watched some Conan until Pete came downstairs on all fours dressed only in a horses saddle and cow boy hat declaring "I'm the



kinky Mr.Ed".

Clit

45's drummer took the opportunity to ride on the hairy bronco and fortunately it was all captured on video and will be released under the title "Do You Mind If a Horse Hangs Out Here?" In the morning, after a night of continually interrupted sleep with Bryan's thought-to-be-out-of-town roommate (don't ask), I found a small white mouse hanging out in the kitchen. Long story short, Rufio befriended him and then we fed him to a snake. Later, we recorded some vocals for an extremely secretive...THIS ENTRY IS OVER!- Mike

Saturday May 17th The New London show was good. The sound was pretty shitty, but there was a decent

turn out. We went to our friend D.B.'s house after and repeated the Providence processions. But minus the horse/mouse/snake 3 ring circus. Dave Clit's nauseous noggin' replaced Mike's in the barf bowl. We played a game of hoops in the morning. Mike Street/Jerry Sienfield took a hard foul on an aggressive lay-up resulting in nothing exciting. On our way to Albany now. The van's having some tempurature issues and the now-leaking tank only holds 10 gallons, so our gas stops come every hour, hour and 1/2 or so. Later
-Brian



Sunday May 18th Eventually we ended up in Albany, a little late but nobody seemed to mind, especially not Pete's "friend" (?) Ted the booker, who had the back room ready for us with beer and food, and all the other lavish accommodations that meet us at all the cool destinations on our journey. So after watching 3 bands and countless scores of underage chicks being denied by Mike (Clit 45's drummer dude) Clit 45 took the stage delivering a powerful, stunning display of human emotion and aggression, blowing all previous bands out of the water. I'm talking Mr.Wednesday, The Epidemic, and that other band (you know, all the "big boys" of the scene). Then it was AGT's turn to kick out the jams, and kick them out we did. We even playing the first encore of the tour. The show was awesome, we were happy, we just needed to find a place to crash. Coming through with the patsy was Rico, showing the tenaciousness of a hungry, cold, homeless man, he produced Alyssa, who had a place to crash, kinda. You see, Alyssa was a simple kind of girl spawned from an abusive, roaming killer biker dad who was out of the house for the time being and presumed to stay that way. Once back at the house, we started to tie one on playing suicide (or at least a derivative of, which seemed to be a sad attempt at covering blatant alcoholism) and looking at pictures of "Father of Death". Little did we know we were only preparing for what proved to be the real show of the night.



He was pounding, and moaning, and making a face.

He was standing and waving and making her taste.

We were staring, and adjusting, and hiding our face.

He was going the distance!

Mike banged Alyssa in the hot tub while we watched from "Murder Dad's" room. What?! What's the problem? Anyways, I think we spooked them, so they brought the show inside behind closed doors. We went to bed and got up and out by 8:30, unscathed.- John

Monday May 19th A great show again last night in Buffalo at a biker bar. My roommate's a biker so me and the patch holders took some topless motorcycle mama's for a spin around Dead Man's Curve. I soon worked my way through the ranks until I became leader of the pack by sheer virtue of gnarlynness and my household link to the seedy 2-wheeled underbelly. And none of that happened, man I had you going. The kids at the show were pumped up like Jo-Jo the idiot circus boy with a new toy. Us and Clit 45 were the toy since neither of us had played there before. We were supposed to play a show there last summer, but we couldn't make it. Word is, when we cancelled, The Virus decided to rock Sabresville with a three hour Springsteen-stye marathon of music. We're not blessed with the same endurance or physical prowess, so our set ended after 15 songs or so. Oi, after the show we went to somebody's house. One of the dudes that lived there started every sentence with Oi and emphasized in his spousal disagreement with a phoney-bologna english accent...Awesome! After me and my mates had a few pints of lager at this bird's flat, Dave Clit and I talked hockey with a guy named "Spooney", our suicide streak is still going. Mike Clit has his own streak going now too. Two days in a row for him as he pulled out his Albany Ham Scam just in time to slip the Bleu Cheese in between some Buffalo Wings. I'm still not convinced he's straight. Straight Edge that is.. We woke up at 8:30 again, killed time playing with some kitten's and a 4 year old then set out for Wilkes-Barre, PA. Oi lads, true. -Bryan

Flashing back to earlier in the afternoon, we had some time to kill before the gig so we decided to play some baseball. We located a field, teams were assembled and we went at it for three innings. Team Bryan-John-Dave and myself soundly trounced Team Rico-Rufio-Mike and Mike. I put in 3 for 5 effort with 2 doubles, a triple and 3 Ribbies. I was voted MVP and got carried off the field by my teammates. On to the show, and as Bryan said it was schweet. The post show party however, well that's up for discussion. The english accented douche found it necessary to crack and spill 3 or AGT's beers in under a minute. I got aggro on his limey ass and he showed himself out of my presence. But, revenge was afoot. I scared up an empty 40 oz. and filled it with half piss half water and left it for him. Unfortunately it ended up in the hands of Dave 45 and then someone else. Sorry dudes. Hung out most of the night on the front porch with crypt walking, guess talking Mike Clit. At one point some dudes decided to screw the door shut so we couldn't get back in. Pete spent the evening passed out in a recliner. Old Crow in one hand and a stomach



full of pills. He didn't even leave a suicide note?! At some point the night ended. Heard a fuckin' choice "Skynard" song on the radio today. The message was clear...smoke cigarettes, drink domestic beer, beat immigrants.-Mike

Still that same day....(I bet your asking why this day deserves so meant entry's and if you are asking that...you'd better watch out for hat butting' trip j fox with a trash bat buddy son.) Hey. We're tooling around in upstate New York, listening to Sabbath and smokin' PCP laced, Special K dipped joints filled with killer dubage and the ashes of John fucking Bonham on our way to Wilkes Berry Barre Farms. Stay Gay.-Pete



Tuesday May 20th Yeah so Wilkes-Barre was bunk. There was a decent amount of people I guess. Who cares. We went to a strip club next door after the show. Worst strip club ever. The strippers didn't show up till late, and everybody was disappointed in their lack of exotic entertainment ability. We got a hotel since our only other option was with 2 girls who were protected by some punk cop (he was actually a cop) that told Rufio to take a hike. I hit

him in the head with the mic 3 or 4 times when we played. Maybe he holds grudges. This was the first night we didn't rock n' roll all night so far on this tour, but it was nice to relax in a clean hotel room, smoke the herb like rasta do, and watch Robocop 2. -Bryan

Wednesday May 21st Pittsburgh,PA was fun. We played "Mr. Roboto". Any place with a trash-art gizmo from Duck Tales hanging over the front door is guaranteed to be a hoot. We went to someone's house afterward. It was nice. The carpets were clean, the couches were big. The stench of human feces rising up the stairway from the freshly sewage swamped basement was a nice touch. We headed out to a bar with dollar draughts. Met another person who started every sentence with "Oi". This needs to stop. Mike AGT shined as lead singer of the Drunken Asses as such hits as Billy Joel's "Big Shot" provided a soundtrack for the night. After last call Rufio when back to the Shit Shack to sack up with a nice lady. The rest of us went to an alternate house with a 15 foot python and toy trains. I made out with a girl and Mike Clit kicked over a DVD player and TV, and broke some other stuff. Luckily he had a girl as well, who shouldered the blame. The guy who lived there was over heating with anger. Then they got

busy in the bathroom. I woke up at 9:30am to his wife insisting I do drugs with her. I hung out with her in her room while she shot up. Good thing she was a nurse or something because she laid out half a bag for me, when I told her I didn't want it she cooked that bag up too and realized it was too much after she shot it. But, she had some adrenaline or something so she poked herself with a bit of that to level out her high. Quite the resourceful junkie. She was alive when we left. Now we're sitting in a familiar place. The Hillcrest Hospital in Cleveland. Pete's in the back of the van hoping they don't recognize and get a bunch of thug sicked on him, beating last summer's appendectomy bill out of him. We're getting Clit's drummer Sexy Mike Chaos repaired. His neck's all swollen, he can't talk and he's in pretty bad shape in general. He may need a new neck. If he does I reckon we'll just get him a new one. I'm fixin' off 'un a cat. Get well soon Mike. -Bryan



While Mike was in the hospital we went to our buddy Fred's house to chill, shower and grub. His parents house has become a kind of traveling oasis, free from the perils of the outside world, aside from the panties lying around everywhere. Anywho, we got Mike and went to the show. It was at a place called The Beachland Ballroom. The club portion kind of resembled a high school gymnasium which kind of sucked. There was a decent amount of kids but not enough to fill it. Some friends from Chi-Town showed up and the boozing began. Before the show started we were given a sweet dinner of grilled and sautéed chicken with wild rice and green beans as well as roasted tomatoes and red onions adorning the chicken. The vegetarians got a portabella substitute. Yowza! It was fuckin' delicious. There was also some brews in the fridge. We all sat at all round table in the basement of the club and felt like kings. The show began and Criminal Authority were good. Even without the services of Fred Gunn. Before The Clit when on, Hey Daddy O, I went back down to the basement, liberated a twelve pack from the walk-in cooler and put it in our fridge, which had some empties. The perfect crime. Almost. AGT took the stage somewhere in there and rocked a somewhat inebriated set. It was fun and the response was good. Back down to the basement I went to find Mike Clit being busted in the cool by someone who worked there. Apparently he was trying to cover for me by arranging the twelve packs in a less obvious-they've-been-stolen manner. Nice grammar me. On to the 80's club. Wine, women, and song everywhere. Very fun time. Then back to Fred's where most everyone got their eat on in a big way, drank more and passed the fuck out. The next day everyone slept late and then we went on to Youngstown. A short drive from Cleveland.

Friday May 23rd We played to maybe 20 kids while others stood outside. Rather fun considering the turnout, a real no pressure show. We drank at the bar and tried our best to scam free drinks. On the way back to Cleveland (Fred's again) we blew a tire. We went to a gas station and called AAA. A tow truck pulled in and Bryan explained that we had just called, and could he help us out now. The prick declined and said he'd be back when he got the call. To pass the time John (AGT) and John (Cleveland) engaged in an eating contest at the gas station's McDonalds. Each man had 4 double cheeseburgers. The first to finish his fourth would be the winner. As the videographer of this event I can tell you it was rather gross. If someone is perspiring just from eating...ughgah. But, it was the Cleveland John that emerged victorious, and to the victor went the spoils. Actually he got nothing and both John's shared in a post-match pukfest. So the tow truck finally showed up and you guessed it...it was the dickhead from before that blew us off. It took him a while to knock the ill-fitting corroded tire off but soon we were off again. Back to the Gunn's where some played the tour obsession: Suicide, and others watched MTV's "All Things Rock" where we were schooled in punk knowledge by the Madding brothers.-Mike

Saturday May 24th Had the day off yesterday. We hit the Rock N' Roll Hall of Fame before we left Cleveland since touring bands get in for free. The main exhibit was for U2 which was



nowhere near as good as the history of Hip-Hop last time we were there. It was a cool tourist stop anyway. Then we said the goodbyes to our Cleveland buddies and set out for D.C. Pete and Rico drove all day in the rain while the rest of juggled a one-hitter, some muscle relaxers and codeine. We got a hotel later and continued the circus act with the addition of Golden Anniversary. It sounds over the top but we're just trying to have a good time while we can with our West Coast affiliates. -Bryan

At the Rock N' Roll Hall of Fame Dave, Mike Clit, Bryan and myself went into a karaoke booth and emerged with a sweet tape. A reworking of the classic "Old MacDonald" but laced with obscenities, perverse lyrics and inside joke references. What did you expect? Look for it this summer.-Mike



Sunday May 25th Danny Sherman is an incompetent prick. We arrived at the D.C./ "Bethesda" show yesterday to a large group of kids outside a locked up club. This dipshit Danny Sherman told us to be at "Lewies" in Bethesda on the 25th for a 2:00 show with Latchkey and VPR opening for us and Clit 45. Our guarantee was \$175 for each band. It seemed well promoted since there was so many kids there for a Saturday matinee. But, the one thing Danny Sherman apparently forgot (which is key to the booking process) was to book the show. When the club opened at 4pm for a ska show, the owner denied any knowledge of our matinee. Danny Sherman reportedly showed up right before us, threw a fit over something and left on his bicycle. He didn't return any of our calls, and when we went to his apartment he didn't answer the buzzer and the door guy wouldn't give us any info. We ended up gathering the kids left at the club and going back to the parking lot where our van was to sell our shit out of the trailer and possible make some of our gas money we lost on the guarantee back. The kids were cool and they bought stuff. A couple even bought us pizza. Then we set out for Philly. Our show there for the 25th was cancelled right before tour, but we were trying to get something there and we figured it would be fun to hang out there even if we didn't play. We went to our friend Courtney's house, but heard of a party outside the city. So we went. Long story short...a fight broke out and we had to stay with Mike Authority and his mom. I have a bunch of stitches in my face and 9 staples in my head. Just a little advice, don't ever try to fight a group of beefy jocks who are above you on a staircase and armed with liquor bottles by yourself. And even if they play Blitz on the stereo and where punk t-shirts it could still be a setup. On our way to NYC now. We're playing The Knitting Factory tomorrow. Pete's learning the lyrics so he can sing (some of the stitches were for my split lip, which is so swollen I can barely talk, let alone sing). I'll probably play guitar instead. It's the last show so at least it's a one time line up. We'll see how it goes.-Bryan

Tuesday May 27th So despite all of the shit the last show went off really well. As it turned out Bryan didn't play guitar, and Pete didn't sing. Instead, Pete stayed on guitar and Rufio (Clit 45) sang. He sat out in the van brushing up on the lyrics as the first band played. Given the circumstances I thought the set went really well and Rufio did good. We played a some-what abbreviated set and then the Clit took the

stage. This was their first NYC show and they tore it up. Meggers, Jake and Rick from The Casualties were all there and we drank at the bar afterwards, toasting our fucked up tour!!! We then drove to Meggers apartment in (omitted for his protection). We ate chicken, drank domestic beer and watched The Family Guy DVD, kinda. Rufio and I played a marathon game of war and talked in annoying chinese accents. In the morning/afternoon we went out to eat and are now tooling around trying to find our way out of the city. Mike Shelbourn is taking about toids, again.

Wednesday May 28th That's all she wrote. We just dropped off the trailer and tonight we are having a post-tour dinner w/ Clit 45...probably at Wendy's. Actually we'll be dining like fatcat's at a local 5-star food hole. Anyways, tour was fun and chock full of ridiculousness and drama. But we made it home alive and filthy stinking' rich, actually....no. Next up we will be getting a new ride and hitting the road in June by ourselves and then F-Minus and the Forgotten in July and August. Should be good times but I'll never forget this tour, although some boozed up memories will be tough to recall.-Pete

Thanks to Pat for letting us do this, all the fans that came out to the shows (we really appreciate the

support) Bill Toxic for promotion help, Ron,

Friends, (O.B., Fred, and The Cleveland Crew, Chi-Town Boys, Meggers


anyone that put us up or fed us, and especially the Clit, who understand the struggle on this ladder as well as we do, and know that we will have our say! Extra special thanks to The Crazy Eights.



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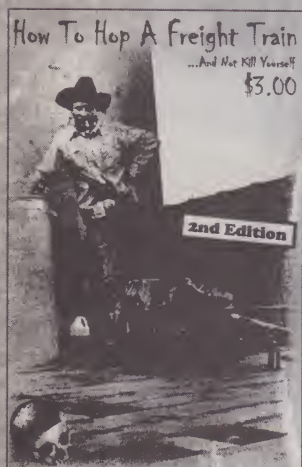
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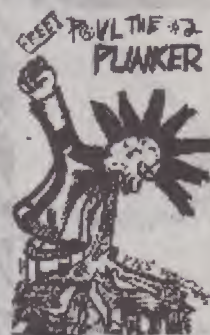
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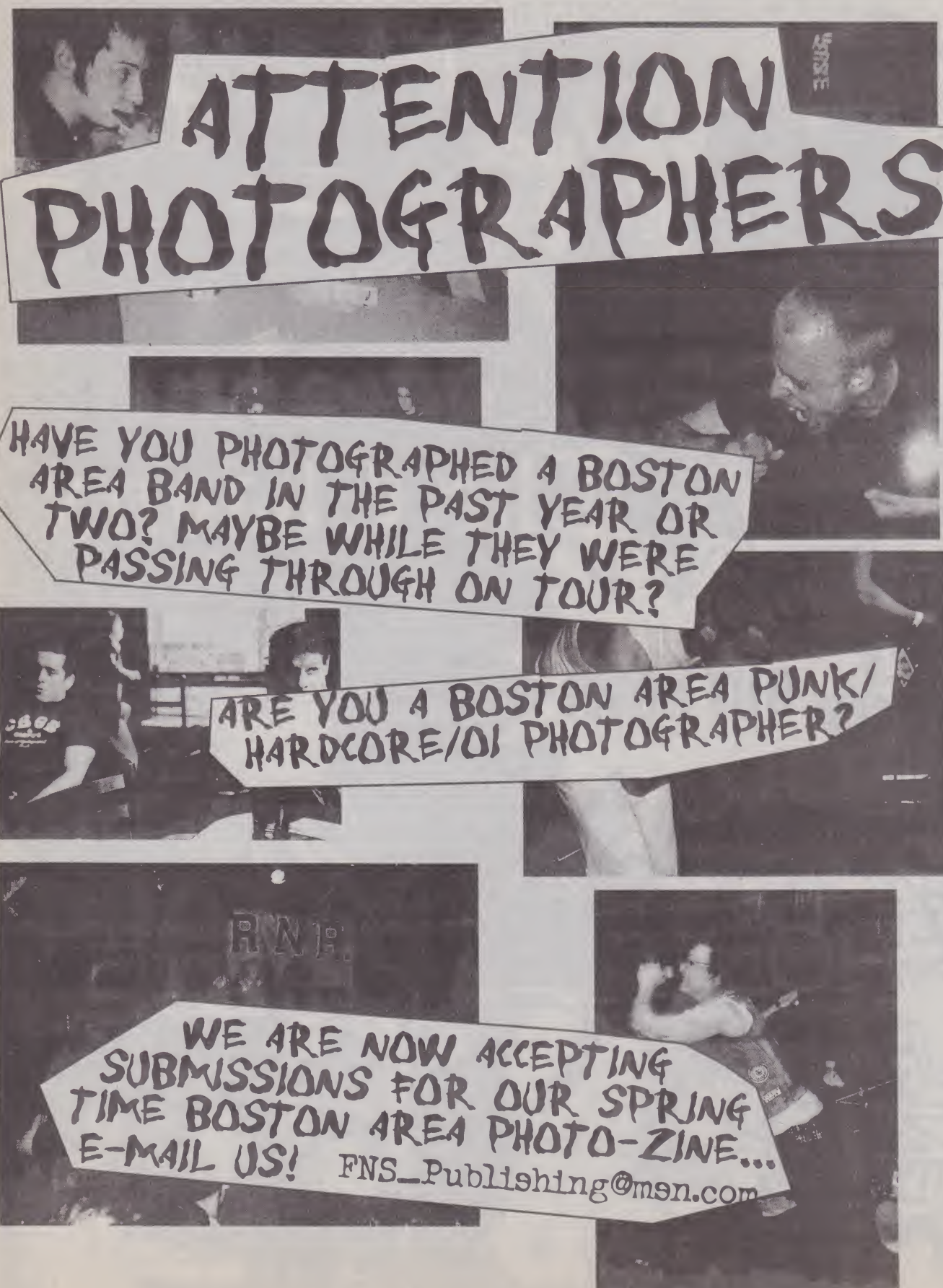
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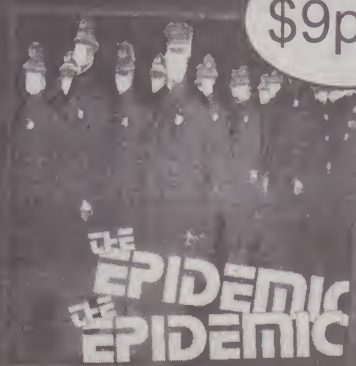
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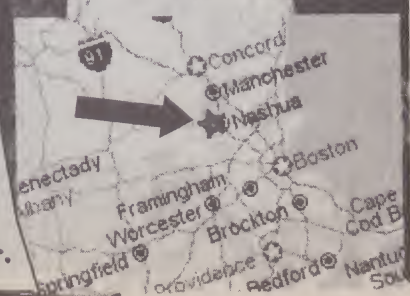
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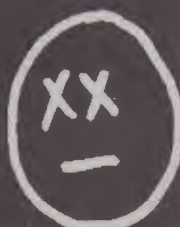
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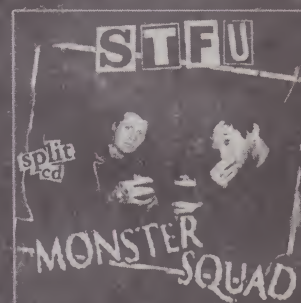
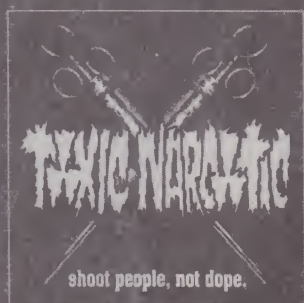
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